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ENGLISH POPULAR BALLADS

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The Lake English Classics

REVISED EDITION WITH HELPS TO STUDY

ENGLISH POPULAR BALLADS

EDITED WITH AN INTRODUCTION, NOTES AND GLOSSARY

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PREFACE

This book is intended to serve as an introduction to the study of the Popular Ballad. It aims to provide a thoroughly representative collection, including a number of the best and most typical ballads. The editor has felt constrained, however, to omit certain ballads, which, admirable in themselves, may yet be offensive to modern taste. For ballads, though essentially decent, are sometimes plain-spoken where we are reticent, or contain stories of a sort which, though we may read them in our daily papers, we yet choose elsewhere to ignore. The ballads which have been included are printed without change, except for the omission of a single stanza in one instance, and, in another, the substitution of a single word from another version. The old spelling has been retained. It has been said that old spelling does not make a ballad, yet with generations of readers it has come to be associated with ballads and even to be, though not legitimately, an important part of their distinctive charm. Moreover, it is often indicative of pronunciation: to standardize is therefore, in many cases, to falsify; it amounts to substituting our own language for a dialect or for the English of an earlier time.

An attempt has been made to classify the ballads. An introductory group of ballads of a single situation (numbers 1 to 3) is followed by Laments for the Dead (4 to 9), Domestic Tragedy (10 to 13), Love Stories (14 to 24), Supernatural (25 to 37), Heroic (38), Chronicle (39 to 41), Border (42 to 49), and Outlaw Ballads (50 to 53), and, finally, by the little epic, or Gest, of Robin Hood. Classification of ballads is a difficult matter, and, in the present instance, has not been wholly successful: the groups are

not mutually exclusive, and certain ballads might well be shifted from one to another. Yet the arrangement is, for practical purposes, correct enough, and will, it is thought, prove a distinct help to the student.

Chronology has been disregarded; the groups, and within the groups the ballads themselves, have been roughly arranged according to the relative complexity and elaboration of the narrative art. For this there are two reasons, one pedagogical, the other scientific. For the student, it is desirable to begin with the briefest and simplest ballads and to proceed to the longer and more complex. So arranged, the ballads may form also a natural and an admirable introduction to the study of the narrative art. They will, moreover, be more easily remembered, than if, for example, they were printed in what might be conjectured to be the chronological order. It happens also that in the present collection most of the linguistic difficulties occur toward the end of the volume. Moreover, from the scientific point of view an arrangement based on stage of development may conceivably be of value as an introduction to the problem of literary evolution and to the problem of the beginnings of poetry. These matters have, it is true, been hitherto mainly the concern of specialists; yet both have great human interest and the general reader may well have some curiosity in regard to them. Certainly they stimulate reading and appreciation.

In the Introduction an attempt has been made to trace the development of the narrative art from the simple ballad of situation to the popular epic of Robin Hood, from the manner of the ballad *par excellence*, the ballad of the multitude, to the manner of a rudimentary poetry of art, the poetry of the individual poet. Typical ballads are analyzed, and, incidentally, compared with the poetry of art. An attempt is made, finally, to interpret the results in the light of Professor Gummere's theory of communal origins.

The Glossary has been made unusually full. It includes

not only dialect words, and obsolete or obsolescent ones, but also words which are merely unusual. It is intended to serve the reader as a dictionary, and it is hoped that it may help to establish, in the student, the valuable habit of looking up words that he does not know. The Notes, on the other hand, have been made as brief as possible. In general the aim has been to give only such information as is absolutely necessary for the understanding of the ballads.

Teachers into whose hands this book may fall will naturally make use of as much or as little of it as they see fit. When time is limited they will perhaps read only a single ballad in each group. With more time, typical ballads may be carefully studied, with whatever help Introduction, Notes, and Glossary afford, the remaining ballads being assigned for rapid reading. Or, with a more advanced class, all the ballads might be carefully studied, students might be encouraged to make analyses and comparisons like those in the Introduction, reaching results of their own; additional reading might be assigned in Child's collection, and the brief statement of Professor Gummere's views expanded and explained. No study or analysis, however, should have any purpose other than the appreciation, the sympathetic understanding, of the ballads themselves. The editor believes that real appreciation comes only in the midst of hard work; but it is absolutely essential that the hard work should justify itself by achieving a result. A study of ballads which should only make ballads distasteful would manifestly be a failure.

The editor gratefully acknowledges his indebtedness, first of all to Professor F. J. Child's monumental collection, *The English and Scottish Popular Ballads,* Boston, 1882-1898. From it he has drawn much of the material for Notes and Glossary. Professor Gummere has expounded his theory in a number of books and articles, the most important being *The Beginnings of Poetry,* New York, 1901, and *The Popular Ballad,* Boston, 1907. The latter is, from every

point of view, the best discussion of ballads. No student of the subject can afford to neglect it. The statement of Professor Gummere's views in the present volume is, of course, wholly inadequate. The editor has made use also of the Cambridge edition of Child's *English and Scottish Popular Ballads,* in one volume (Boston, 1904). This, at least, should be in every school library; it contains an invaluable introduction by Professor Kittredge, a single version at least of each of the ballads, and a considerable amount of the apparatus of the larger edition. A useful and interesting discussion is to be found in the late Andrew Lang's article, "Ballad," in the *Encyclopædia Britannica,* 11th edition.* The editor has borrowed freely from his own *Ballad and Epic* (Boston, 1907).

W. M. H.

Berkeley, California, February, 1916.

* For the opinions of scholars who do not accept the views of Child, Gummere, Kittredge, and Lang, see T. F. Henderson, *The Ballad in Literature,* Cambridge, 1912.

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INTRODUCTION

I

Ballads were made to be sung, not to be printed and read by a solitary scholar in his study. They were intended to produce an immediate and momentary effect, not to be scrutinized and pondered over. Stripped of their music, collected in a printed volume, they are no longer precisely themselves; they are pressed flowers, impaled butterflies, wild animals encaged. For their full and proper effect they need the support of the original simple melody, of burden or refrain, of the plaintive or affecting voices of singer and chorus; they need their natural surroundings and atmosphere,—twilight, firelight, the peasant's cottage, the spinning-wheel, the little group of humble folk, hushed, expectant, deeply moved.

In print they seem to challenge comparison with poetry written for print, composed by the solitary and meditative poet for the solitary and meditative reader; they seem to lay claim to virtues which it is not their nature to have, to have faults which in simple justice ought not to be regarded as faults at all. To understand and enjoy them we must judge them only by their own standards or ideals of art. We must not seek in them the perfect phrase, polished, musical, highly suggestive of a wide and philosophic view, of a profound criticism of life. We must forget Matthew Arnold's great essay on the study of poetry. For ballads are frankly narrative; their main concern is to get on, in their own peculiar "leaping-and-lingering" fashion, with a story, not to polish details of form. They give evidence, it is true, of taste; but it is a taste peculiarly their own;

it is not the sure taste of the widely read and highly cultivated poet; nor, it should be said, is it the taste of the vulgar or half-educated masses. It permits a simple and limited vocabulary, a somewhat prosaic style, lacking the figures of speech or other artificial adornments which we associate with poetry. It allows things that may seem to us ridiculous; but it is our misfortune if we permit them to seem so; if we cannot, for once, hold sense of humor in abeyance and enter fully into the serious ballad mood. Ballads are not lacking in natural dignity.

No more than we ought to expect of the ballads the perfect phrase ought we to expect of them technically perfect poetry. We must be ready to accept assonance,—mere similarity of sound,—in place of perfect rhyme, assonance being sufficient for purposes of song. Roughness of meter, resulting in difficulty in scansion, is, however, due rather to accident than to the intention of the ballad itself. The melody would require the proper number of syllables; only in the unnatural process of dictation would mistakes occur. These we must overlook; we must not regard them as characteristic. All this amounts to saying only that the ballads lay claim to the same privilege that we regularly accord to any literature of a place or time other than our own, the privilege of demanding a certain adjustment on the part of the reader, a slight shift of point of view, an attempt to apply the standards which actually conditioned the production of what he reads, rather than preconceived notions of his own.

And certainly, in the case of the ballads, the effort is worth while. For they open the doors upon a world of surpassing interest, the world of man as he is, upon universal human nature. Unlike the fairytale, they do not offer an escape from life; unlike the comic folktale, they do not face the facts of life with laughter; they look very steadily at their world as it is, not, indeed, wholly without idealization, but without falsification or fear. Their favorite subjects

are the great elemental human themes of love and death. Both are realities. Love is not a mere sentiment or plaything or social game. The men and women of the ballads die for it; they are willing to die for it; and constancy is its great virtue, constancy even beyond death. The great majority of the ballads are tragic; they relate the death of hero or of herome or of both. And death is usually violent: by shipwreck or battle, in combat or Border fray, by poison, or self-inflicted. It is faced without fear or hesitation; loyalty, courage, delight in battle for its own sake, overcome reluctance or remonstrance: "I maun gae, though I ne'er return" is the typical ballad note. Cowardice and treachery are condemned; generosity and refusal to take unfair advantage are praised. Ghosts walk in the ballad world, but they have little to tell us of a life beyond death, of consolations in another world, but only of the grave, the "channerin worm," the discomfort caused by the excessive grief of the living.

The ballad world is peopled also with supernatural beings, with mermen, with mermaids, with elves and fairies, with speaking birds. Belief in the existence of these creatures is complete and absolute; mortal intercourse with them is just unusual enough to be sung in a ballad on the subject; it is not regarded as strange or improbable. It is part of human life as the balladist conceives it.

The ballads aim to give a true account of their world; their report of what they see is not cheerful; they lack the consolation of religion; they do not always offer the consolation which is to be found in the mere style of the greatest poetry. And yet, for all this, the ballads are by no means depressing; they are invigorating and refreshing. For if they take a gloomy view of human life, their report of human nature is distinctly encouraging. There are fatal clashes of interest, tragic differences of opinion. But in general both parties to the conflict are actuated by creditable motives; the display of courage, loyalty, generosity, self-

sacrifice, affection, sense of honor, constancy, is common to both sides. There are, of course, villains; there are traitors and cowards; but they are astonishingly few. Moreover, simple and unadorned as is the ballad style, it is, nevertheless, at its best, deeply suggestive in its simplicity, sincerely impassioned and really musical. It has the transforming power of poetry, it inspires and consoles.

II

Though they deal with universal human nature, the ballads were composed under conditions very different from those which govern the production of poetry today. And though they are direct and universal in their appeal, they come to us, through the artificial medium of print, from far away and long ago. Therefore they require study. Ballad words, simple as they are, yet cause us difficulty, for they belong sometimes to an earlier period of our language, sometimes to a dialect which we do not know. We are compelled to discover the meanings of unfamiliar ones and to be continually on our guard lest we mistake the unfamiliar for the familiar and wrongly interpret them. We must take as a warning example the critic who misquoted the ballad of *Bonnie George Campbell* (number 4),—

'My meadow lies green,
And my corn is unshorn,
My barn is too bigg,
And my babe is unborn,'—

and wrote: "These ballads of the people, though they derive from the fingers of time a touch of perfection not their own, were none the less surely the work of poets. They have a discrimination of emotional atmosphere, an occasional poetic word used with exquisite regard to that, which proves the receiving mind.

'My barn is too bigg'

was the choice of a genius.'' This line, as a matter of fact, does not occur in the ballad; one version has 'My house is unbigged' and another, 'My barn is to build.' The critic's memory played him false and he himself was the genius who chose the poetic word. In so doing he betrayed his ignorance of its meaning; for *bigg* is not an adjective but a verb, and it means *build*. Manifestly, however admirable this critic's book may be in other matters, it is not trustworthy in the matter of ballads. Unless one knows what the ballad words actually mean, one's impressions about the ballads cannot be sound.

To master the ballad vocabulary is, then, the first step. And one may be content to rest here, reading the ballads for whatever pleasure one may get from them, uncritically, and as if each one were, in its way, an isolated masterpiece. But this is not the method which will yield, in the end, the greatest enjoyment. Like any worthy literature, ballads improve upon acquaintance; with them, familiarity breeds, not contempt, but admiration. And familiarity and intimate acquaintance come through the painstaking attempt to see the ballads as they really are, to grasp their distinguishing characteristics; through comparing them one with another, and all of them with the literature of art; through beginning with the simplest and most typical, and passing on through the more complex and highly elaborated.

"The word ballad in English,'' said Child, ''signifies a narrative song, a short tale in lyric verse.'' In its simplest form the ballad is more lyrical than narrative; the plot element receives but little emphasis; story is not elaborated as story at all. Examine, for example, *Edward*, the first ballad in the present volume. It consists of a single situation. From it we may infer a story, a story of fateful domestic horror, like that of Hamlet or of Orestes; but the story itself is not told. The balladist is content with what is called by students of the drama the ''moment of last suspense'': the hero has killed his father; he is about to

kill himself. All that the ballad sets forth is the sudden and terrible revelation, at the close, of the relations of the mother and son. We learn nothing of the events preceding the murder, nothing of the time or place or world of men in which it occurred, nothing of the motives that inspired it, nothing of the characters of those concerned, nothing of the moral aspect of the crime,—for there is nothing to tell us who was in the wrong. Those who sung the ballad were more interested in lyrical comment on the story than in telling the story itself, which they seem to have taken for granted as if it were generally known. They delighted in the sound of the words and in their emotional suggestion, in the iteration of Mither, Mither and Edward, Edward; in the repetition of question and answer. This repetition is perhaps the most marked characteristic of ballad style; with it are here combined two widespread ballad conventions. The first of these is the Climax of Relatives: a series of relatives of hero or heroine are called on to perform a certain task; all fail or refuse except the last, who succeeds or consents. There is a variation or adaptation of this convention in Edward's reference to hawk, to steed, and finally to father, and in his disposal of towers and hall, his legacy to wife and bairns and to mother. The second of the ballad conventions is this Legacy Formula, a kind of parody of the familiar legal document, usually satirical. It combines, naturally, with the climax of relatives, and involves the bequeathing of matters palpable or impalpable, desirable or undesirable, as rewards or punishments, to those whom one leaves behind. Both these conventions make for suspense and for a graded and steady approach to a concealed climax, so that the telling unexpectedness at the close of *Edward* is due, not to conscious art, but rather to the instinctive use of formulas widespread and well established in ballad literature. Much, then, that looks like the last word in modern narrative method,—the concentration of attention upon a single situation, the use of concrete

terms, the omission of explanation and of all unessential, or even essential, matter, the development of the situation with due regard to suspense and climax,—all this is natural and unconscious in the ballad. "*Edward,*" said Child, "is not only unimpeachable, but has ever been regarded as one of the noblest and most sterling specimens of the popular ballad."

Two other examples of the ballad of situation follow. Much that has been said of *Edward* is true of *Lord Randal* and *The Three Ravens* as well. Both are powerfully suggestive of long and tragic stories, and both make use of the Climax of Relatives,—*Lord Randal* contains, indeed, a better example than *Edward,* and combines it, again, with the Legacy, which is lacking in *The Three Ravens.* In *Lord Randal* the use of repetition and refrain is particularly interesting. Stripped of both it would read:

"Where ha you been?" "At the greenwood."
"An wha met ye there?" "My true-love."
"And what did she give you?" "Eels fried in a pan."
"And wha gat your leavins?" "My hawks and my hounds."
"And what becam of them?" "They stretched their legs out an died."
"I fear you are poisoned." "O yes, I am poisoned."

In these questions the climactic effect is notable,—the steady onward movement. Not one is asked at random; each leads to the next, and from stanza to stanza the mother's fear clearly becomes greater and more definite. This effect, however, is wholly natural: the lines quoted sound very much like a realistic prose conversation between mother and son. So far as tone, mood, poetic effect are matters of treatment merely, they are the result of refrain and of what Professor Gummere has called "incremental repetition," in which each stanza repeats the preceding one, but adds a line to it. It is the most common trait and most marked convention of ballad style. The mother asks her

question twice in each stanza, and adds the refrain "Lord Randal, my son," and "My handsome young man." To his reply he adds always the refrain:

"Mother, mak my bed soon,
For I'm wearied wi huntin, and fain wad lie down."

Thus, of the four lines in each stanza, two and a half are refrain, and half a line is repetition. The part of the refrain spoken by Lord Randal, however, seems always a necessary part of his answer to his mother's question; and from the new context in each stanza it takes on a new meaning, and becomes more and more significant. Finally, there is a sudden break in the monotone of the ballad:

"O I fear you are poisoned, Lord Randal my son!
I fear you are poisoned, my handsome young man!"
"O yes, I am poisoned; mother, mak my bed soon,
For I'm *sick at the heart*, and I fain wad lie down."

In *The Three Ravens* the refrain is of a different sort,—a mere set of sonorous words intended to be sung with each stanza. In order that such ballads as these may have their proper effect, not only is the melody necessary, but also the incremental repetition and the support of the refrain.

Repetition, then, refrain, concentration of attention upon an unelaborated but suggestive situation,—these are some of the characteristics of ballads in their simplest form. As a point of departure for ballad study they deserve the attention that has been given them.

The group of ballads that follow (numbers 4 to 9) are, primarily, Laments for the Dead. In these, too, the story is of little consequence; the lyrical element is all-important, the main intention is to suggest an emotion. They are brief and peculiarly musical. And yet they are not lyrical in the sense that they express the poet's own feelings; the

emotion is, rather, dramatically conceived. *Bonnie George Campbell* is not the poet's own personal lament, like *Lycidas* or *Adonais;* it is the lament of a hero's wife and of his mother; and in it their grief is described by its external manifestations, or suggested by attendant circumstances. And we feel at once that this is a merely typical situation. Many such empty saddles would come home in the course of Border warfare; but the death of a thousand is not tragic, and *Bonnie George Campbell* has much of the impersonal effect of the record of a general calamity.

Lyrical as are these Laments, we find, as we read them, the beginnings of the elaboration of the story. This is natural enough. As the events themselves began to be forgotten, the balladist liked to recall them, to tell how the hero met his death and why and when and where, and what sort of person he was. The beginnings of such an elaboration of the story are to be found in all the ballads of this group. Young Waters, for example, because he happened to become the object of the king's jealousy, was executed on the "heiding-hill" at Stirling. He had the misfortune to be fair of face; he rode in gorgeous state:

> His footmen they did rin before,
> His horsemen rade behind;
> And mantel of the burning gowd
> Did keip him frae the wind.
>
> Gowden-graithd his horse before,
> And siller-shod behind;
> The horse Young Waters rade upon
> Was fleeter than the wind.

These stanzas illustrate a widespread habit of the ballad, to dignify its persons by the generous bestowal of gold, silver, and fine raiment, usually not very definitely conceived. The first half of the second stanza is what is called a "commonplace," that is, a formula which recurs in many

ballads. A similar commonplace is to be found in *Sir Patrick Spence:*

> The first line that Sir Patrick red,
> A loud lauch lauched he;
> The next line that Sir Patrick red,
> The teir blinded his ee.

Such formulas as these were common property, units, like words or phrases, to be used by any one who had need of them; that is, in the present examples, any one who had to speak of a hero as riding or as reading an unwelcome letter.[1]

Of the ballads in the present group it is *Sir Patrick Spence* that has the most marked elaboration of the story. Here the lament proper is confined to the beautiful stanzas at the close. The rest of the ballad is story; it has even three distinct scenes; yet it is by no means completely told; the narrative proceeds rather by leaps and bounds, with omission of necessary steps. In stanza 6 Sir Patrick orders his men to prepare for the voyage; in 6 and 7 a seaman fears a storm; in 8 the nobles were loath to wet their shoes, in 9—

> O lang, lang may their ladies sit,
> Wi their fans into their hand,
> Or eir they se Sir Patrick Spence
> Cum sailing to the land.

The balladist, that is, hints that a storm is to come, then tells us of the situation after the storm. The essential matters of the action, the storm itself and the wreck, are omitted.

I have said that in stanzas 6 and 7 a seaman fears a storm; that it is a seaman who speaks I infer, readily enough indeed, from the speech; but I do have to infer;

[1] The notes in the present volume call attention to many of the commonplaces. They are listed by Child in the larger edition of *The English and Scottish Popular Ballads*, v. 474, and discussed by Professor Gummere in *The Popular Ballad*, 304 ff. Often they include conventional numbers,—three, seven, twenty-four.

as in *Edward* and *Lord Randal* the dialogue is not assigned. This is thoroughly characteristic, and is in keeping with the ballad habit of omitting, suggesting, taking things for granted.

Sir Patrick Spence illustrates the beginning of an elaboration of elements of narration other than the story proper,—places and times are mentioned, there is hint of a social group, and of the character of the hero, whose loyalty and courage overcome his reluctance to face death on the winter sea. And his emotion is not forgotten; it is characteristic, however, that, in describing this emotion, the balladist should, as we have seen, take refuge in an established formula. He does, indeed, always use a formula when he can find one; but he is particularly inclined to express emotion in this way. He makes use, and very effective and beautiful use, of another formula for the same purpose in stanzas 9 and 10. This one occurs again at the close of *The Bonny Earl of Murray,*—

> Oh lang will his lady
> Look oer the castle Down,
> Eer she see the Earl of Murray
> Come sounding thro the town!

In *Sir Patrick Spence,* finally, we may study the typical ballad meter. Its characteristic is the four-line stanza, with four accents in the first and third lines, and three in the second and fourth. The second and fourth lines rhyme. Rhyme is not always perfect; it amounts, sometimes, merely to similarity of vowel sounds. This stanza seems to go back to a rhyming couplet of seven-accent lines, known as the septenary. The septenary was common in mediæval Latin verse and occurs first in English in the *Moral Ode,* dating from about the year 1200. It does not appear, however, that the septenary was of classical origin; it may well be that it was based upon a popular meter in the vernacular. No specimens, it is true, of this popular form have come

down to us. But there is no lack of evidence of the existence of ballads before 1200; and the existence of ballads, sung to a tune, implies the existence of a stanza. This typical ballad measure—the familiar "common meter" of our hymns—is the meter of the great majority of the ballads.

The Laments are followed by a group of four ballads dealing with Domestic Tragedy (numbers 10-13). Again in this group it is possible to contrast simpler with more complex forms of narrative. *Babylon,* the first ballad of the group, is admirably analyzed by Professor Gummere[1] as a typical ballad of situation. "The simple force of this 'Babylon,'" he says, "the effective character of its lingering repetition followed by the crash of revelation, must not make us forget that here is not even the art of narrative. . . . Poetic as it is, this ballad presents no story, no epic nucleus; but its art, like the art of painting, of sculpture, lies in the moment and in the moment's scope." *Child Maurice,* however, the last ballad of the group, which closes with a similar revelation of hidden relationship, does present a story. Yet even *Child Maurice* falls far short of the completeness of literary narrative. In 1756 one John Home wrote a tragedy called *Douglas,* based on this ballad; the changes that he made are interesting. Home did not withhold the knowledge of the hero's identity, but let the audience into the secret at once. Lady Randolph (the "John Steward's wife" of the ballad) is provided with a confidante, Anna, whose sole function in the play is to hear the lady's story of an early marriage against her father's wishes, the tragic death of the young husband, and the birth and concealment of the child. The dramatist introduces, also, a shepherd, the supposed father of Douglas (Child Maurice), who furnishes the biography of the hero. There is, moreover, a villain, who poisons the mind of Lord Randolph against his wife, and so motives the slaying of Douglas. In the ballad it is scarcely more than a sug-

[1] *The Popular Ballad,* p. 111.

gestion that tells us of the death of John Steward's wife; in the tragedy Anna gives us a detailed account. The ballad makes no moral comment; the play abounds in aphorisms like

> The truly generous is the truly wise;
> And he who loves not others lives unblest.

Lady Randolph is continually expressing her emotions, and, manifestly, revelling in them; Child Maurice's mother, on the contrary, spoke no words but three, and died apparently of a broken heart. These are significant differences: the play is sentimental and moral; the ballad, neither. The ballad is characterized by reticence, suppression, suggestion, fewness of persons; the play is garrulous, verbose, definite, relatively crowded with characters. But perhaps the most important matter brought out by the contrast is the instinctive power of the ballad to select the most telling part of the story, an instinct most marked in the simplest ballads. "I have got the old Scotch ballad on which *Douglas* was founded," wrote the poet Gray, "It is divine. . . . Aristotle's best rules are observed in it in a manner which shows that the author had never heard of Aristotle. It begins in the fifth act of the play. You may read it two-thirds through without guessing what it is about; and yet, when you come to the end, it is impossible not to understand the whole story."[1] However, as contrasted with *Babylon, Child Maurice* may be seen to have, so to speak, advanced in the direction of Home's *Douglas,* of the literature of art. The main situation is not, as in *Babylon,* allowed to stand alone; it is preceded by the scene in the wood, the sending, receiving, and overhearing of the message, and by John Steward's preparations. It is followed by the scene with the head and by the death of the lady. And, in general, there is between *Child Maurice* and *Babylon* the same contrast of relative complexity with simplicity as between *Sir*

[1] Gray, *Works,* ed. Gosse, ii, 316.

Patrick Spence and *Bonnie George Campbell.* There are similar contrasts between the first and last members of the groups that follow, which may be profitably studied from this point of view. The method has been, perhaps, sufficiently illustrated; the notion of the contrast between mere situation and developed narrative sufficiently established; and certain aspects of the subject-matter may now claim our attention.

The ballads of the next group (numbers 14-24) are Love-Stories; of these five (15-19) are concerned with elopements or bride-stealing; three (20-22) are tragedies; and two (23-24) are stories of the reunion of parted lovers. None of these ballads, however, are love-stories in the modern sense. The passion itself is not the matter of first interest to the balladist; it is lightly touched, passed over as a mere preliminary. The emphasis is usually on what follows,—on an artifice and its success, on a combat, on a tragedy. When love-making is brought into the ballad at all it is usually hurried through; the introductory stanzas of *Hind Horn* (23) and *Lord Thomas and Fair Annet* (21) are typical in this respect. In the latter ballad, however, the love-motive gains emphasis through the lovers' quarrel, and, as in *Young Bicham* (24), through prudent financial considerations; these are both familiar devices of the modern novel. If the balladist is interested in love it is in its constancy; this is the important matter in the ballads of lovers happily reunited,—*Hind Horn* (23) and *Young Bicham* (24). It is not uncommon, finally, that the maiden should do the wooing, as she does in the last-named ballad; or that, as in *King Estmere* (19, stanza 19) she should meet her lover rather more than half-way.

In general, then, the balladist is not interested in the study of emotions, not a psychologist, not a sentimentalist. But, as has been said, he is interested in other things; when, in the story of an elopement, love leads to a combat, he is interested in the valor of his hero. He does not,

indeed, name this quality of courage, does not make a psychological study of it; he delights rather to represent it in action; for him the fight is the thing, the fight for its own sake, the fight against odds, really or apparently hopeless. In *The Douglas Tragedy* (16) the bride is only an incident; it is rather Lord William's grim combat with her seven bold brothers and her father that makes the ballad; it is her "death-naming" of her lover; it is the moonlight ride that follows, the drink at the stream, where his heart's blood stains the water,—

> " 'T is naething but the shadow of my scarlet cloak,
> That shines in the water sae plain;"

it is his ironical 'this night my fair lady I've win', his enigmatic

> "O mak my bed, lady mother . . .
> O mak it braid and deep."

And so, again, *King Estmere,* because it is longer, more highly elaborated in the romantic and heroic vein, brings out more clearly the nature of ballad interests. The balladist, to begin with, does not promise a love-story; he is going to tell simply of the two boldest brothers that ever were born, and it is their boldness that he delights to illustrate;—their turning back, on the lady's summons, to meet, alone, the king of Spain and all his barons and warriors, their use of the magic herb, their clever disguise as harpers; and, above all, their daring, effrontery, and grim humor in the unsurpassed heroic scene in King Adland's hall. For all its romantic elaboration, however, *King Estmere* is still true ballad. For, though the king's daughter is indeed the prize, it is not in her but in the contest for her hand; in the game, not in the candle; in the winning, not in the wooing, that we are interested. The bit of love-making (stanzas 63-65) seems out of place to any reader of ballads, and no one can be surprised to learn that it is the interpolation of a modern editor.

The next group of ballads (25-37) are stories of man's adventures with supernatural beings. They illustrate implicit belief in the existence of such beings, of mermen and mermaids, elves and fairies, witches and ghosts. And this belief is so complete that the balladist seems to take the supernatural quality for granted and to feel under no obligation to make his story seem probable by means of some special way of telling it. It is altogether by accident that the ballad art is peculiarly fitted for the representation of the supernatural. The brevity of the ballad, its tendency to proceed by allusion and suggestion, its omission of essentials, its love of the unmotived and unexplained, combine to give a special charm and effectiveness to its stories of fairies or ghosts. Yet the method of the ballad is quite other than that of the literature of art.

Compare, for example, the first of these ballads, *The Great Silkie of Sule Skerry,* (25) with Matthew Arnold's *Forsaken Merman.* Both are stories of the unhappy union of a merman with a mortal wife. Each seizes upon a brief and tellingly suggestive moment of the story. But the ballad is the more reticent and yet the more definitely tragic in its prophecy of what the end is to be. It lacks, wholly or almost wholly, the sentiment and reflection of Arnold's poem; it has no comment like "Children's voices should be dear . . . to a mother's ear"; it lacks the tone, mood, color, the magic atmosphere of the poetry of art. It does not seek to produce an emotional effect by emphasizing the contrast of land and sea: it has no picturesque phrases like

> the white-wall'd town,
> And the little gray church on the windy shore,

or

> Now the wild white horses play,
> Champ and chafe and toss in the spray,

or

> . . . the cold strange eyes of a little mermaiden
> And the gleam of her golden hair.

Nothing is said of strangeness in the ballad; and it does not aim at beauty, whether at beauty of description or beauty of phrase.

Compare, again, *Clark Colven* with Keats's *La Belle Dame sans Merci*. The contrast in style and manner will be apparent at once. Still more striking is Keats's immediate attack upon the special problem of his poem, the problem of getting the reader to believe a story that the poet feels to be strange and improbable. Keats centers the interest at once in the knight and in his peculiar state of mind. He is "alone and palely loitering," "so haggard and so woe-begone." His mood is reflected and emphasized by a sympathetic nature:

> The sedge has withered from the lake
> And no birds sing.
>
> The squirrel's granary is full
> And the harvest's done.

As the knight tells his tale he is clearly conscious of the strangeness, of the supernatural character of the lady whom he met in the meads. He knew at once that she was a faery's child. "Her eyes were wild," he says, and she "spoke a language strange." She had a mysterious hypnotic effect upon him: he

> set her on his pacing steed
> And nothing else saw all day long,
> For side-long would she bend, and sing
> A faery's song.

He starts to tell his dream; but breaks off, only suggests the horror of the tragedy by describing those concerned in it:

> I saw pale kings and princes too,
> Pale warriors, death-pale were they all;
>
> I saw their starved lips in the gloam
> With horrid warning gaped wide.

As to the nature of the tragedy, there is no definite suggestion. The ballads, indeed, do take things for granted, but they are things that the audience might fairly be expected to know, not unguessable horrors like these.

In *Clark Colven,* on the contrary, everything is perfectly clear. There is no mystery, no vagueness, in its suggestions. It was evidently a common experience to meet a mermaid washing her silken sark by a stream; no special artifice was necessary to get such a story believed. There is therefore no evidence of an attempt to arouse any particular interest in Clark Colven himself or to depict or suggest his emotions. The mermaiden is indeed called a mermaiden, but she exhibits only the ordinary human qualities, until (quite as a matter of course) she becomes a fish and springs merrily into the flood. Clearly, an audience familiar with mermaids needed no description of them. The consequences, moreover, of Clark Colven's inconstancy are wholly, or almost wholly, physical; only the word *dowy* (sad, doleful) indicates his mental state. Mother, brother, and true-love seem to take all as a matter of course; and the concluding stanza is a characteristic bit of ballad reticence and symbolic suggestion. In its implication the balladist is content to rest. He does not even say that Clark Colven died; the unbent bow is a symbol as eloquent as Bonnie George Campbell's empty saddle.

In dealing with ghosts the ballad way stands in even sharper contrast with the way of literary narrative. Read, for example, *The Wife of Usher's Well,* and compare its method with that of any familiar ghost-story. It will always be found that in the latter the manifest purpose of the author is to produce an effect, an effect of mystery and terror. With this end in view he makes his story as convincing as possible. He does this mainly by emphasizing accessories: by creating a mysterious and appropriate setting, by laying stress upon the weather, or the hour of the night. He makes his characters real human beings; he

increases the effect of reality by placing them in commonplace surroundings. Then he prepares us gradually for some mysterious or terrible catastrophe. He exhibits the changing states of mind of the persons of the story, the effects upon them of ominous foreshadowings, and finally the effect of the event itself. After the event follows usually some account of its cause. And this cause explains yet deepens the mystery, and gives an even greater semblance of truth to the whole. Of all such literary artifice there is in *The Wife of Usher's Well* scarcely a hint. The sons come back, it is true,

> about the Martinmas,
> When nights are lang and mirk;

their hats were o the birk that grew at the gates o Paradise; and at cockcrow they had to say farewell. But they betrayed no other ghostly qualities. Their mother showed no surprise when they returned, and treated them precisely as if they were of flesh and blood. And if, at cockcrow, she guessed the terrible truth, even then she did not speak. Again the ballad closes with a passage beautiful because of its reticence and suggestion.

The ballad of *Sir Hugh* (36) is another illustration of the absence of special method in dealing with the supernatural. A great German scholar and lover of ballads found in *Sir Hugh* a note of terror and horror, an inimitable grim echo of murder. These qualities may be present; but they are present only in solution; it requires some effort of the imagination to crystallize them; as the ballad stands it is a mere straightforward account of facts, without atmosphere, mystery, or terror. And, in general, this is the ballad method,—to present a naïve and simple account of the facts, incomplete and suggestive in certain particulars, and possessing a merely potential mystery and terror.

It is interesting to compare *Sir Hugh* with an artistic version of a similar story, with Chaucer's *Prioresses Tale,*

for additional illustration of the typical contrast between the popular ballad and literary narrative. The ballad has the characteristic fewness of persons, while Chaucer fills his stage with people. The little scholar, his schoolmates learning the beautiful Latin hymn, his companion, the poor widow his mother, the Jews and their hired assassin, the crowd in the streets, the provost, the great procession carrying the child to the abbey, the abbot and the monks,—all these placed beside the little group in *Sir Hugh,* heighten the impression of loneliness, the suggestion of a dim, unpeopled state, that is typical of the settings of the simpler ballads. Chaucer, again, makes much of character. He endows his hero with every pathetic charm, and by his sympathetic treatment of the little scholar confers upon his narrative a certain feminine quality, so that it is never Chaucer, but always the Prioress, who is telling the tale. With this quality goes the sympathetic treatment of emotion, springing from a power, akin to Shakespeare's, of seeing things from the point of view of one of his own creatures. The Prioress, with her maternal instinct, is well able to imagine the poor mother's grief; her full and dramatic representation is to be contrasted with the bare statement of fact in the ballad:

> When every lady gat hame her son
> The Lady Maisry gat nane.

Here, to be sure, is pathos, but it is a pathos purely potential or suggested, not expressed. Chaucer's tale is three times as long as the ballad; but it is not a matter of length alone; it is a matter of dominating interest. The ballad found in the tale a miracle, a ghost-story; it was interested in it for its own sake, not in the cause, not in the characters concerned, not in the resulting emotion, simply in action, in plot as such.

Sir Hugh is, finally, one of the few ballads in which religious feeling plays an important part. From this point

of view, again, comparison with *The Prioresses Tale* is suggestive. Both stories were, originally, inspired by anti-semitic feeling. Of this Chaucer makes a good deal, just as Shakespeare does in the *Merchant of Venice,* and Marlowe, in *The Jew of Malta.* From the ballad, however, it has happily disappeared. In a New York version it is to a "duke's daughter" that "little Harry Hughes" owes his death. Unlike *The Prioress' Tale, Sir Hugh* is not even a miracle of Our Lady. For, like other manifestations of the supernatural, like fairies and ghosts, divine interference in human affairs shows a tendency to disappear from the ballads, which, in general, deal but seldom with sacred legends.

A single other instance is placed in the present volume next to *Sir Hugh.* It is the charming carol of *St Stephen and Herod.* So thoroughly is it permeated with the Christmas spirit that even the death of Stephen, first of Christian martyrs, seems a gaily joyous affair. Its plot is of the slightest, for it is a genuine carol; "I sing it all over the house," said Child to Professor Gummere.

In studying the groups of ballads thus far considered, we have had occasion to contrast again and again the more with the less highly elaborated specimens. As compared, however, with the ballad which is now to claim our attention, all[1] will be seen to be relatively simple and unelaborated. *Bewick and Graham* stands out as different, in degree if not in kind, as representing, not a more admirable, but a more complex, narrative art. This difference is, of course, most striking if we compare it with *Edward,* the ballad first considered. A certain resemblance in the story justifies the comparison and sharpens the contrast. Young Graham kills his sworn brother as Edward kills his father, and, like Edward, bitterly repents. Young Graham has been persuaded by his father, as Edward by his mother;

[1] Excepting *King Estmere,* which might, for many reasons, have been placed beside *Bewick and Graham.*

each condemns his parent, and each kills himself. But in *Edward* the murder (if it was a murder) has already been committed when the ballad opens; Young Bewick, however, is mortally wounded only in the forty-third stanza. And, whereas Edward is about to set his foot in "yonder boat" when the ballad closes, Young Graham leaps upon his sword-point eight stanzas before the ballad ends. Thus, where *Edward* was mere situation, *Bewick and Graham* is elaborated event or story; nothing actually happens in one; everything happens in the other. Edward's deed remains unaccounted for; Graham's is carefully motived, in preliminary scenes, by the quarrel of the fathers over their wine and by the older Graham's insistence upon the duel. There is a special study of the conflict of duties with which Young Graham is confronted. In *Edward* we knew nothing of the characters of those concerned; in *Bewick and Graham* we know a great deal. Both the blood-brothers are idealized: they are valorous, generous-hearted, loyal. Young Graham fights with Bewick only to escape fighting with his father; he will take no advantage, and flings off jack and cap because his "bully" has none. And he kills himself because he has vowed not to survive his friend. Clearly the balladist (unlike the balladist of *Edward*) is much interested in the moral aspects of the tragedy, in the duties of sons to fathers, of sworn brothers to sworn brothers. He even adds a comment to the effect that the old men were blameworthy. We know, as we do not in *Edward,* the places of the action, the inn in Carlisle, Graham's home, young Graham's study, Bewick's close. There are hints, as there are none in *Edward,* of a social group surrounding the chief actors of the tragedy,—Graham's other sons, Young Bewick's scholars, the people who would call Graham a brotherless man; even the crowded inn-stable suggests a social setting. With the lengthening of the story, refrain, naturally, disappears; repetition ceases to make the ballad, and comes to be restricted to a stanza here and there, or used as an occa-

sional means of linking a stanza with the preceding one. In short, *Bewick and Graham* is, in form, precisely what *Edward* would have been, if succeeding balladists, counting less and less on general knowledge of the story, had elaborated those phases of it about which curiosity would naturally exist, answering questions of who? why? when? where? and the like. And so *Bewick and Graham* comes to be a ballad of a different type; yet it is by no means impossible to imagine it reduced to the dimensions of *Edward,* a mere conversation between the Bewicks, the son confessing that he has slain his bully Graham and cursing the father for his counsels, we should not know precisely why. For, as has been said, the difference is one of degree.

The three ballads of the next group (39-41), however, are distinguished from all those that precede by a difference in kind. They are Chronicle Ballads: they deal with historical themes. They are interested in the fates or adventures less of individuals than of groups of men, interested less in brief and narrow incidents than in larger events, and they betray even a sense of nationality. Yet they are not history in any proper sense of the term: they have no breadth of view; they furnish no historical background, no sense of historical continuity; like the simpler ballads they deal with the isolated event; and they manifestly feel under no obligation whatever of loyalty to fact. "A strict accordance with history," wrote Child, "should not be expected, and indeed would be almost a ground of suspicion. Ballad singers and their hearers would be as indifferent as the readers of ballads are now; it is only editors who feel bound to look closely into such matters."[1] Yet, Child wrote of *The Hunting of the Cheviot,* "the ballad can scarcely be deliberate fiction. The singer is not a critical historian, but he supposes himself to be dealing with facts; he may be partial to his countrymen, but he has no doubt that he is treating of a real event." And this event interests him

[1] See, for details, the notes in the present volume.

chiefly as a realization of his ideals of conduct,—his own and those of the community in which he lives. Thus it was sheer delight in the "battle-play," as our Anglo-Saxon ancestors used to call it, that led him to sing:

> They fell fu close on ilka side,
> Sic fun ye never saw;
> For Hielan swords gied clash for clash
> At the battle o Harlaw.

And for *The Hunting of the Cheviot* the creative vision has been evoked not so much by memories of conflict or victory as by traditions of the daring of the hunt "in the magger of doughtë Dogles," of the fight against odds, of the leaders' generous offer to settle the affair by single combat, of the loyal followers' refusal to stand and look on while their captains fought, of the splendid lament of Percy for his fallen foe, of Wetharryngton's unconquerable courage. These are the dramatic moments of the story, and it is precisely the dramatic moments, again, that demanded to be sung in *Sir Andrew Barton.* Skill and courage are to be celebrated; and whether these qualities are displayed by friend or foe matters very little. Indeed, in this instance, so far as vain yet undaunted bravery is concerned, it is the enemy that carries off the honors; and it is thoroughly characteristic of the spirit of the ballad that a traditional stanza, which elsewhere belongs to the hero, should here be given to the villain of the piece, if that term may be applied to such an adversary as Sir Andrew Barton:

> 'Ffight on my men,' sayes Sir Andrew Bartton,
> 'I am hurt, but I am not slaine;
> I'le lay me downe and bleed a-while,
> And then I'le rise and ffight againe.'[1]

So far, finally, as respects form, while all three are more highly elaborated than the simple ballads of the first

[1] Cf. 45, 16.

part of this collection, yet one may study in them once more the contrasts between the less and the more highly elaborated narrative. But all are true ballads and have the common characteristics of ballad style.

With these Chronicle Ballads those of the next group, the Border Ballads (42-49), have much in common. They have the same fullness of more highly elaborated narrative; and they, too, can be traced to actual events, which they treat with characteristic ballad freedom. But they are events of narrower significance. Interest is always more completely centered in the deeds of an individual hero, as the titles imply,—*Johnie Armstrong, John a Side, Hobie Noble,* and so on. Again, it is the love of a fair fight, it is the daring of these heroes, their delight in battle with their peers, their courage never to submit or yield, that are celebrated. And again one may trace the development of the narrative art,—here, from the lyrical *Willie Macintosh* to the relatively complex story of *Dick o the Cow.* Perhaps their distinguishing characteristic is a certain raciness, a flavor of the soil, with an accompanying loss of universality. Geography comes in them to be a matter of importance; occasional reference to any good map of the region adds to one's pleasure in reading them. Their heroes have a local habitation; their events, apocryphal or distorted though these may be, occur in a real world. Thus, in *Dick o the Cow,* it is said that the Armstrongs rode from Liddesdale into England, to Hutton Hall, and into Cumberland. Dick's head was to hang on Hairibie, and he should ne'er cross Carlisle sands again. He went to Puddingburn, to Mangertoun, the Armstrong stronghold; he fought with Johnie on Cannobei Lee. After his adventure he could no longer live in Cumberland, "and Burgh under Stanemuir there dwels Dickie." Almost any one of these ballads would furnish a similar list of names. That the geography may not always be accurate does not signify; like Stevenson's map in *Treasure Island,* the mere array of place-names has a

definite realistic effect.[1] And yet it does not appear that they are introduced for purposes of localization merely; the balladist seems now and then to anticipate Scott, in his evident pleasure in their suggestive and sonorous quality.[2] Only exceptionally, however, is there evidence of a desire to catch the scene at a particular moment, or to visualize or describe it. It is an unusual passage that tells how Jamie Telfer ran ten miles afoot over the new-fallen snow, between moonset and sunrise, from Dodhead to Stobs's Ha. There is no romantic delight in the beauty of landscape or in its emotional suggestion; that is reserved for a type of ballad still more highly developed.

This type is the Outlaw Ballad, the ballad of our final group. To this group *Johnie Cock* forms an admirable introduction. It may be regarded as transitional, preserving many of the features of the simpler ballads, yet, at the same time, possessing many of the characteristics of the more complex ballads of Robin Hood. Like the former it has brevity, simplicity of structure, rapidity of movement, repetition and refrain; it has ancient traditional features like the reference to the sister's son, the bird messenger,[3] and the palmer's formula in reply to the request for news; it isolates, or almost isolates, the hero, having little to say of time or place or society; it betrays but little interest in his character or in his thoughts and feelings; it represents him as delighting, quite in the old ballad way, in the fight for its own sake, celebrates his reckless daring, his gratuitous courage, in deliberately provoking a fight against odds. There is indeed evident pleasure, a primitive animal delight, in the slaughter of the deer, in the cutting out of liver and tongue, in the gorging of flesh and blood, in the sleep of satiety. But it is clear that Johnie does not risk the fight with seven foresters,—who, for a drop of his heart's blood,

[1] An effect resulting also from similar arrays of person-names, and the consequent sense of a world of men surrounding or involved in the action.

[2] See, for example, *Hobie Noble*, 47, stanzas 16 and 17.

[3] Cf., on this point, the note on stanza 20.

would ride the fords of hell,—merely to satisfy hunger; for the wine so red and the well-baken bread were not lacking at home.

However, while the fight for its own sake is Johnie's main concern, it is not his only motive for action. Beside it stands another which is peculiarly significant as opening the door, so to speak, for the special development of the Outlaw Ballad. For Johnie is an outlaw, and as such he is the sworn enemy of organized society and bound to wage war against its forces, that is, against the foresters, on every opportunity. In a word, class-feeling is involved. Johnie is the embodiment of the ideals of his class as opposed to all others. This implies at once the beginnings of an elaboration of character and of whatever else naturally connects itself with character. Johnie is not only a daring, well-dressed, and well-wight man, he is well-bred, also, and calls for water to wash his hands like any hero of romance. He is something of a moralist, too, and condemns the foresters for attacking him as he slept, as the balladist himself condemns the old palmer for informing on him. And there are references, if no more, to the emotions of all those concerned. These characteristics are but small beginnings, and can, it is true, be paralleled from simple ballads; the point is that their presence here is due to class-feeling; and it is precisely class-feeling, expressing itself in ways like these, though more emphatically, that creates the Robin Hood Ballads (51-53).

The Border Ballads were the product of a homogeneous community, whose view was limited to its own boundaries. The Robin Hood Ballads are the product of a similar community, become conscious of the world outside, and setting itself in direct opposition to that world. It was poor, peasant, rural, subject, contrasted with rich, aristocratic, urban, governing. It is through opposition that class, community, nation, becomes conscious of itself; through banding together against a common enemy that it gains unity.

Thus the class or community or national feeling is in the first instance a feeling of opposition to some other social group. It will, then, in its literature, most eagerly seize upon what expresses this opposition; it will, as a whole, particularly rejoice in tales of successful opposition. It will naturally seize upon such a figure as that of Robin Hood. He is the representative of the class, the popular hero, and all that he does expresses popular ideals. To the loyalty, generosity, and daring of the Border outlaw are added piety, courtesy, the special loyalty to the king, and hostility to the rich monastic orders. Such a character, though a combination of simple qualities, is yet comparatively complex and human. Singer and audience were no doubt unconscious of the complexity, and perhaps incapable of naming all the separate characteristics. Yet a definite conception of the character was there, and a new tale not in keeping with it would have been promptly rejected, just as we refuse to believe this or that piece of gossip concerning a friend, though we can give no formal account of his character.

If class-feeling here results in the creation of a character of a new complexity, it results also in a new emphasis upon its surroundings; it results in such exquisite passages as the opening stanzas[1] of *Robin Hood and the Monk*. Here, for the first time, the balladist lingers lovingly over the visualization of his scene. Indeed, he does more than this; he puts into the mouth of Little John, in the fourth stanza, a confession of the emotional effect. It is a simple and obvious matter,—it is a pleasant morning and John is happy; but he himself is so far introspective as to name the feeling and mention its cause. Apparently, however, the beauty of the forest, the deer in the shadows of the trees, the birds' songs, have precisely the opposite effect upon Robin Hood, who grieves because he may not go to

[1] Readers will remember how Amiens' song, in *As You Like It*, takes up the last line of the second stanza.

mass or matins on any solemn day. His mood is as true to nature as Little John's,—"Spring winds," says Stevenson, "will sow disquietude,"—and serves to mark a rather subtle distinction in character between the two men. Of how much of all this the balladist was conscious is a difficult question. It is an extreme case, yet in so far as it shows interest in the setting for its own sake, and as it attempts to bring the setting into relation with the characters, it is thoroughly typical of the Robin Hood ballads.

When a hero is once so definitely conceived in his setting he acts as a magnet; he attracts new stories, or comes to figure as the hero of stories told once of obscurer outlaws. One may observe the same process to-day in the way that stories seem to gather spontaneously about great names like those of Lincoln and Phillips Brooks, or, to suggest an humbler example, about a certain make of automobile. So it happens that there was developed a whole cycle of ballads dealing with Robin Hood.[1] The greater number of the ballads of this cycle, one may safely conjecture, are now lost, and among these, doubtless, are many of the earliest and best.

Nothing could be more natural than that to a popular poet, who knew and loved these ballads, should occur the idea of using them to construct a longer narrative, relating on a larger scale the best adventures of the outlaw hero. Some poet did actually carry out such a plan, and gave us the *Gest,* or story, of Robin Hood. The work of an individual poet composed in writing and clearly intended, not for song, but for recitation, the *Gest* is, properly speaking, not a ballad at all; it is, rather, an epic in the making.

The relations of the *Gest* to the underlying ballads and

[1] Thirty-seven are preserved in Child's collection. Unhappily, however, the conception of the hero does not remain fixed, but degenerates; certain persons, at first only members of the peasant class, get the better of Robin or of Little John, and so prove themselves worthy to become members of the band. Eventually Robin is bested by any and every antagonist; the ballads which recount his defeats have more and more the air of mere parody, deteriorate rapidly in style, and wholly lose, at length, the distinctive charm of the earlier ones, of which the three here printed are typical.

other possible sources have been thoroughly studied in a monograph by Dr. W. H. Clawson.[1] The conclusions of Dr. Clawson's discussion of the first division of the *Gest* may be given as an example of his extremely interesting results. This division consists of fits I, II, and IV. Child thus summarizes the narrative: "How Robin Hood relieved a knight, who had fallen into poverty, by lending him money on the security of Our Lady, the first fit, 1-81; how the knight recovered his lands, which had been pledged to St. Mary Abbey, and set forth to repay the loan, the second fit, 82-143; how Robin, having taken twice the sum lent from a monk of this abbey, declared that Our Lady had discharged the debt, and would receive nothing more from the knight, the fourth fit, 205-280." The probable main source for this part of the *Gest* was a group of four ballads, now lost, in which (1) Robin Hood relieves a poor knight;[2] (2) a man unexpectedly claims his inheritance;[3] (3) a yeoman is successful in wrestling;[4] and (4) Robin Hood robs two monks who lie about their money.[5] Additional suggestions seem to have come to the compiler from sources other than ballads; thus Robin's lending the knight four hundred pounds on the security of Our Lady[6] was probably suggested by a well-known miracle of the Virgin; and the involuntary repayment of the loan by the cellarer of St. Mary's and Robin's refusal to take the money from the knight[7] was probably suggested by an *exemplum* or moral tale, extant in many versions, in which money lent on the security of God is replaced by robbing a monk. The remaining stanzas are regarded by Dr. Clawson as the work of the compiler himself. These are introduced mainly for purposes of transition. His most important contribution is the

[1] *The Gest of Robin Hood*, University of Toronto Studies, Philological Series, 1909.
[2] Corresponding to stanzas 17-44 of the *Gest*.
[3] Stanzas 86-125.
[4] Stanzas 135-142.
[5] Stanzas 208-213.
[6] Stanzas 62-78, 79.
[7] Stanzas 214, 232-242, 248-254.

opening passage, stanzas 1-16, giving a general account of Robin's character and habits.

It is not to be supposed that the poet of the *Gest* was a mere compiler or patch-work artist and nothing more. He thoroughly assimilated the material that he borrowed; it became plastic in his hands; and he made it over in a manner appropriate to his conception of his whole poem, compressing here, expanding there, and introducing, as Dr. Clawson shows, passages which could not occur in a ballad, yet which are composed in ballad style. The ballads which he used are, as has been said, no longer extant; it may well be that when once their themes had been incorporated in the *Gest* people no longer cared to preserve them as independent poems. But their style and manner, their narrative art, are preserved in the ballads which have come down to us. Comparison of the *Gest* with these will show us what kind of modifications the poet made in his ballad sources.

In the first place, the complexity and idealization of the hero are carried, in the *Gest,* still further than in the Robin Hood ballads. "Robin Hood," says Child, "is a yeoman, outlawed for reasons not given but easily surmised, 'courteous and free,' religious in sentiment, and above all reverent of the Virgin, for the love of whom he is respectful to all women. He lives by the king's deer (though he loves no man in the world so much as his king) and by levies on the superfluity of the higher orders, secular and spiritual, bishops and archbishops, abbots, bold barons, and knights, but harms no husbandman or yeoman, and is friendly to poor men generally, imparting to them of what he takes from the rich. Courtesy, good temper, liberality, and manliness are his chief merits; for courtesy and good temper he is a popular Gawain. Yeoman as he is, he has a kind of royal dignity, a princely grace, and a gentleman-like refinement of humor." That Child could make so long a list of traits is not due to the fact that Robin appears, in the *Gest,* in many adventures, each exhibiting a different side of his

character, for practically all these qualities are involved in the episode of the knight, in the first fit. It is clear, moreover, that the poet thinks of character as a distinct element in his story; he devotes sixteen stanzas at the beginning of the *Gest,*—stanzas purely of his own invention, in Dr. Clawson's opinion,—to dialogue and gesture which have for their sole function the establishment of the hero's character and way of life. Much of the interest, too, in the parallel episodes of knight and monk lies in the contrasting characters of these persons.

If the poet develops character he develops also the setting. Geographical names are not lacking. They are real names of real places, though it is clear that to the compiler of the *Gest* they have little definite significance; he has no topographical scheme in his head, no idea of relative positions or distances. Yet, as in the Border Ballads, these place names have the realistic effect always produced by localization. The whole poem is, in part, a celebration of the woodland life, which is idealized by significant or picturesque details,—the green leaves, the rose garlands under the lindens, the excellent dinners, the birds singing "in a mery mornynge;" and it is always the "grene wode," the "mery grene wode." Its charms prove irresistible to Robin at court. Less is made of its psychological effect, however, than in *Robin Hood and the Monk;* but rather more is made of the physical, and the way of life in the wood is brought into close relation with class-feeling. The comic discomfort of the sheriff, mere creature of the town, under the greenwood tree, is significant.[1] "For all the gold in mery England," he says, "I would not dwell long here."

However, the *Gest* is not a descriptive poem; its main interest is neither character nor setting, but plot, action. In this phase of the narrative art, in planning, in mere literary architecture on a large scale, the compiler shows himself superior to the composers of the ballads. The *Gest*

[1] Stanzas 196 and 198.

is obviously much longer than the ballads, less easy to grasp as a whole; it consists, obviously, not of a single situation (in which nothing happens), not of a single event, but of a series of events, each distinct from the others, and in all probability drawn, as Dr. Clawson's analysis shows, from a distinct source. Whatever unity and coherence the *Gest* may have must be, then, the result of conscious effort on the part of the compiler. There is, as a matter of fact, evidence of much careful planning and of a considerable technical skill in carrying out the plans. There is evidence that the story was grasped as a whole, that things late in the narrative were foreseen, and that things early in the narrative were worked out to their conclusions. Of this evidence the most striking bit is the contrasting scenes of knight and monk. Detailed comparison of stanzas 17-43 with stanzas 208-248 and 259 will reveal at once the careful workmanship of the poet. He has, it will be seen, the old ballad delight in repetition; he makes effective use of the ballad habit of expressing similar ideas in similar phrases. His statement that Little John spread his mantle down *as he had done before* (stanza 247) shows that the whole detailed contrast is a piece of cunningly contrived and conscious art. This is typical; and in general there can be no doubt that the poet made a careful and conscientious effort to work over into a consistent whole the diverse materials of which he constructed the *Gest*. He encountered and solved problems with which the balladist was not confronted.

In the matter of transitions and connections between event and event there is a similar contrast. The balladist, assuming a general knowledge of the story of which he sang, proceeded by leaps and bounds, passed without explanation from incident to incident, situation to situation; the poet of the *Gest*, on the contrary, while he does not lay great stress on transitional matter, betrays here as elsewhere his desire for coherence, and connects, in some way, every scene with its predecessor. He traces the journeys from place to

place; he suggests the passage of time by brief summaries of the events that filled it. He even delays the main action by means of an episode, in the third fit, which is wholly concerned with the adventures of Little John.

Yet, for all its excellence of structure, the *Gest,* it must be admitted, has no objective point, no definite close. Robin's death is brought about by new characters and new motives, introduced merely for that purpose. There is, moreover, some confusion in the geography. And there are discrepancies in the narrative. In the scene with the monk there is a sudden dwindling from two monks to one (stanzas 213 and 216). The episode of the knight becomes diffuse toward the close; after the king sets a price on his head he does not again speak or act in the story. But minor imperfections of this sort serve only to emphasize the excellence of the whole. For they prove that the compiler was working with a variety of sources; the wonder is, not that a few inconsistencies remain, but that he has been able to create out of such diverse material a whole so thoroughly united.

III

Evidently the poet of the *Gest* had powers and artistic ideals very different from those which produced *Edward,* the first ballad of this volume, or most of the ballads that intervene. But these also differ in many ways from one another, from *Edward,* and from the *Gest,* so that it may well be that the chief impression which one carries away from a collection of typical ballads is an impression of their variety. As a matter of fact no two ballads are precisely the same and no one has ever been able to hit upon a thoroughly satisfactory classification of them. Sound and important, however, as is this impression of ballad dissimilarities, it must not blind us to the equally sound and important sense of their similarity to one another, of their contrast with the narrative verse of the schools.[1] Regarded from the point

[1] This contrast has already been incidentally brought out. See pp. 11, 12, 13, above.

of view of the narrative art the ballad, in its simplest and most typical forms, might be called a short story in embryo. It is a song about a single situation. This situation is, apparently, already familiar to singers and audience; hence the ballad is under no obligation to give information concerning what happened before it, or what may happen after it; concerning the nature of the persons involved in it, or the motives that led to it, the emotions that resulted from it, or the morality illustrated by it; or concerning its setting in time, place, or social group. It reveals but little reflection or sentiment. It employs fixed or ready-made forms and devices, such as refrain, repetition, climax of relatives, and, for the most part, the common meter. In other words, not only the story, but the manner of telling it, is provided by tradition; neither can be thought of as being the special property of any individual; ballads are essentially authorless and impersonality is their distinguishing characteristic, the quality which may be regarded as summing up or including all the others.

This impersonality may perhaps be in part accounted for by the conditions of transmission: originally, ballads were not committed to print or to writing; they were preserved only in the memories of those who sang them, who had, of course learned them from hearing others sing. Doubtless such memories were more precise than ours, and, through much practice, more generally retentive. Yet, being human, they were not perfect. Unconsciously a new singer might make some change, some omission, some addition; or, forgetting a line here, a stanza there, might consciously supply the omission, sometimes from another ballad, sometimes by invention; so that when memory failed taste found its opportunity.[1] Inevitably there came to be several versions or

[1] Modern editors felt free, until very recent times, when the ballad text has come to be regarded as sacred, to make changes and additions in the interest of what was conceived to be good taste. But this is another matter; it is a phase of ballad criticism, of learned attitude toward the ballad, rather than of ballad development.

variants of the same ballad, some better, some worse, some complete, some, where gaps had not been filled in, mere fragments or snatches of a few stanzas or a few lines. Thus, of many of the ballads in the present volume, there are in Child's great collection, as many as fifteen or twenty versions, taken down from singing or recitation at widely separated times and places,—we have sometimes both Scottish and English, and occasionally even American, versions of the same ballad. These last have been found for the most part in the mountains of our Southern states where they seem to have been the chief intellectual resource of isolated communities, in which reading and writing were accomplishments uncommon or unknown. Moreover, ballad variants are not confined to the English language; some of the ballads of the present volume are represented by versions in every European country. In some cases, it would seem, ballads were carried from one country to another; in others, where the situation is of a simple sort, or inevitable in any phase of human life, or based on some widespread or popular belief, it may be safely assumed that they sprang up independently.[1] It is a significant fact that wherever found the ballad style and manner are essentially the same.

The limits of the present volume do not permit the inclusion of more than one version of each ballad; a single exception has been made to illustrate the kind of changes that occur and the light that one version may throw upon another. This is the case of *The Queen of Elfan's Nourice* (numbers 27 and 28). The first version is that printed by Child from the *Ballad Book* of C. K. Sharpe, who collected his ballads early in the last century "from the mouths of nurses . . . dairymaids, and tenants' daughters."[2] It is very obviously fragmentary: lines and stanzas are missing,

[1] Foreign parallels are exhaustively discussed by Child in the larger edition of the *English and Scottish Popular Ballads*.

[2] Child refers to Laing's edition, 1880, which is the only one containing this ballad. Laing made use of unpublished manuscripts and included matter not found in the original edition (1824) or in Goldschmid's edition (1883).

and, at the close, three stanzas from another ballad are appended. These, as Child says, we could well spare, to know a little more of the proper story. The second version was taken down in 1906 from the recitation of Mrs. McLeod of Dumfries, Scotland, who was then visiting relatives at Lake Mills, Wisconsin. It is "undoubtedly traditional, as the reciter could not read or write, nor could her parents before her. She said that she had learned the ballads from her parents, but that she was not always sure of the words in particular cases."[1] Her version, however, is superior to the other. It has, it is true, nothing so musical as the opening stanzas which forced Child to chant; but, so far as it goes, it is complete; it makes the situation thoroughly intelligible; it shows that the lowing of the cow is really an elf-call; and it does not include the stanzas from *Thomas Rymer*. Thus, though taken down perhaps a hundred years after the first version, the second version is clearly the older, for it is nearer the original form. Our two versions of *The Queen of Elfan's Nourice* afford excellent illustration of the important general truth that the date of writing or of printing does not necessarily indicate the date of composition; a ballad or a version preserved in oral tradition alone may be older and more authentic than one which comes down to us in manuscript or in print. Essentially, ballads are of dateless age.

The important fact of ballad transmission is, then, singing or recitation from memory by people who do not read or write. This process may conceivably account, in part, for certain aspects of ballad impersonality. The tendency of such singers or reciters would be to distort or to reject, unconsciously, whatever was unintelligible to them, or foreign to their way of thinking. If a narrative poem came to them from the world of printed literature they would instinctively seize upon and retain the most striking feature

[1] Arthur Beatty, *Some New Ballad Variants*, *The Journal of American Folk-Lore*, xx, 154.

of the story, the main situation. Instinctively they would reject what they did not understand or what did not interest them; such matters as sentiment and reflection, characterization, study of motives or emotions, would naturally fall away. Concrete and palpable matters, dramatic material, specially adapted to oral presentation, such as action and dialogue, would be retained, and, conceivably, elaborated according to an art already traditional, an art calling for repetition and refrain, and making use of recurrent formulas and commonplaces. It is easy enough, that is, to imagine a given story made over in the course of oral tradition into a typical ballad. It is easy enough, too, to imagine the story composed, to begin with, by some unlettered poet,[1] who would not, indeed, commit his ballad to writing, but who would otherwise make use of the same methods as those employed by any poet of the schools. It may well be that the ballads of our collection owe their existence to such processes as these.

To a certain extent, then, ballad characteristics can be, conceivably, accounted for by ballad transmission. But neither transmission nor the creative effort of the unlettered poet can, conceivably, be made to account for what is, after all, the essential matter, the matter of form, the matter of an art already traditional. This is the problem which the student of ballads is compelled to face, the problem of the origin of ballad form. Why, he must ask, why does reciter or singer, or improviser inevitably seize upon the main situation, why does he make use of refrains, repetitions, commonplaces? This question is bound up with the most fascinating and most difficult problem in the whole field of literary study, the fundamental problem of origins.

Upon this problem, the problem of how poetry began, the ballads of the present volume may actually throw some light. It is this possibility that has determined the order of their

[1] Not by a professional minstrel, however. The work of minstrels is extant and is quite different from the ballads.

arrangement. This order disregards chronology, or, at least, the dates of writing or printing, these being, as we have seen, not indicative of the real age of a ballad. It assumes, rather, that in the domain of literature as in the domain of biology there is a development from the simple to the complex, from the homogeneous to the heterogeneous, that the simplest and most homogeneous ballads or groups of ballads are actually older, or representative of something older, than the most complex and heterogeneous. We have already traced this development from the relatively simple ballad of *Edward* to the relatively complex *Gest of Robyn Hode.* If we now reverse the process and retrace our steps we shall find ourselves following a line or "curve of evolution" which takes a definite course, and which may therefore be projected beyond and behind *Edward.* By its help we may infer the nature of a still simpler and more primitive art. Summing up as briefly as possible the result of such a retracing of our steps we find, for the story itself, a decrease in the number of situations, in connective and transitional matter, an increase in the tendency to proceed by leaps and bounds, to make use of refrains and repetitions of all sorts. We find a decreasing concern with times and places and a dwindling social group, a decreasing interest in the nature of the persons concerned, in their mental processes, in the moral aspect of their deeds. That is to say, we find less evidence of foresight, of planning, grasp of the whole, of definite, single point of view, of sentiment and reflection. We come back to a kind of embryo, in which these things are potentially present, awaiting, as it were, an elaboration to which they have not as yet been subjected, because it has not seemed necessary to audience and singers familiar with the story. We find less and less evidence of individual control, of a single poet behind the poem; more and more evidence of control by a homogeneous social group, of a multitude of singers behind the song. Our line of evolution, which, followed upward, points beyond the *Gest* to epic and

drama and the poetry of the schools, followed downward points beyond *Edward* to "communal composition."

"Communal composition" is the phrase devised by Professor Gummere to denote his own theory of the beginnings of poetry. It means composition by a community as a whole; by a small, compact, homogeneous group of men, who had suffered the common vicissitudes of life, had shared the same labor, rejoiced together after the same hunt or victory, mourned together for a fallen comrade. The essential fact of poetry is rhythm; and rhythm is the means and the condition of co-operation. In labor, as in the rhythmic swing of the oars, the rhythmic stride on the long march, it is the condition of endurance, the condition of common effort. To mark the rhythm, to ensure its uniformity, comes now the song, formless at first, inarticulate, then mere burden or refrain, words of little meaning endlessly repeated, alternating at length with fragments of narrative. Beside the contribution of rhythmic labor stands that of rhythmic play, of the dance. Men danced first to their own singing, and the song was expressive of common delight in the success of the day's hunt or in the day's victory. To cries of joy, to vague expressions of delight, would come to be added in time some bit of narrative, like "Good hunting today!" In a similar manner rhythmic lamentations for the dead would give place to some crude account of the tragedy or of some great deed of the fallen hero. Various members of the throng would contribute each his stanza. For in the process the individual is not wholly eliminated, but is pushed into the background, lost in the throng; he plays no necessary part; any other member of the group could take his place. In some such manner as this a kind of primitive ballad would be developed; not, it is true, any ballad which we possess, but a simpler ancestor. Naturally, such a ballad would make the slightest possible call upon creative effort; it would consist largely of refrain, it would proceed largely by incremental repetition; dealing with a matter of common

knowledge it would not tell the whole story; it would contain no comment on character, or emotion, or morality, no reference to place or time. Thus, through the condition of communal composition, a kind of conventional art would be established, an accepted manner of telling a story. This convention would come presently to be regarded as a fixed tradition. It is this convention that our ballads inherit; it is to such conditions and methods of composition, which are known to have actually existed, that ballad technique very definitely points. It is thus inevitable that ballads should be impersonal, that they should make use of refrain, incremental repetition, and commonplace. It is natural that they should be essentially oral and momentary in their appeal; that they should be governed by a taste neither cultivated nor vulgar, but natural; that they should lack the polished phrase, perfection of rhyme and meter. It is natural that being the work of elemental people they should deal with the elemental themes of Love and Death; and that, inheriting a primitive art, they should retain also primitive and pre-Christian beliefs, as in ghosts and fairies and speaking birds, or primitive tastes, like that for gorgeousness. It is natural, finally, since like causes produce like results, that the same type of story, or even the same ballad, should spring up independently in different countries, or, carried from one to another, be popular everywhere, and told always in a manner essentially the same.

Professor Gummere's theory of ultimate communal origins is, then, a satisfactory explanation of the special characteristics of the popular ballads; so far as I know it is the only explanation. And it has this wider significance: it shows that poetry was in its beginnings a natural function of the human mind, the creation of all the people for all the people, not made by the exceptional few for the exceptional few. Ballads are the one great and significant survival of this early universal poetry; of all poetry, therefore, they have the widest appeal, they are the most readily understood, the most easily appreciated.

ENGLISH POPULAR BALLADS

1

EDWARD

1 'Why dois your brand sae drap wi bluid,
Edward, Edward,
Why dois your brand sae drap wi bluid,
And why sae sad gang yee O?'
'O I hae killed my hauke sae guid,
Mither, mither,
O I hae killed my hauke sae guid,
And I had nae mair bot hee O.'

2 'Your haukis bluid was nevir sae reid,
Edward, Edward,
Your haukis bluid was nevir sae reid,
My deir son I tell thee O.'
'O I hae killed my reid-roan steid,
Mither, mither,
O I hae killed my reid-roan steid,
That erst was sae fair and frie O.'

3 'Your steid was auld, and ye hae gat mair,
Edward, Edward,
Your steid was auld, and ye hae gat mair,
Sum other dule ye drie O.'
'O I hae killed my fadir deir,
Mither, mither,
O I hae killed my fadir deir,
Alas, and wae is mee O!'

4 'And whatten penance wul ye drie for that,
Edward, Edward?
And whatten penance will ye drie for that?
My deir son, now tell me O.'
'Ile set my feit in yonder boat,
Mither, mither,
Ile set my feit in yonder boat,
And Ile fare ovir the sea O.'

5 'And what wul ye doe wi your towirs and your ha,
Edward, Edward?
And what wul ye doe wi your towirs and your ha,
That were sae fair to see O?'
'Ile let thame stand tul they doun fa,
Mither, mither,
Ile let thame stand tul they doun fa,
For here nevir mair maun I bee O.'

6 'And what wul ye leive to your bairns and your wife,
Edward, Edward?
And what wul ye leive to your bairns and your wife,
Whan ye gang ovir the sea O?'
'The warldis room, late them beg thrae life,
Mither, mither,
The warldis room, late them beg thrae life,
For thame nevir mair wul I see O.'

7 'And what wul ye leive to your ain mither deir,
Edward, Edward?
And what wul ye leive to your ain mither deir?
My deir son, now tell me O.'
'The curse of hell frae me sall ye beir,
Mither, mither,
The curse of hell frae me sall ye beir,
Sic counseils ye gave to me O.'

2

LORD RANDAL

1 'O where ha you been, Lord Randal, my son?
And where ha you been, my handsome young man?'
'I ha been at the greenwood; mother, mak my bed soon.
For I'm wearied wi hunting, and fain wad lie down.'

2 'An wha met ye there, Lord Randal, my son?
An wha met you there, my handsome young man?'
'O I met wi my true-love; mother, mak my bed soon
For I'm wearied wi huntin, an fain wad lie down.'

3 'And what did she give you, Lord Randal, my son?
And what did she give you, my handsome young man?'
'Eels fried in a pan; mother, mak my bed soon,
For I'm wearied wi huntin, and fain wad lie down.'

4 'And wha gat your leavins, Lord Randal, my son?
And wha gat your leavins, my handsome young man?'
'My hawks and my hounds; mother, mak my bed soon,
For I'm wearied wi huntin, and fain wad lie down.'

5 'And what becam of them, Lord Randal, my son?
And what becam of them, my handsome young man?'
'They stretched their legs out an died; mother, mak
my bed soon,
For I'm wearied wi huntin, and fain wad lie down.'

6 'O I fear you are poisoned, Lord Randal, my son!
I fear you are poisoned, my handsome young man!'
'O yes, I am poisoned; mother, mak my bed soon,
For I'm sick at the heart, and I fain wad lie down.'

7 'What d'ye leave to your mother, Lord Randal, my son?
What d'ye leave to your mother. my handsome young man?'
'Four and twenty milk kye; mother, mak my bed soon,
For I'm sick at the heart, and I fain wad lie down.'

8 'What d'ye leave to your sister, Lord Randal, my son?'
What d'ye leave to your sister, my handsome young man?'
'My gold and my silver; mother, mak my bed soon,
For I'm sick at the heart, and I fain wad lie down.'

9 'What d'ye leave to your brother, Lord Randal, my son?
What d'ye leave to your brother, my handsome young man?'
'My houses and my lands; mother, mak my bed soon,
For I'm sick at the heart, and I fain wad lie down.'

10 'What d'ye leave to your true-love, Lord Randal, my son?
What d'ye leave to your true-love, my handsome young man?'
'I leave her hell and fire; mother, mak my bed soon,
For I'm sick at the heart, and I fain wad lie down.'

3

THE THREE RAVENS

1 There were three ravens sat on a tree,
Downe a downe, hay downe, hay downe
There were three ravens sat on a tree,
With a downe
There were three ravens sat on a tree,
They were as blacke as they might be.
With a downe derrie, derrie, derrie, downe, downe

2 The one of them said to his mate,
'Where shall we our breakefast take?'

3 'Downe in yonder greene field,
There lies a knight slain under his shield.

4 'His hounds they lie downe at his feete,
So well they can their master keepe.

5 'His haukes they flie so eagerly,
There's no fowle dare him come nie.'

6 Downe there comes a fallow doe,
As great with yong as she might goe.

7 She lift up his bloudy hed,
And kist his wounds that were so red.

8 She got him up upon her backe,
And carried him to earthen lake.

9 She buried him before the prime,
She was dead herselfe ere even-song time.

10 God send every gentleman,
Such haukes, such hounds, and such a leman.

4

BONNIE GEORGE CAMPBELL

1 Hie upon Hielands,
and laigh upon Tay,
Bonnie George Campbell
rode out on a day.

2 He saddled, he bridled,
and gallant rode he,
And hame cam his guid horse,
but never cam he.

3 Out cam his mother dear,
greeting fu sair,
And out cam his bonnie bryde,
riving her hair.

4 'The meadow lies green,
the corn is unshorn,
But Bonnie George Campbell
will never return.'

5 Saddled and bridled
and booted rode he,
A plume in his helmet,
A sword at his knee.

6 But toom cam his saddle,
all bloody to see,
Oh, hame cam his guid horse,
but never cam he!

5

THE BONNY EARL OF MURRAY

1 Ye Highlands, and ye Lawlands,
Oh where have you been?
They have slain the Earl of Murray,
And they layd him on the green.

2 'Now wae be to thee, Huntly!
And wherefore did you sae?
I bade you bring him wi you,
But forbade you him to slay.'

3 He was a braw gallant,
And he rid at the ring;
And the bonny Earl of Murray,
Oh he might have been a king!

4 He was a braw gallant,
And he playd at the ba;
And the bonny Earl of Murray
Was the flower amang them a'.

5 He was a braw gallant,
And he playd at the glove;
And the bonny Earl of Murray,
Oh he was the Queen's love!

6 Oh lang will his lady
Look oer the castle Down,
Eer she the Earl of Murray
Come sounding thro the town!
Eer she, etc.

6

BESSY BELL AND MARY GRAY

1 O Bessie Bell and Mary Gray,
They war twa bonnie lasses;
They bigget a bower on yon burn-brae,
And theekit it oer wi rashes.

2 They theekit it oer wi rashes green,
They theekit it oer wi heather;
But the pest cam frae the burrows-town,
And slew them baith thegither.

3 They thought to lye in Methven kirkyard,
Amang their noble kin;
But they maun lye in Stromach haugh,
To biek forenent the sin.

4 And Bessy Bell and Mary Gray,
They war twa bonnie lasses;
They biggit a bower on yon burn-brae,
And theekit it oer wi rashes.

7

YOUNG WATERS

1 About Yule, when the wind blew cule,
And the round tables began,
A there is cum to our king's court
Mony a well-favord man.

2 The queen luikt owre the castle-wa,
Beheld baith dale and down,
And there she saw Young Waters
Cum riding to the town.

3 His footmen they did rin before,
His horsemen rade behind;
And mantel of the burning gowd
Did keip him frae the wind.

4 Gowden-graithd his horse before,
And siller-shod behind;
The horse Young Waters rade upon
Was fleeter than the wind.

5 Out then spack a wylie lord,
Unto the queen said he,
'O tell me wha's the fairest face
Rides in the company?'

6 'I've sene lord, and I've sene laird,
And knights of high degree,
Bot a fairer face than Young Waters
Mine eyne did never see.'

7 Out then spack the jealous king,
And an angry man was he:
'O if he had bin twice as fair,
You micht have excepted me.'

8 'You're neither laird nor lord,' she says,
'Bot the king that wears the crown;
There is not a knight in fair Scotland
But to thee maun bow down.'

9 For a' that she coud do or say,
Appeasd he wad nae bee,
Bot for the words which she had said,
Young Waters he maun die.

10 They hae taen Young Waters,
And put fetters to his feet;
They hae taen Young Waters,
And thrown him in dungeon deep.

11 'Aft I have ridden thro Stirling town
In the wind bot and the weit;
Bot I neir rade thro Stirling town
Wi fetters at my feet.

12 'Aft I have ridden thro Stirling town
In the wind bot and the rain;
Bot I neir rade thro Stirling town
Neir to return again.'

13 They hae taen to the heiding-hill
His young son in his craddle,
And they hae taen to the heiding-hill
His horse bot and his saddle.

14 They hae taen to the heiding-hill
His lady fair to see,
And for the words the queen had spoke
Young Waters he did die.

8

BONNY BARBARA ALLAN

1 It was in and about the Martinmas time,
When the green leaves were a falling,
That Sir John Græme, in the West Country,
Fell in love with Barbara Allan.

2 He sent his man down through the town,
To the place where she was dwelling:
'O haste and come to my master dear,
Gin ye be Barbara Allan.'

3 O hooly, hooly rose she up,
To the place where he was lying,
And when she drew the curtain by,
'Young man, I think you're dying.'

4 'O it's I'm sick, and very, very sick,
And 'tis a' for Barbara Allan;'
'O the better for me ye's never be,
Tho your heart's blood were a spilling.

5 'O dinna ye mind, young man,' said she,
'When ye was in the tavern a drinking,
That ye made the healths gae round and round,
And slighted Barbara Allan?'

6 He turnd his face unto the wall,
And death was with him dealing:
'Adieu, adieu, my dear friends all,
And be kind to Barbara Allan.'

7 And slowly, slowly raise she up,
And slowly, slowly left him,
And sighing said, she could not stay,
Since death of life had reft him.

8 She had not gane a mile but twa,
When she heard the dead-bell ringing,
And every jow that the dead-bell geid,
It cry'd, Woe to Barbara Allan!

9 'O mother, mother, make my bed!
O make it saft and narrow!
Since my love died for me to-day,
I'll die for him to-morrow.'

9

SIR PATRICK SPENCE

1 The king sits in Dumferling toune,
Drinking the blude-reid wine:
'O whar will I get guid sailor,
To sail this schip of mine?'

2 Up and spak an eldern knicht,
Sat at the kings richt kne:
'Sir Patrick Spence is the best sailor
That sails upon the se.'

3 The king has written a braid letter,
And signd it wi his hand,
And sent it to Sir Patrick Spence,
Was walking on the sand.

4 The first line that Sir Patrick red,
A loud lauch lauched he;
The next line that Sir Patrick red,
The teir blinded his ee.

5 'O wha is this has don this deid,
This ill deid don to me,
To send me out this time o' the yeir,
To sail upon the se!

6 'Mak hast, mak haste, my mirry men all,
Our guid schip sails the morne:'
'O say na sae, my master deir,
For I feir a deadlie storme.

7 'Late late yestreen I saw the new moone,
Wi the auld moone in hir arme,
And I feir, I feir, my deir master,
That we will cum to harme.'

8 O our Scots nobles wer richt làith
To weet their cork-heild schoone;
Bot lang owre a' the play wer playd,
Thair hats they swam aboone.

9 O lang, lang may their ladies sit,
Wi thair fans into their hand,
Or eir they se Sir Patrick Spence
Cum sailing to the land.

10 O lang, lang may the ladies stand,
Wi thair gold kems in their hair,
Waiting for thair ain deir lords,
For they'll se thame na mair.

11 Haf owre, haf owre to Aberdour,
It's fiftie fadom deip,
And thair lies guid Sir Patrick Spence,
Wi the Scots lords at his feit.

10

BABYLON; OR, THE BONNIE BANKS O FORDIE

1 There were three ladies lived in a bower,
Eh vow bonnie—
And they went out to pull a flower.
On the bonnie banks o' Fordie

2 They hadna pu'ed a flower but ane,
When up started to them a banisht man.

3 He's taen the first sister by her hand,
And he's turned her round and made her stand.

4 'It's whether will ye be a rank robber's wife,
Or will ye die by my wee pen-knife?'

5 'It's I'll not be a rank robber's wife,
But I'll rather die by your wee pen-knife.'

6 He's killed this may, and he's laid her by,
For to bear the red rose company.

7 He's taken the second ane by the hand,
And he's turned her round and made her stand

8 'It's whether will ye be a rank robber's wife,
Or will ye die by my wee pen-knife?'

9 'I'll not be a rank robber's wife,
But I'll rather die by your wee pen-knife.'

10 He's killed this may, and he's laid her by,
For to bear the red rose company.

11 He's taken the youngest ane by the hand,
And he's turned her round and made her stand

12 Says, 'Will ye be a rank robber's wife,
Or will ye die by my wee pen-knife?'

13 'I'll not be a rank robber's wife,
Nor will I die by your wee pen-knife.

14 'For I hae a brother in this wood,
And gin ye kill me, it's he'll kill thee.'

15 'What's thy brother's name? come tell to me.'
'My brother's name is Baby Lon.'

16 'O sister, sister, what have I done!
O have I done this ill to thee!

17 'O since I'ce done this evil deed,
Good sall never be seen o me.'

18 He's taken out his wee pen-knife,
And he's twyned himsel o his ain sweet life.

11

THE TWA BROTHERS

1 There were twa brethren in the north,
They went to school thegithar;
The one unto the other said,
Will you try a warsle afore?

2 They wrestled up, they wrestled down,
Till Sir John fell to the ground,
And there was a knife in Sir Willie's pouch,
Gied him a deadlie wound.

3 'O brither dear, take me on your back,
Carry me to yon burn clear,
And wash the blood from off my wound,
And it will bleed nae mair.'

4 He took him up upon his back,
Carried him to yon burn clear,
And washd the blood from off his wound,
And aye it bled the mair.

5 'Oh brother dear, take me on your back,
Carry me to yon kirk-yard,
And dig a grave baith wide and deep,
And lay my body there.'

6 He's taen him up upon his back,
Carried him to yon kirk-yard,
And dug a grave both deep and wide,
And laid his body there.

7 'But what will I say to my father dear,
Should he chance to say, Willie, whar's John?'
'Oh say that he's to England gone,
To buy him a cask of wine.'

8 'And what shall I say to my mother dear,
Should she chance to say, Willie whar's John?'
'Oh say that he's to England gone,
To buy her a new silk gown.'

9 'And what will I say to my sister dear,
Should she chance to say, Willie, whar's John?'
'Oh say that he's to England gone,
To buy her a wedding ring.'

10 'What will I say to her you loe dear,
Should she cry, Why tarries my John?'
'Oh tell her I lie in fair Kirk-land,
And home will never come.'

12

THE TWA SISTERS

1 There was twa sisters in a bowr,
Edinburgh, Edinburgh
There was twa sisters in a bowr,
Stirling for ay
There was twa sisters in a bowr,
There came a knight to be their wooer.
Bonny Saint Johnston stands upon Tay

2 He courted the eldest wi glove an ring,
But he lovd the youngest above a' thing.

3 He courted the eldest wi brotch an knife,
But lovd the youngest as his life.

4 The eldest she was vexed sair,
And much envi'd her sister fair.

5 Into her bowr she could not rest,
Wi grief an spite she almos brast.

6 Upon a morning fair an clear,
She cried upon her sister dear:

7 'O sister, come to yon sea stran,
An see our father's shios come to lan.'

8 She's taen her by the milk-white han,
An led her down to yon sea stran.

9 The youngest stood upon a stane,
The eldest came and threw her in.

10 She tooke her by the middle sma,
An dashd her bonny back to the jaw.

11 'O sister, sister, tak my han,
An Ise mak you heir to a' my lan.

12 'O sister, sister, tak my middle,
An yes get my goud and my gouden girdle.

13 'O sister, sister, save my life,
An I swear Ise never be nae man's wife.'

14 'Foul fa the han that I should tacke,
It twin'd me an my wardles make.

15 'Your cherry cheeks an yallow hair
Gars me gae maiden for evermair.'

16 Sometimes she sank, an sometimes she swam,
Till she came down yon bonny milldam.

17 O out it came the miller's son,
An saw the fair maid swimmin in.

18 'O father, father, draw your dam,
Here's either a mermaid or a swan.'

19 The miller quickly drew the dam,
An there he found a drownd woman.

20 You couldna see her yallow hair
For gold and pearle that were so rare.

21 You couldna see her middle sma
For gouden girdle that was sae braw.

22 You couldna see her fingers white,
For gouden rings that was sae gryte.

23 An by there came a harper fine,
That harped to the king at dine.

24 When he did look that lady upon,
He sighd and made a heavy moan.

25 He's taen three locks o her yallow hair,
An wi them strung his harp sae fair.

26 The first tune he did play and sing,
Was, 'Farewell to my father the king.'

27 The nextin tune that he playd syne,
Was, 'Farewell to my mother the queen.'

28 The lasten tune that he playd then,
Was, 'Wae to my sister, fair Ellen.'

13

CHILD MAURICE

1 Childe Maurice hunted ithe silver wood,
He hunted itt round about,
And noebodye that he ffound therein,
Nor none there was with-out.

2 . . . . . .
And he tooke his silver combe in his hand,
To kembe his yellow lockes.

3 He sayes, Come hither, thou litle ffoot-page.
That runneth lowlye by my knee,
Ffor thou shalt goe to Iohn Stewards wiffe
And pray her speake with mee.

4 . . . . . .
'I, and greete thou doe that ladye well,
Ever soe well ffroe mee.

5 'And as itt ffalls, as many times
As knotts beene knitt on a kell,
Or marchant men gone to leeve London,
Either to buy ware or sell.

6 'And, as itt ffalles, as many times
As any hart can thinke,
Or schoole-masters are in any schoole-house,
Writting with pen and inke:
Ffor if I might, as well as shee may,
This night I wold with her speake.

7 'And heere I send her a mantle of greene,
As greene as any grasse,
And bidd her come to the silver wood,
To hunt with Child Maurice.

8 'And there I send her a ring of gold,
A ring of precyous stone,
And bidd her come to the silver wood,
Let ffor no kind of man.'

9 One while this little boy he yode,
Another while he ran,
Untill he came to Iohn Stewards hall,
I-wis he never blan.

10 And of nurture the child had good,
Hee ran up hall and bower ffree,
And when he came to this lady ffaire,
Sayes, God you save and see!

11 'I am come ffrom Child Maurice,
A message unto thee;
And Child Maurice, he greetes you well,
And ever soe well ffrom mee.

12 'And, as itt ffalls, as oftentimes
As knotts beene knitt on a kell,
Or marchant-men gone to leeve London,
Either ffor to buy ware or sell.

13 'And as oftentimes he greetes you well
As any hart can thinke,
Or schoolmasters are in any schoole,
Wryting with pen and inke.

14 'And heere he sends a mantle of greene,
As greene as any grasse,
And he bids you come to the silver wood,
To hunt with Child Maurice.

15 'And heere he sends you a ring of gold,
A ring of the precyous stone;
He prayes you to come to the silver wood,
Let ffor no kind of man.'

16 'Now peace, now peace, thou little ffoot-page,
Ffor Christes sake, I pray thee!
Ffor if my lord heare one of these words,
Thou must be hanged hye!'

17 Iohn Steward stood under the castle-wall,
And he wrote the words everye one,
. . . . . .
. . . . . .

18 And he called unto his hors-keeper,
'Make readye you my steede!'
I, and soe hee did to his chamberlaine,
'Make readye thou my weede!'

19 And he cast a lease upon his backe,
And he rode to the silver wood,
And there he sought all about,
About the silver wood.

20 And there he ffound him Child Maurice
Sitting upon a blocke,
With a silver combe in his hand,
Kembing his yellow lockes.

* * * * * *

21 But then stood up him Child Maurice,
And sayd these words trulye:
'I doe not know your ladye,' he said,
'If that I doe her see.'

22 He sayes, How now, how now, Child Maurice?
Alacke, how may this bee?
Ffor thou hast sent her love-tokens,
More now than two or three.

23 'Ffor thou hast sent her a mantle of greene,
As greene as any grasse,
And bade her come to the silver woode,
To hunt with Child Maurice.

24 'And thou hast sent her a ring of gold,
A ring of precyous stone,
And bade her come to the silver wood,
Let ffor noe kind of man.

25 'And by my ffaith, now, Child Maurice,
The tone of us shall dye!'
'Now be my troth,' sayd Child Maurice,
'And that shall not be I.'

26 But hee pulled forth a bright browne sword,
And dryed itt on the grasse,
And soe ffast he smote att Iohn Steward,
I-wisse he never did rest.

27 Then hee pulled fforth his bright browne sword,
And dryed itt on his sleeve,
And the ffirst good stroke Iohn Stewart stroke,
Child Maurice head he did cleeve.

28 And he pricked itt on his swords poynt,
Went singing there beside,
And he rode till he came to that ladye ffaire,
Wheras this ladye lyed.

29 And sayes, Dost thou know Child Maurice head,
If that thou dost itt see?
And lapp itt soft, and kisse itt offt,
Ffor thou lovest him better than mee.

30 But when shee looked on Child Maurice head,
Shee never spake words but three:
'I never beare no child but one,
And you have slaine him trulye.'

31 Sayes, Wicked be my merrymen all,
I gave meate, drinke, and clothe!
But cold they not have holden me
When I was in all that wrath!

32 'Ffor I have slaine one of the curteousest knights
That ever bestrode a steed,
Soe have I done one of the fairest ladyes
That ever ware womans weede!'

14

KATHRINE JAFFRAY

1 There livd a lass in yonder dale,
And doun in yonder glen, O
And Kathrine Jaffray was her name,
Well known by many men. O

2 Out came the Laird of Lauderdale,
Out frae the South Countrie,
All for to court this pretty maid,
Her bridegroom for to be.

3 He has teld her father and mither baith,
And a' the rest o her kin,
And has teld the lass hersell,
And her consent has win.

4 Then came the Laird of Lochinton,
Out frae the English border,
All for to court this pretty maid,
Well mounted in good order.

5 He's teld her father and mither baith,
As I hear sindry say,
But he has nae teld the lass her sell,
Till on her wedding day.

6 When day was set, and friends were met,
And married to be,
Lord Lauderdale came to the place,
The bridal for to see.

7 'O are you came for sport, young man?
Or are you come for play?
Or are you come for a sight o our bride,
Just on her wedding day?'

8 'I'm nouther come for sport,' he says,
'Nor am I come for play;
But if I had one sight o your bride,
I'll mount and ride away.'

9 There was a glass of the red wine
Filld up then atween,
And ay she drank to Lauderdale,
Wha her true-love had been.

10 Then he took her by the milk-white hand,
And by the grass-green sleeve,
And he mounted her high behind him there,
At the bridegroom he askt nae leive.

11 Then the blude run down by the Cowden Banks,
And down by Cowden Braes,
And ay she gard the trumpet sound,
'O this is foul foul play!'

12 Now a' ye that in England are,
Or are in England born,
Come nere to Scotland to court a lass,
Or else ye'l get the scorn.

13 They haik ye up and settle ye by,
Till on your wedding day,
And gie ye frogs instead o fish,
And play ye foul, foul play.

15

THE GYPSY LADDIE

1 The gypsies they came to my lord Cassilis' yett,
And O but they sang bonnie!
They sang so sweet and so complete
Till down came our fair ladie.

2 She came tripping down the stairs,
And all her maids before her;
As soon as they saw her weel-far'd face,
They cast their glamourie owre her.

3 She gave them the good wheat bread,
And they give her the ginger;
But she give them a far better thing,
The gold rings of her fingers.

4 'Will you go with me, my hinny and my heart?
Will you go with me, my dearie?
And I will swear, by the hilt of my spear,
That your lord shall no more come near thee.'

5 'Gar take from me my silk manteel,
And bring to me a plaidie,
For I will travel the world owre
Along with the gypsie laddie.

6 'I could sail the seas with my Jackie Faa,
I could sail the seas with my dearie;
I could sail the seas with my Jackie Faa,
And with pleasure could drown with my dearie.'

7 They wandred high, they wandred low,
They wandred late and early,
Untill they came to an old farmer's barn,
And by this time she was weary.

8 'Last night I lay in a weel-made bed,
And my noble lord beside me,
And now I most ly in an old farmer's barn,
And the black crae glowring owre me.'

9 'Hold your tongue, my hinny and my heart,
Hold your tongue, my dearie,
For I will swear, by the moon and the stars,
That thy lord shall no more come near thee.'

10 They wandred high, they wandred low,
They wandred late and early,
Untill they came to that on water,
And by this time she was wearie.

11 'Many a time have I rode that on water,
And my lord Cassilis beside me,
And now I must set in my white feet and wade,
And carry the gypsie laddie.'

12 By and by came home this noble lord,
And asking for his ladie,
The one did cry, the other did reply,
'She is gone with the gypsie laddie.'

13 'Go saddle to me the black,' he says,
'The brown rides never so speedie,
And I will neither eat nor drink
Till I bring home my ladie.'

14 He wandred high, he wandred low,
He wandred late and early,
Untill he came to that on water,
And there he spied his ladie.

15 'O wilt thou go home, my hinny and my heart,
O wilt thou go home, my dearie?
And I'll close thee in a close room,
Where no man shall come near thee.'

16 'I will not go home, my hinny and my heart,
I will not go home, my dearie;
If I have brewn good beer, I will drink of the same,
And my lord shall no more come near me.

17 'But I will swear, by the moon and the stars,
And the sun that shines so clearly,
That I am as free of the gypsie gang
As the hour my mother bore me.'

18 They were fifteen valiant men,
Black, but very bonny,
They lost all their lives for one,
The Earl of Cassillis' ladie.

16

THE DOUGLAS TRAGEDY

1 'Rise up, rise up, now, Lord Douglas,' she says
'And put on your armour so bright;
Let it never be said that a daughter of thine
Was married to a lord under night.

2 'Rise up, rise up, my seven bold sons,
And put on your armour so bright,
And take better care of your youngest sister,
For your eldest's awa the last night.'

3 He's mounted her on a milk-white steed,
And himself on a dapple grey,
With a bugelet horn hung down by his side,
And lightly they rode away.

4 Lord William lookit oer his left shoulder,
To see what he could see,
And there he spy'd her seven brethren bold,
Come riding over the lee.

5 'Light down, light down, Lady Margret,' he said.
'And hold my steed in your hand,
Until that against your seven brethren bold,
And your father, I mak a stand.'

6 She held his steed in her milk-white hand,
And never shed one tear,
Until that she saw her seven brethren fa,
And her father hard fighting, who lovd her so dear.

7 'O hold your hand, Lord William!' she said,
'For your strokes they are wondrous sair;
True lovers I can get many a ane,
But a father I can never get mair.'

8 O she's taen out her handkerchief,
It was o the holland sae fine,
And aye she dighted her father's bloody wounds,
That were redder than the wine.

9 'O chuse, O chuse, Lady Margret,' he said,
'O whether will ye gang or bide?'
'I'll gang, I'll gang, Lord William,' she said,
'For ye have left me no other guide.'

10 He's lifted her on a milk-white steed;
And himself on a dapple grey,
With a bugelet horn hung down by his side,
And slowly they baith rade away.

11 O they rade on, and on they rade,
And a' by the light of the moon,
Until they came to yon wan water,
And there they lighted down.

12 They lighted down to tak a drink
Of the spring that ran sae clear,
And down the stream ran his gude heart's blood,
And sair she gan to fear.

13 'Hold up, hold up, Lord William,' she says,
'For I fear that you are slain;'
' 'T is naething but the shadow of my scarlet cloak,
That shines in the water sae plain.'

14 O they rade on, and on they rade,
And a' by the light of the moon,
Until they cam to his mother's ha door,
And there they lighted down.

15 'Get up, get up, lady mother,' he says,
'Get up and let me in!
Get up, get up, lady mother,' he says,
'For this night my fair lady I've win.

16 'O mak my bed, lady mother,' he says,
'O mak it braid and deep,
And lay Lady Margret close at my back,
And the sounder I will sleep.'

17 Lord William was dead lang ere midnight,
Lady Margret lang ere day,
And all true lovers that go thegither,
May they have mair luck than they!

18 Lord William was buried in St. Mary's kirk,
Lady Margret in Mary's quire;
Out o the lady's grave grew a bonny red rose,
And out o the knight's a briar.

19 And they twa met, and they twa plat,
And fain they wad be near;
And a' the warld might ken right weel
They were twa lovers dear.

20 But bye and rade the Black Douglas,
And wow but he was rough!
For he pulld up the bonny brier,
And flang 't in St. Mary's Loch.

17

THE GAY GOSHAWK

1 'O well's me o my gay goss-hawk,
That he can speak and flee;
He'll carry a letter to my love,
Bring back another to me.'

2 'O how can I your true-love ken,
Or how can I her know?
Whan frae her mouth I never heard couth,
Nor wi my eyes her saw.'

3 'O well sal ye my true-love ken,
As soon as you her see;
For, of a' the flowrs in fair Englan,
The fairest flowr is she.

4 'At even at my love's bowr-door
There grows a bowing birk,
An sit ye down and sing thereon,
As she gangs to the kirk.

5 'An four-and-twenty ladies fair
Will wash and go to kirk,
But well shall ye my true-love ken,
For she wears goud on her skirt.

6 'An four and twenty gay ladies
Will to the mass repair,
But well sal ye my true-love ken,
For she wears goud on her hair.'

7 O even at that lady's bowr-door
There grows a bowin birk,
An he set down and sang thereon,
As she ged to the kirk.

8 'O eet and drink, my marys a',
The wine flows you among,
Till I gang to my shot-window,
An hear you bonny bird's song.

9 'Sing on, sing on, my bonny bird,
The song ye sang the streen,
For I ken by your sweet singin
You're frae my true-love sen.'

10 O first he sang a merry song,
An then he sang a grave,
An then he peckd his feathers gray,
To her the letter gave.

11 'Ha, there's a letter frae your love,
He says he sent you three;
He canna wait your love langer,
But for your sake he'll die.

12 'He bids you write a letter to him;
He says he's sent you five;
He canna wait your love langer,
Tho you're the fairest woman alive.'

13 'Ye bid him bake his bridal-bread,
And brew his bridal-ale,
An I'll meet him in fair Scotlan
Lang, lang or it be stale.'

14 She's doen her to her father dear,
Fa'n low down on her knee:
'A boon, a boon, my father dear,
I pray you, grant it me.'

15 'Ask on, ask on, my daughter,
An granted it sal be;
Except ae squire in fair Scotlan,
An him you sall never see.'

16 'The only boon, my father dear,
That I do crave of the,
Is, gin I die in southin lands,
In Scotland to bury me.

17 'An the firstin kirk that ye come till,
Ye gar the bells be rung,
An the nextin kirk that ye come till,
Ye gar the mess be sung.

18 'An the thirdin kirk that ye come till,
You deal gold for my sake,
An the fourthin kirk that ye come till,
You tarry there till night'.

19 She is doen her to her bigly bowr,
As fast as she coud fare,
An she has tane a sleepy draught,
That she had mixed wi care.

20 She's laid her down upon her bed,
An soon she's fa'n asleep,
And soon oer every tender limb
Cauld death began to creep.

21 Whan night was flown, an day was come,
Nae ane that did her see
But thought she was as surely dead
As ony lady coud be.

22 Her father an her brothers dear
Gard make to her a bier;
The tae half was o guide red gold,
The tither o silver clear.

23 Her mither an her sisters fair
Gard wark for her a sark;
The tae half was o cambrick fine,
The tither o needle wark.

24 The firstin kirk that they came till,
They gard the bells be rung,
An the nextin kirk that they came till,
They gard the mess be sung.

25 The thirdin kirk that they came till,
They dealt gold for her sake,
An the fourthin kirk that they came till,
Lo, there they met her make!

26 'Lay down, lay down the bigly bier,
Lat me the dead look on;
Wi cherry cheeks and ruby lips
She lay an smil'd on him.

27 'O ae sheave o your bread, true-love,
An ae glass o your wine,
For I hae fasted for your sake
These fully days is nine.

28 'Gang hame, gang hame, my seven bold brothers,
Gang hame and sound your horn;
An ye may boast in southin lans
Your sister's playd you scorn.'

18

BONNY BABY LIVINGSTON

1 O bonny Baby Livingston
Went forth to view the hay,
And by it came him Glenlion,
Sta bonny Baby away.

2 O first he's taen her silken coat,
And neest her satten gown,
Syne rowd her in a tartan plaid,
And hapd her round and rown.

3 He has set her upon his steed
And roundly rode away,
And neer loot her look back again
The live-long summer's day.

4 He's carried her oer hills and muirs
Till they came to a Highland glen,
And there he's met his brother John,
Witn twenty armed men.

5 O there were cows, and there were ewes,
And lasses milking there,
But Baby neer anse lookd about,
Her heart was filld wi care.

6 Glenlion took her in his arms,
And kissd her, cheek and chin;
Says, I'd gie a' these cows and ewes
But ae kind look to win.

7 'O ae kind look ye neer shall get,
Nor win a smile frae me,
Unless to me you'll favour shew,
And take me to Dundee.'

8 'Dundee, Baby? Dundee, Baby?
Dundee you neer shall see
Till I've carried you to Glenlion
And have my bride made thee.

9 'We'll stay a while at Auchingour,
And get sweet milk and cheese,
And syne we'll gang to Glenlion,
And there live at our ease.'

10 'I winna stay at Auchingour,
Nor eat sweet milk and cheese,
Nor go with thee to Glenlion,
For there I'll neer find ease.'

11 Then out it spake his brother John,
'O were I in your place,
I'd take that lady hame again,
For a' her bonny face.

12 'Commend me to the lass that's kind,
Tho na so gently born;
And, gin her heart I couldna gain,
To take her hand I'd scorn.'

13 'O had your tongue now, John,' he says,
'You wis na what you say;
For I've lood that bonny face
This twelve month and a day.

14 'And tho I've lood her lang and sair
A smile I neer could win;
Yet what I've got anse in my power
To keep I think nae sin.'

15 When they came to Glenlion castle
They lighted at the yate,
And out it came his sisters three,
Wha did them kindly greet.

16 O they've taen Baby by the hands
And led her oer the green,
And ilka lady spake a word,
But bonny Baby spake nane.

17 Then out it spake her bonny Jean,
The youngest o the three,
'O lady, dinna look sae sad,
But tell your grief to me.'

18 'O wherefore should I tell my grief,
Since lax I canna find?
I'm stown frae a' my kin and friends,
And my love I left behind.

19 'But had I paper, pen, and ink,
Before that it were day,
I yet might get a letter sent
In time to Johny Hay.'

20 O she's got paper, pen, and ink,
And candle that she might see,
And she has written a broad letter
To Johny at Dundee.

21 And she has gotten a bonny boy,
That was baith swift and strang,
Wi philabeg and bonnet blue,
Her errand for to gang.

22 'O boy, gin ye'd my blessing win
And help me in my need,
Run wi this letter to my love,
And bid him come wi speed.

23 'And here's a chain of good red gowd,
And gowdn guineas three,
And when you've well your errand done,
You'll get them for your fee.'

24 The boy he ran oer hill and dale,
Fast as a bird coud flee,
And eer the sun was twa hours height
The boy was at Dundee.

25 And when he came to Johny's door
He knocked loud and sair;
Then Johny to the window came,
And loudly cry'd, 'Wha's there?'

26 'O here's a letter I have brought,
Which ye maun quickly read,
And, gin ye woud your lady save,
Gang back wi me wi speed.'

27 O when he had the letter read,
An angry man was he;
He says, Glenlion, thou shalt rue
This deed of villany!

28 'O saddle to me the black, the black,
O saddle to me the brown,
O saddle to me the swiftest steed
That eer rade frae the town.

29 'And arm ye well, my merry men a',
And follow me to the glen,
For I vow I'll neither eat nor sleep
Till I get my love again.'

30 He's mounted on a milk-white steed,
The boy upon a gray,
And they got to Glenlion's castle
About the close of day.

31 As Baby at her window stood,
The west wind saft did bla;
She heard her Johny's well-kent voice
Beneath the castle wa.

32 'O Baby, haste, the window jump!
I'll kep you in my arm;
My merry men a' are at the yate,
To rescue you frae harm.'

33 She to the window fixt her sheets
And slipped safely down,
And Johny catched her in his arms,
Neer loot her touch the ground.

34 When mounted on her Johny's horse,
Fou blithly did she say,
'Glenlion, you hae lost your bride!
She's aff wi Johny Hay.'

35 Glenlion and his brother John
Were birling in the ha,
When they heard Johny's bridle ring,
As first he rade awa.

36 'Rise, Jock, gang out and meet the priest,
I hear his bridle ring;
My Baby now shall be my wife
Before the laverocks sing.'

37 'O brother, this is not the priest;
I fear he'll come oer late;
For armed men with shining brands
Stand at the castle-yate.'

38 'Haste, Donald, Duncan, Dugald, Hugh!
Haste, take your sword and spier!
We'll gar these traytors rue the hour
That eer they ventured here.'

39 The Highland men drew their claymores,
And gae a warlike shout,
But Johny's merry men kept the yate,
Nae ane durst venture out.

40 The lovers rade the live-lang night,
And safe got on their way,
And bonny Baby Livingston
Has gotten Johny Hay.

41 'Awa, Glenlion! fy for shame!
Gae hide ye in some den!
You've lettn your bride be stown frae you,
For a' your armed men.'

19

KING ESTMERE

1 Hearken to me, gentlemen,
Come and you shall heare;
Iie tell you of two of the boldest brether
That ever borne were.

2 The tone of them was Adler Younge,
The tother was Kyng Estmere;
The were as bolde men in their deeds
As any were, farr and neare.

3 As they were drinking ale and wine
Within his brother's hall,
'When will ye marry a wyfe, brother,
A wyfe to glad us all?'

4 Then bespake him Kyng Estmere,
And answered him hartilye:
'I know not that ladye in any land,
That's able to marrye with mee.'

5 'Kyng Adland hath a daughter, brother,
Men call her bright and sheene;
If I were kyng here in your stead,
That ladye shold be my queene.'

6 Saies, Reade me, reade me, deare brother,
Throughout merry England,
Where we might find a messenger
Betwixt us towe to sende.

7 Saies, You shal ryde yourselfe, brother,
Ile beare you companye;
Many a man throughe fals messengers is deceived,
And I feare lest soe shold wee.

8 Thus the renisht them to ryde,
Of twoe good renisht steeds,
And when the came to King Adlands halle,
Of redd gold shone their weeds.

9 And when the came to Kyng Adlands hall,
Before the goodlye gate,
There they found good Kyng Adland
Rearing himselfe thereatt.

10 'Now Christ thee save, good Kyng Adland;
Now Christ you save and see:'
Sayd, You be welcome, King Estmere,
Right hartilye to mee.

11 'You have a daughter,' said Adler Younge,
'Men call her bright and sheene;
My brother will marrye her to his wiffe,
Of Englande to be queene.'

12 'Yesterday was att my deere daughter
The king his sonne of Spayn,
And then she nicked him of naye,
And I doubt sheele do you the same.'

13 'The kyng of Spayne is a foule paynim,
And 'leeveth on Mahound,
And pitye it were that fayre ladye
Shold marry a heathen hound.'

14 'But grant to me,' sayes Kyng Estmere,
'For my love I you praye,
That I may see your daughter deere
Before I goe hence awaye.'

15 'Although itt is seven years and more
Since my daughter was in halle,
She shall come once downe for your sake,
To glad my guestës alle.'

16 Downe then came that mayden fayre,
With ladyes laced in pall,
And halfe a hundred of bold knightes,
To bring her from bowre to hall,
And as many gentle squiers,
To tend upon them all.

17 The talents of golde were on her head sette
Hanged low downe to her knee,
And everye ring on her small finger
Shone of the chrystall free.

18 Saies, God you save, my deere madam,
Saies, God you save and see:
Said, You be welcome, Kyng Estmere,
Right welcome unto mee.

19 'And, if you love me, as you saye,
Soe well and hartilee,
All that ever you are comen about
Soone sped now itt shal bee.'

20 Then bespake her father deare:
My daughter, I saye naye;
Remember well the kyng of Spayne,
What he sayd yesterdaye.

21 'He wold pull downe my halles and castles,
And reave me of my lyfe;
I cannot blame him if he doe,
If I reave him of his wyfe.

22 'Your castles and your towres, father,
Are stronglye built aboute,
And therefore of the king his sonne of Spaine
Wee neede not stande in doubt.

23 'Plight me your troth, nowe, Kyng Estmere,
By heaven and your righte hand,
That you will marrye me to your wyfe,
And make me queene of your land.'

24 Then Kyng Estmere he plight his troth,
By heaven and his righte hand,
That he wolde marrye her to his wyfe,
And make her queene of his land.

25 And he tooke leave of that ladye fayre,
To goe to his owne countree,
To fetche him dukes and lordes and knightes,
That marryed the might bee.

26 They had not ridden scant a myle,
A myle forthe of the towne,
But in did come the kyng of Spayne,
With kempës many one.

27 But in did come the kyng of Spayne,
With manye a bold barone,
Tone day to marrye Kyng Adlands daughter,
Tother daye to carrye her home.

28 Shee sent one after Kyng Estmere,
In all the spede might bee,
That he must either turne againe and fighte,
Or goe home and loose his ladye.

29 One whyle then the page he went,
Another while he ranne;
Till he had oretaken King Estmere,
I-wis he never blanne.

30 'Tydings, tydings, Kyng Estmere!'
'What tydings nowe, my boye?'
'O tydings I can tell to you,
That will you sore annoye.

31 'You had not ridden scant a mile,
A mile out of the towne,
But in did come the kyng of Spayne,
With kempës many a one.

32 'But in did come the kyng of Spayne,
With manye a bold barone,
Tone daye to marrye King Adlands daughter,
Tother day to carry her home.

33 'My ladye fayre she greetes you well,
And ever-more well by mee;
You must either turne againe and fighte,
Or goe home and loose your ladye.'

34 Saies, Reade me, reade me, deere brother,
My reade shall ryse at thee,
Whether it is better to turne and fighte,
Or goe home and loose my ladye.

35 'Now hearken to me,' sayes Adler Yonge,
'And your reade must rise at me;
I quicklye will devise a waye
To sette thy ladye free.

36 'My mother was a westerne woman,
And learned in gramarye,
And when I learned at the schole,
Something shee taught itt mee.

37 'There growes an hearbe within this field,
And iff it were but knowne,
His color, which is whyte and redd,
It will make blacke and browne.

38 'His color, which is browne and blacke,
Itt will make redd and whyte;
That sworde is not in all Englande
Upon his coate will byte.

39 'And you shal be a harper, brother,
Out of the north countrye,
And Ile be your boy, soe faine of fighte,
And beare your harpe by your knee.

40 'And you shal be the best harper
That ever tooke harpe in hand,
And I wil be the best singer
That ever sung in this lande.

41 'Itt shal be written in our forheads,
All and in grammarye,
That we towe are the boldest men
That are in all Christentye.'

42 And thus they renisht them to ryde,
Of tow good renisht steedes,
And when they came to King Adlands hall,
Of redd gold shone their weedes.

43 And whan the came to Kyng Adlands hall
Untill the fayre hall-yate,
There they found a proud porter,
Rearing himselfe thereatt.

44 Sayes, Christ thee save, thou proud porter,
Sayes, Christ thee save and see:
'Nowe you be welcome,' sayd the porter,
'Of what land soever ye bee.'

45 'Wee beene harpers,' sayd Adler Younge,
'Come out of the northe countrye;
We beene come hither untill this place
This proud weddinge for to see.'

46 Sayd, And your color were white and redd,
As it is blacke and browne,
I wold saye King Estmere and his brother
Were comen untill this towne.

47 Then they pulled out a ryng of gold,
Layd itt on the porters arme:
'And ever we will thee, proud porter,
Thow wilt saye us no harme.'

48 Sore he looked on Kyng Estmere,
And sore he handled the ryng,
Then opened to them the fayre hall-yates,
He lett for no kind of thyng.

49 Kyng Estmere he stabled his steede
Soe fayre att the hall-bord;
The froth that came from his brydle bitte
Light in Kyng Bremors beard.

50 Saies, Stable thy steed, thou proud harper,
Saies, Stable him in the stalle;
It doth not beseeme a proud harper
To stable his steed in a kyngs halle.

51 'My ladde he is so lither,' he said,
'He will doe nought that's meete;
And is there any man in this hall
Were able him to beate?'

52 'Thou speakst proud words,' sayes the king of Spaine,
'Thou harper, here to mee;
There is a man within this halle
Will beate thy ladd and thee.

53 'O let that man come downe,' he said,
'A sight of him wold I see;
And when hee hath beaten well my ladd,
Then he shall beate of mee.'

54 Downe then came the kemperye man,
And looked him in the eare;
For all the gold that was under heaven,
He durst not neigh him neare.

55 'And how nowe, kempe,' said the kyng of Spaine.
'And how, what aileth thee?'
He saies, It is writt in his forhead,
All and in gramarye,
That for all the gold that is under heaven,
I dare not neigh him nye.

56 Then Kyng Estmere pulld forth his harpe,
And plaid a pretty thinge;
The ladye upstart from the borde,
And wold have gone from the king.

57 'Stay thy harpe, thou proud harper,
For Gods love I pray thee;
For and thou playes as thou beginns,
Thou 'lt till my bryde from mee.'

58 He stroake upon his harpe againe,
And playd a pretty thinge;
The ladye lough a loud laughter,
As shee sate by the king.

59 Saies, Sell me thy harpe, thou proud harper,
And thy stringës all;
For as many gold nobles thou shalt have,
As heere bee ringes in the hall.

60 'What wold ye doe with my harpe,' he sayd,
'If I did sell itt yee?'
'To playe my wiffe and me a fitt,
When abed together wee bee.'

61 'Now sell me,' quoth hee, 'thy bryde soe gay,
As shee sitts by thy knee;
And as many gold nobles I will give
As leaves been on a tree.'

62 'And what wold ye doe with my bryde soe gay,
Iff I did sell her thee?
More seemelye it is for her fayre bodye
To lye by mee then thee.'

63 Hee played agayne both loud and shrille,
And Adler he did syng,
'O ladye, this is thy owne true love,
Noe harper, but a kyng.

64 'O ladye, this is thy owne true love,
As playnlye thou mayest see,
And Ile rid thee of that foule paynim
Who partes thy love and thee.'

65 The ladye looked, the ladye blushte,
And blushte and lookt agayne,
While Adler he hath drawne his brande,
And hath the sowdan slayne.

66 Up then rose the kemperye men,
And loud they gan to crye:
'Ah! traytors, yee have slayne our kyng,
And therefore yee shall dye.'

67 Kyng Estmere threwe the harpe asyde,
And swith he drew his brand,
And Estmere he and Adler Yonge
Right stiffe in stour can stand.

68 And aye their swordes soe sore can byte,
Throughe help of gramarye,
That soone they have slayne the kempery men
Or forst them forth to flee.

69 Kyng Estmere tooke that fayre ladye,
And marryed her to his wiffe,
And brought her home to merry England,
With her to lead his life.

20

THE DOWY HOUMS O YARROW

1 Late at een, drinkin the wine,
Or early in a mornin,
The set a combat them between,
To fight it in the dawnin.

2 'O stay at hame, my noble lord!
O stay at hame, my marrow!
My cruel brother will you betray,
On the dowy houms o Yarrow.'

3 'O fare ye weel, my lady gaye!
O fare ye weel, my Sarah!
For I maun gae, tho I neer return
Frae the dowy banks o Yarrow.'

4 She kissd his cheek, she kaimd his hair,
As she had done before, O;
She belted on his noble brand,
An he's awa to Yarrow.

5 O he's gane up yon high, high hill —
I wat he gaed wi sorrow —
An in a den spied nine armd men,
I the dowy houms o Yarrow.

6 'O ir ye come to drink the wine,
As ye hae doon before, O?
Or ir ye come to wield the brand,
On the bonny banks o Yarrow?'

7 'I im no come to drink the wine,
As I hae doon before, O,
But I im come to wield the brand,
On the dowy houms o Yarrow.'

8 Four he hurt, an five he slew,
On the dowy houms o Yarrow,
Till that stubborn knight came him behind,
An ran his body thorrow.

9 'Gae hame, gae hame, good-brother John,
An tell your sister Sarah
To come an lift her noble lord,
Who's sleepin sound on Yarrow.'

10 'Yestreen I dreamed a dolefu dream;
I kend there wad be sorrow;
I dreamd I pu'd the heather green,
On the dowy banks o Yarrow.'

11 She gaed up yon high, high hill —
I wat she gaed wi sorrow —
An in a den spy'd nine dead men,
On the dowy houms o Yarrow.

12 She kissd his cheek, she kaimd his hair,
As oft she did before, O;
She drank the red blood frae him ran,
On the dowy houms o Yarrow.

13 'O haud your tongue, my douchter dear,
For what needs a' this sorrow?
I'll wed you on a better lord
Than him you lost on Yarrow.'

14 'O haud your tongue, my father dear,
An dinna grieve your Sarah;
A better lord was never born
Than him I lost on Yarrow.

15 'Tak hame your ousen, take hame your kye,
For they hae bred our sorrow;
I wiss that they had a' gane mad
Whan they cam first to Yarrow.'

21

LORD THOMAS AND FAIR ANNET

1 Lord Thomas and Fair Annet
Sate a' day on a hill;
Whan night was cum, and sun was sett,
They had not talkt their fill.

2 Lord Thomas said a word in jest,
Fair Annet took it ill:
'A, I will nevir wed a wife
Against my ain friends' will.'

3 'Gif ye wull nevir wed a wife,
A wife wull neir wed yee:'
Sae he is hame to tell his mither,
And knelt upon his knee.

4 'O rede, O rede, mither,' he says,
'A gude rede gie to mee;
O sall I tak the nut-browne bride,
And let Faire Annet bee?'

5 'The nut-browne bride haes gowd and gear,
Fair Annet she has gat nane;
And the little beauty Fair Annet haes
O it wull soon be gane.'

6 And he has till his brother gane:
'Now, brother, rede ye mee;
A, sall I marrie the nut-browne bride,
And let Fair Annet bee?'

7 'The nut-browne bride has oxen, brother,
The nut-browne bride has kye;
I wad hae ye marrie the nut-browne bride,
And cast Fair Annet bye.'

8 'Her oxen may dye i the house. billie,
And her kye into the byre,
And I sall hae nothing to myself
Bot a fat fadge by the fyre.'

9 And he has till his sister gane:
'Now, sister, rede ye mee;
O sall I marrie the nut-browne bride,
And set Fair Annet free?'

10 'I'se rede ye tak Fair Annet, Thomas,
And let the browne bride alane;
Lest ye sould sigh, and say, Alace,
What is this we brought hame!'

11 'No, I will tak my mither's counsel,
And marrie me owt o hand;
And I will tak the nut-browne bride,
Fair Annet may leive the land.'

12 Up then rose Fair Annet's father,
Twa hours or it wer day,
And he is gane into the bower
Wherein Fair Annet lay.

13 'Rise up, rise up, Fair Annet,' he says,
'Put on your silken sheene;
Let us gae to St Marie's kirke,
And see that rich weddeen.'

14 'My maides, gae to my dressing-roome,
And dress to me my hair;
Whaireir yee laid a plait before,
See yee lay ten times mair.

15 'My maids, gae to my dressing-room,
And dress to me my smock;
The one half is o the holland fine,
The other o needle-work.'

16 The horse Fair Annet rade upon,
He amblit like the wind;
Wi siller he was shod before,
Wi burning gowd behind.

17 Four and twanty siller bells
Were a' tyed till his mane,
And yae tift o the norland wind,
They tinkled ane by ane.

18 Four and twanty gay gude knichts
Rade by Fair Annet's side,
And four and twanty fair ladies,
As gin she had bin a bride.

19 And whan she cam to Marie's kirk,
She sat on Marie's stean:
The cleading that Fair Annet had on
It skinkled in their een.

20 And whan she cam into the kirk,
She shimmerd like the sun;
The belt that was about her waist
Was a' wi pearles bedone.

21 She sat her by the nut-browne bride,
And her een they wer sae clear,
Lord Thomas he clean forgat the bride,
Whan Fair Annet drew near.

22 He had a rose into his hand,
He gae it kisses three,
And reaching by the nut-browne bride,
Laid it on Fair Annet's knee.

23 Up than spak the nut-browne bride,
She spak wi meikle spite:
'And whair gat ye that rose-water,
That does mak yee sae white?'

24 'O I did get the rose-water
Whair ye wull neir get nane,
For I did get that very rose-water
Into my mither's wame.'

25 The bride she drew a long bodkin
Frae out her gay head-gear,
And strake Fair Annet unto the heart,
That word spak nevir mair.

26 Lord Thomas he saw Fair Annet wex pale,
And marvelit what mote bee;
But whan he saw her dear heart's blude,
A' wood-wroth wexed hee.

27 He drew his dagger, that was sae sharp,
That was sae sharp and meet,
And drave it into the nut-browne bride,
That fell deid at his feit.

28 'Now stay for me, dear Annet,' he sed,
'Now stay, my dear,' he cry'd;
Then strake the dagger untill his heart,
And fell deid by her side.

29 Lord Thomas was buried without kirk-wa,
Fair Annet within the quiere,
And o the tane thair grew a birk,
The other a bonny briere.

30 And ay they grew, and ay they threw,
As they wad faine be neare;
And by this ye may ken right weil
They were twa luvers deare.

22

THE LASS OF ROCH ROYAL

1 'O wha will shoe my fu fair foot?
An wha will glove my han?
An wha will lace my middle gimp
Wi the new made London ban?

2 'Or wha will kemb my yallow hair,
Wi the new made silver kemb?
Or wha'll be father to my young bairn,
Till Love Gregor come hame?'

3 Her father shoed her fu fair foot,
Her mother glovd her han;
Her sister lac'd her middle gimp
Wi the new made London ban.

4 Her brother kembd her yallow hair,
Wi the new made silver kemb,
But the king o heaven maun father her bairn,
Till Love Gregor come hame.

5 'O gin I had a bony ship,
An men to sail wi me,
It's I would gang to my true-love,
Since he winna come to me.'

6 Her father's gien her a bonny ship,
An sent her to the stran;
She's tane her young son in her arms,
An turnd her back to the lan.

7 She had na been o the sea saillin
About a month or more,
Till landed has she her bonny ship
Near her true-love's door.

8 The night was dark, an the win blew caul,
An her love was fast asleep,
An the bairn that was in her twa arms
Fu sair began to weep.

9 Long stood she at her true-love's door,
An lang tirld at the pin;
At length up gat his fa'se mither,
Says, 'Wha's that woud be in?'

10 'O it is Anny of Roch-royal,
Your love, come oer the sea,
But an your young son in her arms;
So open the door to me.'

11 'Awa, awa, you ill woman,
You've na come here for gude;
You're but a witch, or wile warlock,
Or mermaid o the flude.'

12 'I'm na a witch, or wile warlock,
Nor mermaiden,' said she;
'I'm but Fair Anny o Roch-royal;
O open the door to me.'

13 'O gin ye be Anny o Roch-royal,
As I trust not ye be,
What taiken can ye gie that ever
I kept your company?'

14 'O dinna ye mind, Love Gregor,' she says,
'Whan we sat at the wine,
How we changed the napkins frae our necks,
It's nae sae lang sin syne?

15 'An yours was good, an good enough,
But nae sae good as mine;
For yours was of the cumbruk clear,
But mine was silk sae fine.

16 'An dinna ye mind, Love Gregor,' she says,
'As we twa sat at dine,
How we changed the ringe frae our fingers,
But ay the best was mine?

17 'For yours was good, an good enough,
Yet nae sae good as mine;
For yours was of the good red gold,
But mine o the diamonds fine.

18 'Sae open the door now, Love Gregor,
An open it wi speed,
Or your young son that is in my arms
For cauld will soon be dead.'

19 'Awa, awa, you ill woman,
Gae frae my door for shame;
For I hae gotten another fair love,
Sae ye may hye you hame.'

20 'O hae you gotten another fair love,
For a' the oaths you sware?
Then fair you well now, fa'se Gregor,
For me you's never see mair.'

21 O heely, heely gi'd she back,
As the day began to peep;
She set her foot on good ship-board,
An sair, sair did she weep.

22 Love Gregor started frae his sleep,
An to his mither did say,
I dreamed a dream this night, mither,
That maks my heart right wae.

23 'I dreamd that Anny of Roch-royal,
The flowr o a' her kin,
Was standin mournin at my door,
But nane would lat her in.'

24 'O there was a woman stood at the door,
Wi a bairn intill her arms,
But I would na lat her within the bowr,
For fear she had done you harm.'

25 O quickly, quickly raise he up,
An fast ran to the stran,
An there he saw her Fair Anny,
Was sailin frae the lan.

26 An 'Heigh, Anny!' an 'Hou, Anny!
O Anny, speak to me!'
But ay the louder that he cried Anny,
The louder roard the sea.

27 An 'Heigh, Anny!' an 'Hou, Anny!
O Anny, winna you bide?'
But ay the langer that he cried Anny,
The higher roard the tide.

28 The win grew loud, an the sea grew rough,
An the ship was rent in twain,
An soon he saw her Fair Anny
Come floating oer the main.

29 He saw his young son in her arms,
Baith tossd aboon the tide;
He wrang his hands, than fast he ran,
An plung'd i the sea sae wide.

30 He catchd her by the yallow hair,
An drew her to the strand,
But cauld and stiff was every limb
Before he reachd the land.

31 O first he kissd her cherry cheek,
An then he kissd her chin;
An sair he kissd her ruby lips,
But there was nae breath within.

32 O he has mournd oer Fair Anny
Till the sun was gaing down,
Then wi a sigh his heart it brast,
An his soul to heaven has flown.

23

HIND HORN

1 In Scotland there was a babie born,
Lill lal, etc.
And his name it was called young Hind Horn.
With a fal lal, etc.

2 He sent a letter to our king
That he was in love with his daughter Jean.

3 He's gien to her a silver wand,
With seven living lavrocks sitting thereon.

4 She's gien to him a diamond ring,
With seven bright diamonds set therein.

5 'When this ring grows pale and wan,
You may know by it my love is gane.'

6 One day as he looked his ring upon,
He saw the diamonds pale and wan.

7 He left the sea and came to land,
And the first that he met was an old beggar man.

8 'What news, what news?' said young Hind Horn
'No news, no news,' said the old beggar man.

9 'No news,' said the beggar, 'no news at a',
But there is a wedding in the king's ha.

10 'But there is a wedding in the king's ha,
That has halden these forty days and twa.'

11 'Will ye lend me your begging coat?
And I'll lend you my scarlet cloak.

12 'Will you lend me your beggar's rung?
And I'll gie you my steed to ride upon.

13 'Will you lend me your wig o hair,
To cover mine, because it is fair?'

14 The auld beggar man was bound for the mill,
But young Hind Horn for the king's hall.

15 The auld beggar man was bound for to ride,
But young Hind Horn was bound for the bride.

16 When he came to the king's gate,
He sought a drink for Hind Horn's sake.

17 The bride came down with a glass of wine,
When he drank out the glass, and dropt in the ring

18 'O got ye this by sea or land?
Or got ye it off a dead man's hand?'

19 'I got not it by sea, I got it by land,
And I got it, madam, out of your own hand.'

20 'O I'll cast off my gowns of brown,
And beg wi you frae town to town.

21 'O I'll cast off my gowns of red,
And I'll beg wi you to win my bread.'

22 'Ye needna cast off your gowns of brown,
For I'll make you lady o many a town.

23 'Ye needna cast off your gowns of red,
It's only a sham, the begging o my bread.'

24

YOUNG BICHAM

1 In London city was Bicham born,
He longd strange countries for to see,
But he was taen by a savage Moor,
Who handld him right cruely.

2 For thro his shoulder he put a bore,
And thro the bore has pitten a tree,
An he's gard him draw the carts o wine,
Where horse and oxen had wont to be.

3 He's casten him in a dungeon deep,
Where he coud neither hear nor see;
He's shut him up in a prison strong,
An he's handld him right cruely.

4 O this Moor he had but ae daughter,
I wot her name was Shusy Pye;
She's doen her to the prison-house,
And she's calld Young Bicham one word by.

5 'O hae ye ony lands or rents,
Or citys in your ain country,
Coud free you out of prison strong,
An coud mantain a lady free?'

6 'O London city is my own,
An other citys twa or three,
Coud loose me out o prison strong
An coud mantain a lady free.

7 O she has bribed her father's men
Wi meikle goud and white money,
She's gotten the key o the prison doors,
An she has set Young Bicham free.

8 She's gi'n him a loaf o good white bread,
But an a flask o Spanish wine,
An she bad him mind on the ladie's love
That sae kindly freed him out o pine.

9 'Go set your foot on good ship-board,
An haste you back to your ain country,
An before that seven years has an end,
Come back again, love, and marry me.'

10 It was long or seven years had an end
She longd fu sair her love to see;
She's set her foot on good ship-board,
An turnd her back on her ain country.

11 She's saild up, so has she doun,
Till she came to the other side;
She's landed at Young Bicham's gates,
An I hop this day she sal be his bride.

12 'Is this Young Bicham's gates?' says she,
'Or is that noble prince within?'
'He's up the stairs wi his bonny bride,
An monny a lord and lady wi him.'

13 'O has he taen a bonny bride,
An has he clean forgotten me!'
An sighing said that gay lady,
I wish I were in my ain country!

14 But she's pitten her han in her pocket,
An gin the porter guineas three;
Says, Take ye that, ye proud porter,
An bid the bridegroom speak to me.

15 O whan the porter came up the stair,
He's fa'n low down upon his knee:
'Won up, won up, ye proud porter,
An what makes a' this courtesy?'

16 'O I've been porter at your gates
This mair nor seven years an three,
But there is a lady at them now
The like of whom I never did see.

17 'For on every finger she has a ring,
An on the mid-finger she has three,
An there's as meikle goud aboon her brow
As woud buy an earldome o lan to me.'

18 Then up it started Young Bicham,
An sware so loud by Our Lady,
'It can be nane but Shusy Pye,
That has come oer the sea to me.'

19 O quickly ran he down the stair,
O fifteen steps he has made but three;
He's tane his bonny love in his arms,
An a wot he kissd her tenderly.

20 'O hae you tane a bonny bride?
An hae you quite forsaken me?
An hae ye quite forgotten her
That gae you life an liberty?'

21 She's lookit oer her left shoulder
To hide the tears stood in her ee;
'Now fare thee well, Young Bicham,' she says,
'I'll strive to think nae mair on thee.'

22 'Take back your daughter, madam,' he says,
'An a double dowry I'll gi her wi;
For I maun marry my first true love,
That's done and suffered so much for me.'

23 He's take his bonny love by the han,
And led her to yon fountain stane;
He's changd her name frae Shusy Pye,
An he's cald her his bonny love, Lady Jane.

25

THE GREAT SILKIE OF SULE SKERRY

1 An eartly nourris sits and sings,
An aye she sings, Ba, lily wean!
Little ken I my bairnis father,
Far less the land that he staps in.

2 Then ane arose at her bed-fit,
An a grumly guest I'm sure was he:
'Here am I, thy bairnis father,
Although that I be not comelie.

3 'I am a man, upo the lan,
An I am a silkie in the sea;
And when I'm far and far frae lan,
My dwelling is in Sule Skerrie.'

4 'It was na weel,' quo the maiden fair,
'It was na weel, indeed,' quo she,
'That the Great Silkie of Sule Skerrie
Suld hae come and aught a bairn to me.'

5 Now he has taen a purse of goud,
And he has pat it upo her knee,
Sayin, Gie to me my little young son,
An tak thee up thy nourris-fee.

6 An it sall come to pass on a simmer's day,
When the sin shines het on evera stane,
That I will tak my little young son,
An teach him for to swim the faem.

7 An thu sall marry a proud gunner,
An a proud gunner I'm sure he'll be,
An the very first schot that ere he schoots,
He'll schoot baith my young son and me.

26

THE WEE WEE MAN

1 As I was wa'king all alone,
Between a water and a wa,
And there I spy'd a wee wee man,
And he was the least that ere I saw.

2 His legs were scarce a shathmont's length,
And thick and thimber was his thigh;
Between his brows there was a span,
And between his shoulders there was three

3 He took up a meikle stane,
And he flang't as far as I could see;
Though I had been a Wallace wight,
I couldna liften't to my knee.

4 'O wee wee man, but thou be strang!
O tell me where thy dwelling be?'
'My dwelling's down at yon bonny bower;
O will you go with me and see?'

5 On we lap, and awa we rade,
Till we came to yon bonny green;
We lighted down for to bait our horse,
And out there came a lady fine.

6 Four and twenty at her back,
And they were a' clad out in green;
Though the King of Scotland had been there,
The warst o them might hae been his queen.

7 On we lap, and awa we rade,
Till we came to yon bonny ha,
Whare the roof was o the beaten gould,
And the floor was o the cristal a'.

8 When we came to the stair-foot,
Ladies were dancing, jimp and sma,
But in the twinkling of an eye,
My wee wee man was clean awa.

27

THE QUEEN OF ELFAN'S NOURICE

1 I heard a cow low, a bonnie cow low,
An a cow low down in yon glen;
Lang, lang will my young son greet
Or his mither bid him come ben.

2 I heard a cow low, a bonnie cow low,
An a cow low down in yon fauld;
Lang, lang will my young son greet
Or his mither take him frae cauld.

* * * * * *

3 . . . . . .
. . . . . .
Waken, Queen of Elfan,
An hear your nourice moan.'

4 'O moan ye for your meat,
Or moan ye for your fee,
Or moan ye for the ither bounties
That ladies are wont to gie?'

5 'I moan na for my meat,
Nor moan I for my fee,
Nor moan I for the ither bounties
That ladies are wont to gie.

6 . . . . . .
. . . . . .
But I moan for my young son
I left in four nights auld.

7 'I moan na for my meat,
Nor yet for my fee,
But I mourn for Christen land,
It's there I fain would be.'

8 'O nurse my bairn, nourice,' she says,
'Till he stan at your knee,
An ye's win hame to Christen land,
Whar fain it's ye wad be.

9 'O keep my bairn, nourice,
Till he gang by the hauld,
An ye's win hame to your young son
Ye left in four nights auld.'

* * * * *

10 'O nourice lay your head
Upo my knee:
See ye na that narrow road
Up by yon tree?

11 . . . . . .
. . . . . .
That's the road the righteous goes,
And that's the road to heaven.

12 'An see na ye that braid road,
Down by yon sunny fell?
Yon's the road the wicked gae,
An that's the road to hell.'

* * * * *

28

THE QUEEN OF ELFAN'S NOURICE

Second Version

1 I heard a bonnie cow low, cow low, cow low,
I heard a bonnie cow low,
Over the lea,

2 An' it was an elf call, elf call, elf call,
An' it was an elf call,
Calling unto me.

3 An' the little elf man, elf man, elf man,
An' the little elf man
Said unto me:

4 'Come, nurse an elf child, elf child, elf child,
Come an' nurse an elf child,
Down 'neath the sea.'

5 Then I fell a-moaning, a-moaning, a-moaning,
Then I fell a-moaning,
Down where he could see.

6 'What do you moan for, moan for, moan for,
What do you moan for?'
Elf-king said to me;

7 'Is it for your breakfast, breakfast, breakfast,
Is it for your breakfast,
Or for a fee?'

8 'Tis not for my breakfast, breakfast, breakfast,
'Tis not for my breakfast,
Nor an' for a fee,

9 'Tis for my bonnie lad, bonnie lad, bonnie lad,
'Tis for my bonnie lad
That I never more shall see.'

29

THOMAS RYMER

1 True Thomas lay oer yond grassy bank,
And he beheld a ladie gay,
A ladie that was brisk and bold,
Come riding oer the fernie brae.

2 Her skirt was of the grass-green silk,
Her mantel of the velvet fine,
At ilka tett of her horse's mane
Hung fifty silver bells and nine.

3 True Thomas he took off his hat,
And bowed him low down till his knee:
'All hail, thou mighty Queen of Heaven!
For your peer on earth I never did see.'

4 'O no, O no, True Thomas,' she says,
'That name does not belong to me;
I am but the queen of fair Elfland,
And I'm come here for to visit thee.

* * * * * *

5 'But ye maun go wi me now, Thomas,
True Thomas, ye maun go wi me,
For ye maun serve me seven years,
Thro weel or wae as may chance to be.'

6 She turned about her milk-white steed,
And took True Thomas up behind,
And aye wheneer her bridle rang,
The steed flew swifter than the wind.

7 For forty days and forty nights
He wade thro red blude to the knee,
And he saw neither sun nor moon,
But heard the roaring of the sea.

8 O they rade on, and further on,
Until they came to a garden green:
'Light down, light down, ye ladie free,
Some of that fruit let me pull to thee.'

9 'O no, O no, True Thomas,' she says,
'That fruit maun not be touched by thee,
For a' the plagues that are in hell
Light on the fruit of this countrie.

10 'But I have a loaf here in my lap,
Likewise a bottle of claret wine,
And now ere we go farther on,
We'll rest a while, and ye may dine.'

11 When he had eaten and drunk his fill,
'Lay down your head upon my knee,'
The lady sayd, 'ere we climb yon hill,
And I will show you fairlies three.

12 'O see not ye yon narrow road,
So thick beset wi thorns and briers?
That is the path of righteousness,
Tho after it but few enquires.

13 'And see not ye that braid braid road,
That lies across yon lillie leven?
That is the path of wickedness,
Tho some call it the road to heaven.

14 'And see not ye that bonny road,
Which winds about the fernie brae?
That is the road to fair Elfland,
Where you and I this night maun gae.

15 'But Thomas, ye maun hold your tongue,
Whatever you may hear or see,
For gin ae word you should chance to speak,
You will neer get back to your ain countrie.'

16 He has gotten a coat of the even cloth,
And a pair of shoes of velvet green,
And till seven years were past and gone
True Thomas on earth was never seen.

30

HYNDE ETIN

1 May Margret stood in her bouer door,
Kaiming doun her yellow hair;
She spied some nuts growin in the wud,
And wishd that she was there.

2 She has plaited her yellow locks
A little abune her bree,
And she has kilted her petticoats
A little below her knee,
And she's aft to Mulberry wud,
As fast as she could gae.

3 She had na pu'd a nut, a nut,
A nut but barely ane,
Till up started the Hynde Etin,
Says, Lady, let thae alane!

4 'Mulberry wuds are a' my ain;
My father gied them me,
To sport and play when I thought lang;
And they sall na be tane by thee.'

5 And ae she pu'd the tither berrie,
Na thinking o the skaith,
And said, To wrange ye, Hynde Etin,
I wad be unco laith.

6 But he has tane her by the yellow locks,
And tied her till a tree,
And said, For slichting my commands,
An ill death sall ye dree.

7 He pu'd a tree out o the wud,
The biggest that was there,
And he howkit a cave monie fathoms deep,
And put May Margret there.

8 'Now rest ye there, ye saucie may;
My wuds are free for thee;
And gif I tak ye to mysell,
The better ye'll like me.'

9 Na rest, na rest May Margret took,
Sleep she got never nane;
Her back lay on the cauld, cauld floor,
Her head upon a stane.

10 'O tak me out,' May Margret cried,
'O tak me hame to thee,
And I shall be your bounden page
Until the day I dee.'

11 He took her out o the dungeon deep,
And awa wi him she's gane;
But sad was the day an earl's dochter
Gaed hame wi Hynde Etin.

* * * * *

12 It fell out ance upon a day
Hynde Etin to the hunting gane,
And he has tane wi him his eldest son,
For to carry his game.

13 'O I wad ask ye something, father,
An I wadna angry be;'
'Ask on, ask on, my eldest son,
Ask onie thing at me.'

14 'My mother's cheeks are aft times weet,
Alas! they are seldom dry;'
'Na wonder, na wonder, my eldest son,
Tho she should brast and die.

15 'For your mother was an earl's dochter,
Of noble birth and fame,
And now she's wife o Hynde Etin,
Wha neer got christendame.

16 'But we'll shoot the laverock in the lift,
The buntlin on the tree,
And ye'll tak them hame to your mother,
And see if she'll comforted be.'

* * * * * *

17 'I wad ask ye something, mother,
An ye wadna angry be;'
'Ask on, ask on, my eldest son,
Ask onie thing at me.'

18 'Your cheeks they are aft times weet,
Alas! they're seldom dry;'
'Na wonder, na wonder, my eldest son,
Tho I should brast and die.

19 'For I was ance an earl's dochter,
Of noble birth and fame,
And now I am the wife of Hynde Etin,
Wha neer got christendame.'

* * * * * *

31

KEMP OWYNE

1 Her mother died when she was young,
Which gave her cause to make great moan;
Her father married the warst woman
That ever lived in Christendom.

2 She served her with foot and hand,
In every thing that she could dee,
Till once, in an unlucky time,
She threw her in ower Craigy's sea.

3 Says, 'Lie you there, dove Isabel,
And all my sorrows lie with thee;
Till Kemp Owyne come ower the sea,
And borrow you with kisses three,
Let all the world do what they will,
Oh borrowed shall you never be!'

4 Her breath grew strang, her hair grew lang,
And twisted thrice about the tree,
And all the people, far and near,
Thought that a savage beast was she.

5 These news did come to Kemp Owyne,
Where he lived, far beyond the sea;
He hasted him to Craigy's sea,
And on the savage beast lookd he.

6 Her breath was strang, her hair was lang,
And twisted was about the tree,
And with a swing she came about:
'Come to Craigy's sea, and kiss with me.

7 'Here is a royal belt,' she cried,
'That I have found in the green sea;
And while your body it is on,
Drawn shall your blood never be;
But if you touch me, tail or fin,
I vow my belt your death shall be.'

8 He stepped in, gave her a kiss,
The royal belt he brought him wi;
Her breath was strang, her hair was lang,
And twisted twice about the tree,
And with a swing she came about:
'Come to Craigy's sea, and kiss with me.

9 'Here is a royal ring,' she said,
'That I have found in the green sea;
And while your finger it is on,
Drawn shall your blood never be;
But if you touch me, tail or fin,
I swear my ring your death shall be.'

10 He stepped in, gave her a kiss,
The royal ring he brought him wi;
Her breath was strang, her hair was lang,
And twisted ance about the tree,
And with a swing she came about:
'Come to Craigy's sea, and kiss with me.

11 'Here is a royal brand,' she said,
'That I have found in the green sea;
And while your body it is on,
Drawn shall your blood never be;
But if you touch me, tail or fin,
I swear my brand your death shall be.'

12 He stepped in, gave her a kiss,
The royal brand he brought him wi;
Her breath was sweet, her hair grew short,
And twisted nane about the tree,
And smilingly she came about,
As fair a woman as fair could be.

32

CLARK COLVEN

1 Clark Colven and his gay ladie,
As they walked to yon garden green,
A belt about her middle gimp,
Which cost Clark Colven crowns fifteen:

2 'O hearken weel now, my good lord,
O hearken weel to what I say;
When ye gang to the wall o Stream,
O gang nae neer the well-fared may.'

3 'O haud your tongue, my gay ladie,
Tak nae sic care o me;
For I nae saw a fair woman
I like so well as thee.'

4 He mounted on his berry-brown steed,
And merry, merry rade he on,
Till he came to the wall o Stream,
And there he saw the mermaiden.

5 'Ye wash, ye wash, ye bonny may,
And ay's ye wash your sark o silk:'
'It's a' for you, ye gentle knight,
My skin is whiter than the milk.'

6 He's taen her by the milk-white hand,
He's taen her by the sleeve sae green,
And he's forgotten his gay ladie,
And away with the fair maiden.

* * * * * *

7 'Ohon, alas!' says Clark Colven,
'And aye sae sair's I mean my head!'
And merrily leugh the mermaiden,
'O win on till you be dead.

8 'But out ye tak your little pen-knife,
And frae my sark ye shear a gare;
Row that about your lovely head,
And the pain ye'll never feel nae mair.'

9 Out he has taen his little pen-knife,
And frae her sark he's shorn a gare,
Rowed that about his lovely head,
But the pain increased mair and mair.

10 'Ohon, alas!' says Clark Colven,
'An aye sae sair's I mean my head!'
And merrily laughd the mermaiden,
'It will ay be war till ye be dead.'

11 Then out he drew his trusty blade,
And thought wi it to be her dead,
But she's become a fish again,
And merrily sprang into the fleed.

12 He's mounted on his berry-brown steed,
And dowy, dowy rade he home,
And heavily, heavily lighted down
When to his ladie's bower-door he came.

13 'Oh, mither, mither, mak my bed,
And, gentle ladie, lay me down;
Oh, brither, brither, unbend my bow,
'T will never be bent by me again.'

14 His mither she has made his bed,
His gentle ladie laid him down,
His brither he has unbent his bow,
'T was never bent by him again.

33

THE WIFE OF USHER'S WELL

1 There lived a wife at Usher's Well,
And a wealthy wife was she;
She had three stout and stalwart sons,
And sent them oer the sea.

2 They hadna been a week from her,
A week but barely ane,
Whan word came to the carline wife
That her three sons were gane.

3 They hadna been a week from her,
A week but barely three,
Whan word came to the carlin wife
That her sons she'd never see.

4 'I wish the wind may never cease,
Nor fashes in the flood,
Till my three sons come hame to me,
In earthly flesh and blood.'

5 It fell about the Martinmass,
When nights are lang and mirk,
The carlin wife's three sons came hame,
And their hats were o the birk.

6 It neither grew in syke nor ditch,
Nor yet in ony sheugh;
But at the gates o Paradise,
That birk grew fair eneugh.

* * * * * *

7 'Blow up the fire, my maidens,
Bring water from the well;
For a' my house shall feast this night,
Since my three sons are well.'

8 And she has made to them a bed,
She's made it large and wide,
And she's taen her mantle her about,
Sat down at the bed-side.

* * * * * *

9 Up then crew the red, red cock,
And up and crew the gray;
The eldest to the youngest said,
'T is time we were away.

10 The cock he hadna crawd but once,
And clappd his wings at a',
When the youngest to the eldest said,
Brother, we must awa.

11 'The cock doth craw, the day doth daw,
The channerin worm doth chide;
Gin we be mist out o our place,
A sair pain we maun bide.

12 'Fare ye weel, my mother dear!
Fareweel to barn and byre!
And fare ye weel, the bonny lass
That kindles my mother's fire!

34

CLARK SANDERS' GHOST

1 Whan bells war rung, an mass was sung,
A wat a' man to bed were gone,
Clark Sanders came to Margret's window,
With mony a sad sigh and groan.

2 'Are ye sleeping, Margret,' he says,
'Or are ye waking, presentlie?
Give me my faith and trouthe again,
A wat, trew-love, I gied to thee.'

3 'Your faith and trouth ye's never get,
Nor our trew love shall never twain,
Till ye come with me in my bower,
And kiss me both cheek and chin.'

4 'My mouth it is full cold, Margret,
It has the smell now of the ground;
And if I kiss thy comely mouth,
Thy life-days will not be long.

5 'Cocks are crowing a merry mid-larf,
I wat the wild fule boded day;
Gie me my faith and trouthe again,
And let me fare me on my way.'

6 'Thy faith and trouth thou shall na get,
Nor our trew love shall never twin,
Till ye tell me what comes of women
Awat that dy's in strong traveling.'

7 'Their beds are made in the heavens high,
Down at the foot of our good Lord's knee,
Well set about wi gilly-flowers,
A wat sweet company for to see.

8 'O cocks are crowing a merry midd-larf,
A wat the wilde foule boded day;
The salms of Heaven will be sung,
And ere now I'le be misst away.'

9 Up she has tain a bright long wand,
And she has straked her trouth thereon;
She has given it him out at the shot-window,
Wi many a sad sigh and heavy groan.

10 'I thank you, Margret, I thank you, Margret,
And I thank you hartilie;
Gine ever the dead come for the quick,
Be sure, Margret, I'll come again for thee.'

11 It's hose an shoon an gound alane
She clame the wall and followed him,
Untill she came to a green forest,
On this she lost the sight of him.

12 'Is their any room at your head, Sanders?
Is there any room at your feet?
Or any room at your twa sides?
Whare fain, fain woud I sleep.'

13 'Their is na room at my head, Margret,
Their is na room at my feet;
There is room at my twa sides,
For ladys for to sleep.

14 'Cold meal is my covering owre,
But an my winding sheet;
My bed it is full low, I say,
Down among the hongerey worms I sleep.

15 'Cold meal is my covering owre,
But an my winding sheet;
The dew it falls na sooner down
Then ay it is full weet.'

35

FAIR MARGARET AND SWEET WILLIAM

1 As it fell out on a long summer's day,
Two lovers they sat on a hill;
They sat together that long summer's day,
And could not talk their fill.

2 'I see no harm by you, Margaret,
Nor you see none by me;
Before tomorrow eight a clock
A rich wedding shall you see.'

3 Fair Margaret sat in her bower-window,
A combing of her hair,
And there she spy'd Sweet William and his bride,
As they were riding near.

4 Down she layd her ivory comb,
And up she bound her hair;
She went her way forth of her bower,
But never more did come there.

5 When day was gone, and night was come,
And all men fast asleep,
Then came the spirit of Fair Margaret,
And stood at William' feet.

6 'God give you joy, you two true lovers,
In bride-bed fast asleep;
Loe I am going to my green grass grave,
And am in my winding-sheet.'

7 When day was come, and night was gone,
And all men wak'd from sleep,
Sweet William to his lady said,
'My dear, I have cause to weep.

8 'I dreamd a dream, my dear lady;
Such dreams are never good;
I dreamd my bower was full of red swine,
And my bride-bed full of blood.'

9 'Such dreams, such dreams, my honoured lord,
They never do prove good,
To dream thy bower was full of swine,
And thy bride-bed full of blood.'

10 He called up his merry men all,
By one, by two, and by three,
Saying, I'll away to Fair Margaret's bower,
By the leave of my lady.

11 And when he came to Fair Margaret's bower,
He knocked at the ring;
So ready was her seven brethren
To let Sweet William in.

12 He turned up the covering-sheet:
'Pray let me see the dead;
Methinks she does look pale and wan,
She has lost her cherry red.

13 'I'll do more for thee, Margaret,
Than any of thy kin;
For I will kiss thy pale wan lips,
Tho a smile I cannot win.'

14 With that bespeak her seven brethren,
Making most pitious moan:
'You may go kiss your jolly brown bride,
And let our sister alone.'

15 'If I do kiss my jolly brown bride,
I do but what is right;
For I made no vow to your sister dear,
By day or yet by night.

16 'Pray tell me then how much you'll deal
Of your white bread and your wine;
So much as is dealt at her funeral today
Tomorrow shall be dealt at mine.'

17 Fair Margaret dy'd today, today,
Sweet William he dy'd the morrow;
Fair Margaret dy'd for pure true love,
Sweet William he dy'd for sorrow.

18 Margaret was buried in the lower chancel,
Sweet William in the higher;
Out of her breast there sprung a rose,
And out of his a brier.

19 They grew as high as the church-top,
Till they could grow no higher,
And then they grew in a true lover's knot,
Which made all people admire.

20 There came the clerk of the parish,
As you this truth shall hear,
And by misfortune cut them down,
Or they had now been there.

36

SIR HUGH

1 Four and twenty bonny boys
Were playing at the ba,
And by it came him sweet Sir Hugh,
And he playd oer them a'.

2 He kicked the ba with his right foot,
And catchd it wi his knee,
And throuch-and-thro the Jew's window
He gard the bonny ba flee.

3 He's doen him to the Jew's castell,
And walkd it round about;
And there he saw the Jew's daughter,
At the window looking out.

4 'Throw down the ba, ye Jew's daughter,
Throw down the ba to me!'
'Never a bit,' says the Jew's daughter,
'Till up to me come ye.'

5 'How will I come up? How can I come up?
How can I come to thee?
For as ye did to my auld father.
The same ye'll do to me.'

6 She's gane till her father's garden,
And pu'd an apple red and green;
'T was a' to wyle him sweet Sir Hugh,
And to entice him in.

7 She's led him in through ae dark door,
And sae has she thro nine;
She's laid him on a dressing-table,
And stickit him like a swine.

8 And first came out the thick, thick blood,
And syne came out the thin,
And syne came out the bonny heart's blood;
There was nae mair within.

9 She's rowd him in a cake o lead,
Bade him lie still and sleep;
She's thrown him in Our Lady's draw-well,
Was fifty fathom deep.

10 When bells were rung, and mass was sung,
And a' the bairns came hame,
When every lady gat hame her son,
The Lady Maisry gat nane.

11 She's taen her mantle her about,
Her coffer by the hand,
And she's gane out to seek her son,
And wanderd oer the land.

12 She's doen her to the Jew's castell,
Where a' were fast asleep:
'Gin ye be there, my sweet Sir Hugh,
I pray you to me speak.'

13 She's doen her to the Jew's garden,
Thought he had been gathering fruit:
'Gin ye be there, my sweet Sir Hugh,
I pray you to me speak.'

14 She neard Our Lady's deep draw-well,
Was fifty fathom deep:
'Whareer ye be, my sweet Sir Hugh,
I pray you to me speak.'

15 'Gae hame, gae hame, my mither dear,
Prepare my winding sheet,
And at the back o merry Lincoln
The morn I will you meet.'

16 Now Lady Maisry is gane hame,
Made him a winding sheet,
And at the back o merry Lincoln
The dead corpse did her meet.

17 And a' the bells o merry Lincoln
Without men's hands were rung,
And a' the books o merry Lincoln
Were read without man's tongue,
And neer was such a burial
Sin Adam's days begun.

37

ST STEPHEN AND HEROD

1 Seynt Stevene was a clerk in kyng Herowdes halle,
And servyd him of bred and cloth, as every kyng befalle.

2 Stevyn out of kechone cam, wyth boris hed on honde;
He saw a sterre was fayr and brygt over Bedlem stonde.

3 He kyst adoun the boris hed and went in to the halle:
'I forsak the, kyng Herowdes, and thi werkes alle.

4 'I forsak the, kyng Herowdes, and thi werkes alle;
Ther is a chyld in Bedlem born is beter than we alle.'

5 'What eylyt the, Stevene? what is the befalle?
Lakkyt the eyther mete or drynk in kyng Herowdes halle?'

6 'Lakit me neyther mete ne drynk in kyng Herowdes halle;
Ther is a chyld in Bedlem born is beter than we alle.'

7 'What eylyt the, Stevyn? art thu wod, or thu gynnyst to brede?
Lakkyt the eyther gold or fe, or ony ryche wede?'

8 'Lakyt me neyther gold ne fe, ne non ryche wede;
Ther is a chyld in Bedlem born sal helpyn us at our nede.'

9 'That is al so soth, Stevyn, al so soth, iwys,
As this capoun crowe sal that lyth here in myn dysh.'

10 That word was not so sone seyd, that word in that halle,
The capoun crew *Cristus natus est!* among the lordes alle.

11 'Rysyt up, myn turmentowres, be to and al be on,
And ledyt Stevyn out of this town, and stonyt hym wyth ston!

12 Tokyn he Stevene, and stonyd hym in the way,
And therfore is his evyn on Crystes owyn day.

38

BEWICK AND GRAHAM

1 Old Grahame he is to Carlisle gone,
Where Sir Robert Bewick there met he;
In arms to the wine they are gone,
And drank till they were both merry.

2 Old Grahame he took up the cup,
And said, 'Brother Bewick, here's to thee;
And here's to our two sons at home,
For they live best in our country.'

3 'Nay, were thy son as good as mine,
And of some books he could but read,
With sword and buckler by his side,
To see how he could save his head,

4 'They might have been calld two bold brethren
Wher ever they did go or ride;
They might have been calld two bold brethren,
They might have crackd the Borderside.

5 'Thy son is bad, and is but a lad,
And bully to my son cannot be;
For my son Bewick can both write and read,
And sure I am that cannot he.'

6 'I put him to school, but he would not learn,
I bought him books, but he would not read;
But my blessing he's never have
Till I see how his hand can save his head.'

7 Old Grahame called for an account,
And he askd what was for to pay;
There he paid a crown, so it went round,
Which was all for good wine and hay.

8 Old Grahame is into the stable gone,
Where stood thirty good steeds and three;
He's taken his own steed by the head,
And home rode he right wantonly.

9 When he came home, there did he espy,
A loving sight to spy or see,
There did he espy his own three sons,
Young Christy Grahame, the foremost was he.

10 There did he espy his own three sons,
Young Christy Grahame, the foremost was he:
'Where have you been all day, father,
That no counsel you would take by me?'

11 'Nay, I have been in Carlisle town,
Where Sir Robert Bewick there met me;
He said thou was bad, and calld thee a lad,
And a baffled man by thou I be.

12 'He said thou was bad, and calld thee a lad,
And bully to his son cannot be;
For his son Bewick can both write and read,
And sure I am that cannot thee.

13 'I put thee to school, but thou would not learn,
I bought thee books, but thou would not read;
But my blessing thou's never have
Till I see with Bewick thou can save thy head.

14 'Oh, pray forbear, my father dear;
That ever such a thing should be!
Shall I venture my body in field to fight
With a man that's faith and troth to me?'

15 'What's that thou sayst, thou limmer loon?
Or how dare thou stand to speak to me?
If thou do not end this quarrel soon,
Here is my glove thou shalt fight me.'

16 Christy stoopd low unto the ground,
Unto the ground, as you'll understand:
'O father, put on your glove again,
The wind hath blown it from your hand.'

17 'What's that thou sayst, thou limmer loon?
Or how dare thou stand to speak to me?
If thou do not end this quarrel soon,
Here is my hand thou shalt fight me.'

18 Christy Grahame is to his chamber gone,
And for to study, as well might be,
Whether to fight with his father dear,
Or with his bully Bewick he.

19 'If it be my fortune my bully to kill,
As you shall boldly understand,
In every town that I ride through,
They'll say, There rides a brotherless man!

20 'Nay, for to kill my bully dear,
I think it will be a deadly sin;
And for to kill my father dear,
The blessing of heaven I neer shall win.

21 'O give me your blessing, father,' he said,
'And pray well for me for to thrive;
If it be my fortune my bully to kill,
I swear I'll neer come home alive.'

22 He put on his back a good plate-jack,
And on his head a cap of steel,
With sword and buckler by his side;
O gin he did not become them well!

23 'O fare thee well, my father dear!
And fare thee well, thou Carlisle town!
If it be my fortune my bully to kill,
I swear I'll neer eat bread again.'

24 Now we'll leave talking of Christy Grahame,
And talk of him again belive;
But we will talk of bonny Bewick,
Where he was teaching his scholars five.

25 Now when he had learned them well to fence,
To handle their swords without any doubt,
He's taken his own sword under his arm,
And walkd his father's close about.

26 He lookd between him and the sun,
To see what farleys he coud see;
There he spy'd a man with armour on,
As he came riding over the lee.

27 'I wonder much what man yon be
That so boldly this way does come;
I think it is my nighest friend,
I think it is my bully Grahame.

28 'O welcome, O welcome, bully Grahame!
O man, thou art my dear, welcome!
O man, thou art my dear, welcome!
For I love thee best in Christendom.'

29 'Away, away, O bully Bewick,
And of thy bullyship let me be!
The day is come I never thought on;
Bully, I'm come here to fight with thee.'

30 'O no! not so, O bully Grahame!
That eer such a word should spoken be!
I was thy master, thou was my scholar:
So well as I have learnëd thee.'

31 'My father he was in Carlisle town,
Where thy father Bewick there met he;
He said I was bad, and he calld me a lad,
And a baffled man by thou I be.'

32 'Away, away, O bully Grahame,
And of all that talk, man, let us be!
We'll take three men of either side
To see if we can our fathers agree.'

33 'Away, away, O bully Bewick,
And of thy bullyship let me be!
But if thou be a man, as I trow thou art,
Come over this ditch and fight with me.'

34 'O no! not so, my bully Grahame!
That eer such a word should spoken be!
Shall I venture my body in field to fight
With a man that's faith and troth to me?'

35 'Away, away, O bully Bewick,
And of all that care, man, let us be!
If thou be a man, as I trow thou art,
Come over this ditch and fight with me.'

36 'Now, if it be my fortune thee, Grahame, to kill,
As God's will's, man, it all must be;
But if it be my fortune thee, Grahame, to kill,
'T is home again I'll never gae.'

37 'Thou art of my mind then, bully Bewick,
And sworn-brethren will we be;
If thou be a man, as I trow thou art,
Come over this ditch and fight with me.'

38 He flang his cloak from off his shoulders,
His psalm-book out of his hand flang he,
He clapt his hand upon the hedge,
And oer lap he right wantonly.

39 When Grahame did see his bully come,
The salt tear stood long in his eye:
'Now needs must I say that thou art a man,
That dare venture thy body to fight with me.

40 'Now I have a harness on my back;
I know that thou hath none on thine;
But as little as thou hath on thy back,
Sure as little shall there be on mine.'

41 He flang his jack from off his back,
His steel cap from his head flang he;
He's taken his sword into his hand,
He's tyed his horse unto a tree.

42 Now they fell to it with two broad swords,
For two long hours fought Bewick and he;
Much sweat was to be seen on them both,
But never a drop of blood to see.

43 Now Grahame gave Bewick an ackward stroke,
An ackward stroke surely struck he;
He struck him now under the left breast,
Then down to the ground as dead fell he.

44 'Arise, arise, O bully Bewick,
Arise, and speak three words to me!
Whether this be thy deadly wound,
Or God and good surgeons will mend thee.'

45 'O horse, O horse, O bully Grahame,
And pray do get thee far from me!
Thy sword is sharp, it hath wounded my heart,
And so no further can I gae.

46 'O horse, O horse, O bully Grahame,
And get thee far from me with speed!
And get thee out of this country quite!
That none may know who's done the deed.'

47 'O if this be true, my bully dear,
The words that thou dost tell to me,
The vow I made, and the vow I'll keep;
I swear I'll be the first that die.'

48 Then he stuck his sword in a moody-hill,
Where he lap thirty good foot and three;
First he bequeathed his soul to God,
And upon his own sword-point lap he.

49 Now Grahame he was the first that died,
And then came Robin Bewick to see;
'Arise, arise, O son!' he said,
'For I see thou's won the victory.

50 'Arise, arise, O son!' he said,
'For I see thou's won the victory:'
'Father, could ye not drunk your wine at home,
And letten me and my brother be?

51 'Nay, dig a grave both low and wide,
And in it us two pray bury;
But bury my bully Grahame on the sun-side,
For I'm sure he's won the victory.'

52 Now we'll leave talking of these two brethren,
In Carlisle town where they lie slain,
And talk of these two good old men,
Where they were making a pitiful moan.

53 With that bespoke now Robin Bewick:
'O man, was I not much to blame?
I have lost one of the liveliest lads
That ever was bred unto my name.'

54 With that bespoke my good lord Grahame:
'O man, I have lost the better block;
I have lost my comfort and my joy,
I have lost my key, I have lost my lock.

55 'Had I gone through all Ladderdale,
And forty horse had set on me,
Had Christy Grahame been at my back,
So well as he woud guarded me.'

56 I have no more of my song to sing,
But two or three words to you I'll name;
But 't will be talk'd in Carlisle town
That these two old men were all the blame.

39

THE BATTLE OF HARLAW

1 As I cam in by Dunidier,
An doun by Netherha,
There was fifty thousand Hielanmen
A-marching to Harlaw.
Wi a dree dree dradie drumtie dree.

2 As I cam on, an farther on,
An doun an by Balquhain,
Oh there I met Sir James the Rose,
Wi him Sir John the Gryme.

3 'O cam ye frae the Hielans, man?
An cam ye a' the wey?
Saw ye Macdonell an his men,
As they cam frae the Skee?'

4 'Yes, me cam frae ta Hielans, man,
An me cam a' ta wey,
An she saw Macdonell an his men,
As they cam frae ta Skee.'

5 'Oh was ye near Macdonell's men?
Did ye their numbers see?
Come, tell to me, John Hielanman,
What micht their numbers be?'

6 'Yes, me was near, an near eneuch,
An me their numbers saw;
There was fifty thousan Hielanmen
A-marchin to Harlaw.'

7 'Gin that be true,' says James the Rose,
'We'll no come meikle speed;
We'll cry upo our merry men,
And lichtly mount our steed.'

8 'Oh no, oh no,' says John the Gryme,
'That thing maun never be;
The gallant Grymes were never bate,
We'll try phat we can dee.'

9 As I cam on, an farther on,
An doun an by Harlaw,
They fell fu close on ilka side;
Sic fun ye never saw.

10 They fell fu close on ilka side,
Sic fun ye never saw;
For Hielan swords gied clash for clash,
At the battle o Harlaw.

11 The Hielanmen, wi their lang swords,
They laid on us fu sair,
An they drave back our merry men
Three acres breadth an mair.

12 Brave Forbës to his brither did say,
Noo brither, dinna ye see?
They beat us back on ilka side,
An we'se be forced to flee.

13 'Oh no, oh no, my brither dear,
That thing maun never be;
Tak ye your good sword in your hand,
An come your wa's wi me.'

14 'Oh no, oh no, my brither dear,
The clans they are ower strang,
An they drive back our merry men,
Wi swords baith sharp an lang.'

15 Brave Forbës drew his men aside,
Said, Tak your rest a while,
Until I to Drumminnor send,
To fess my coat o mail.

16 The servan he did ride,
An his horse it did na fail,
For in twa hours an a quarter
He brocht the coat o mail.

17 Then back to back the brithers twa
Gaed in amo the thrang,
An they hewed doun the Hielanmen,
Wi swords baith sharp an lang.

18 Macdonell, he was young an stout,
Had on his coat o mail,
An he has gane oot throw them a',
To try his han himsell.

19 The first ae straik that Forbës strack,
He garrt Macdonell reel,
An the neist ae straik that Forbës strack,
The great Macdonell fell.

20 An siccan a lierachie
I'm sure ye never saw
As wis amo the Hielanmen,
When they saw Macdonell fa.

21 An whan they saw that he was deid,
They turnd an ran awa,
An they buried him in Leggett's Den,
A large mile frae Harlaw.

22 They rade, they ran, an some did gang,
They were o sma record;
But Forbës an his merry men,
They slew them a' the road.

23 On Monanday, at mornin,
The battle it began,
On Saturday, at gloamin,
Ye'd scarce kent wha had wan.

24 An sic a weary buryin
I'm sure ye never saw
As wis the Sunday after that,
On the muirs aneath Harlaw.

Gin ony body speer at you
For them ye took awa,
Ye may tell their wives and bairnies
They're sleepin at Harlaw.

40

THE HUNTING OF THE CHEVIOT

1 The Persë owt off Northombarlonde,
and avowe to God mayd he
That he wold hunte in the mowntayns
off Chyviat within days thre,
In the magger of doughtë Dogles,
and all that ever with him be.

2 The fattiste hartes in all Cheviat
he sayd he wold kyll, and cary them away:
'Be my feth,' sayd the dougheti Doglas agayn,
'I wyll let that hontyng yf that I may.'

3 Then the Persë owt off Banborowe cam,
with him a myghtee meany,
With fifteen hondrith archares bold off blood and bone;
the wear chosen owt of shyars thre.

4 This began on a Monday at morn,
in Cheviat the hillys so he;
The chylde may rue that ys un-born,
it wos the mor pittë.

5 The dryvars thorowe the woodes went,
for to reas the dear;
Bomen byckarte uppone the bent
with ther browd aros cleare.

6 Then the wyld thorowe the woodës went,
on every sydë shear;
Greahondes thorowe the grevis glent,
for to kyll thear dear.

7 This began in Chyviat the hyls abone,
yerly on a Monnyn-day;
Be that it drewe to the oware off none,
a hondrith fat hartës ded ther lay.

8 The blewe a mort uppone the bent,
the semblyde on sydis shear;
To the quyrry then the Persë went,
to se the bryttlynge off the deare.

9 He sayd, It was the Duglas promys
this day to met me hear;
But I wyste he wolde faylle, verament;
a great oth the Persë swear.

10 At the laste a squyar off Northomberlonde
lokyde at his hand full ny;
He was war a the doughetie Doglas commynge,
with him a myghttë meany.

11 Both with spear, bylle, and brande,
yt was a myghtti sight to se;
Hardyar men, both off hart nor hande,
wear not in Cristiantë.

12 The wear twenti hondrith spear-men good,
withoute any feale;
The wear borne along be the watter a Twyde,
yth bowndës of Tividale.

13 'Leave of the brytlyng of the dear,' he sayd,
'and to your boys lock ye tayk good hede;
For never sithe ye wear on your mothars borne
had ye never so mickle nede.'

14 The dougheti Dogglas on a stede,
he rode alle his men beforne;
His armor glytteryde as dyd a glede;
a boldar barne was never born.

15 'Tell me whos men ye ar,' he says,
'or whos men that ye be:
Who gave youe leave to hunte in this Chyviat chays,
in the spyt of myn and of me.'

16 The first mane that ever him an answear mayd,
yt was the good lord Persë:
'We wyll not tell the whoys men we ar,' he says,
'nor whos men that we be;
But we wyll hounte hear in this chays,
in the spyte of thyne and of the.

17 'The fattiste hartës in all Chyviat
we have kyld, and cast to carry them away:'
'Be my troth,' sayd the doughetë Dogglas agayn,
'therfor the ton of us shall de this day.'

18 Then sayd the doughtë Doglas
unto the lord Persë:
'To kyll alle thes giltles men,
alas, it wear great pittë!

19 'But, Persë, thowe art a lord of lande,
I am a yerle callyd within my contrë;
Let all our men uppone a parti stande,
and do the battell off the and of me.'

20 'Nowe Cristes cors on his crowne,' sayd the lord Persë,
'who-so-ever ther-to says nay!
Be my troth, doughttë Doglas,' he says,
'thow shalt never se that day.

21 'Nethar in Ynglonde, Skottlonde, nar France,
nor for no man of a woman born,
But, and fortune be my chance,
I dar met him, on man for on.'

22 Then bespayke a squyar off Northombarlonde,
Richard Wytharyngton was his nam;
'It shall never be told in Sothe-Ynglonde,' he says,
'To Kyng Herry the Fourth for sham.

23 'I wat youe byn great lordës twaw,
I am a poor squyar of lande;
I wylle never se my captayne fyght on a fylde,
and stande my selffe and loocke on,
But whylle I may my weppone welde,
I wylle not fayle both hart and hande.'

24 That day, that day, that dredfull day!
the first fit here I fynde;
And youe wyll here any mor a the hountynge a the
Chyviat,
yet ys ther mor behynde.

25 The Yngglyshe men hade ther bowys yebent,
ther hartes wer good yenoughe;
The first off arros that the shote off,
seven skore spear-men the sloughe.

26 Yet byddys the yerle Doglas uppon the bent,
a captayne good yenoughe,
And that was sene verament,
for he wrought hom both woo and wouche.

27 The Dogglas partyd his ost in thre,
lyk a cheffe cheften off pryde;
With suar spears off myghttë tre,
the cum in on every syde;

28 Thrughe our Yngglyshe archery
gave many a wounde fulle wyde;
Many a doughetë the garde to dy,
which ganyde them no pryde.

29 The Ynglyshe men let ther boys be,
and pulde owt brandes that wer brighte;
It was a hevy syght to se
bryght swordes on basnites lyght.

30 Thorowe ryche male and myneyeple,
many sterne the strocke done streght;
Many a freyke that was fully fre,
ther undar foot dyd lyght.

31 At last the Duglas and the Persë met,
lyk to captayns of myght and of mayne;
The swapte togethar tylle the both swat,
with swordes that wear of fyn myllan.

32 Thes worthë freckys for to fyght,
ther-to the wear fulle fayne,
Tylle the bloode owte off thear basnetes sprente,
as ever dyd heal or rayn.

33 'Yelde the, Persë,' sayde the Doglas,
'and i feth I 'shalle the brynge
Wher thowe shalte have a yerls wagis
of Jamy our Skottish kynge.

34 'Thoue shalte have thy ransom fre,
I hight the hear this thinge;
For the manfullyste man yet art thowe
that ever I conqueryd in filde fighttynge.'

35 'Nay,' sayd the lord Persë,
'I tolde it the beforne,
That I wolde never yeldyde be
to no man of a woman born.'

36 With that ther cam an arrowe hastely,
forthe off a myghttë wane;
Hit hathe strekene the yerle Duglas
in at the brest-bane.

37 Thorowe lyvar and longës bathe
the sharpe arrowe ys gane,
That never after in all his lyffe-days
he spayke mo wordës but ane:
That was, Fyghte ye, my myrry men, whyllys ye may,
for my lyff-days ben gan.

38 The Persë leanyde on his brande,
and sawe the Duglas de;
He tooke the dede mane by the hande,
and sayd, Wo ys me for the!

39 'To have savyde thy lyffe, I wolde have partyde with
my landes for years thre,
For a better man, of hart nare of hande,
was nat in all the north contrë.'

40 Off all that se a Skottishe knyght,
was callyd Ser Hewe the Monggombyrry;
He sawe the Duglas to the deth was dyght,
he spendyd a spear, a trusti tre.

41 He rod uppone a corsiare
throughe a hondrith archery:
He never stynttyde, nar never blane,
tylle he cam to the good lord Persë.

42 He set uppone the lorde Persë
a dynte that was full soare;
With a suar spear of a myghttë tre
clean thorow the body he the Persë ber,

43 A the tothar syde that a man myght se
a large cloth-yard and mare:
Towe bettar captayns wear nat in Cristiantë
then that day slan wear ther.

44 An archar off Northomberlonde
say slean was the lord Persë;
He bar a bende bowe in his hand,
was made off trusti tre.

45 An arow that a cloth-yarde was lang
to the harde stele halyde he;
A dynt that was both sad and soar
he sat on Ser Hewe the Monggombyrry.

46 The dynt yt was both sad and sar
that he of Monggomberry sete;
The swane-fethars that his arrowe bar
with his hart-blood the wear wete.

47 Ther was never a freake wone foot wolde fle,
but still in stour dyd stand,
Heawyng on yche othar, whylle the myghte dre,
with many a balfull brande.

48 This battell begane in Chyviat
an owar befor the none,
And when even-songe bell was rang,
the battell was nat half done.

49 The tocke . . on ethar hande
be the lyght off the mone;
Many hade no strenght for to stande,
in Chyviat the hillys abon.

50 Of fifteen hondrith archars of Ynglonde
went away but seventi and thre;
Of twenti hondrith spear-men of Skotlonde,
but even five and fifti.

51 But all wear slayne Cheviat within;
the hade no strengthe to stand on hy;
The chylde may rue that ys unborne,
it was the mor pittë.

52 Thear was slayne, withe the lord Persë,
Ser John of Agerstone,
Ser Roger, the hinde Hartly,
Ser Wyllyam, the bolde Hearone.

53 Ser Jorg, the worthë Loumle,
a knyghte of great renowen,
Ser Raff, the ryche Rugbe,
with dyntes wear beaten dowene.

54 For Wetharrygton my harte was wo,
that ever he slayne shulde be;
For when both his leggis wear hewyne in to,
yet he knyled and fought on hys kny.

55 Ther was slayne, with the dougheti Duglas,
Ser Hewe the Monggombyrry,
Ser Davy Lwdale, that worthë was,
his sistars son was he.

56 Ser Charls a Murrë in that place,
that never a foot wolde fle;
Ser Hewe Maxwelle, a lorde he was,
with the Doglas dyd he dey.

57 So on the morrowe the mayde them byears
off birch and hasell so gray;
Many wedous, with wepyng tears,
cam to fache ther makys away.

58 Tivydale may carpe off care,
Northombarlond may mayk great mon,
For towe such captayns as slayne wear thear
on the March-parti shall never be non.

59 Word ys commen to Eddenburrowe,
to Jamy the Skottishe kynge,
That dougheti Duglas, lyff-tenant of the Marches,
he lay slean Chyviot within.

60 His handdës dyd he weal and wryng,
he sayd, Alas, and woe ys me!
Such an other captayn Skotland within,
he sayd, ye-feth shuld never be.

61 Worde ys commyn to lovly Londone,
till the fourth Harry our kynge,
That lord Persë, leyff-tenante of the Marchis,
he lay slayne Chyviat within.

62 'God have merci on his solle,' sayde Kyng Harry,
'good lord, yf thy will it be!
I have a hondrith captayns in Ynglonde,' he sayd,
'as good as ever was he:
But, Persë, and I brook my lyffe,
thy deth well quyte shall be.'

63 As our noble kynge mayd his avowe,
lyke a noble prince of renowen,
For the deth of the lord Persë
he dyde the battell of Hombylldown;

64 Wher syx and thirttë Skottishe knyghtes
on a day were beaten down;
Glendale glytteryde on ther armor bryght,
over castille, towar, and town.

65 This was the hontynge off the Cheviat,
that tear begane this spurn;
Old men that knowen the grownde well yenoughe
call it the battell of Otterburn.

66 At Otterburn begane this spurne,
uppone a Monnynday;
Ther was the doughtë Doglas slean,
the Persë never went away.

67 Ther was never a tym on the Marche-partës
sen the Doglas and the Persë met,
But yt ys mervele and the rede blude ronne not,
as the reane doys in the stret.

68 Ihesue Crist our balys bete,
and to the blys us brynge!
Thus was the hountynge of the Chivyat:
God send us alle good endyng!

41

SIR ANDREW BARTON

1 As itt beffell in midsumer-time,
  When burds singe sweetlye on every tree,
Our noble king, King Henery the Eighth,
  Over the river of Thames past hee.

2 Hee was no sooner over the river,
  Downe in a fforrest to take the ayre,
But eighty merchants of London cittye
  Came kneeling before King Henery there.

3 'O yee are welcome, rich merchants,
  Good saylers, welcome unto me!'
They swore by the rood the were saylers good,
  But rich merchants they cold not bee.

4 'To Ffrance nor Fflanders dare we nott passe,
  Nor Burdeaux voyage wee dare not ffare,
And all ffor for a ffalse robber that lyes on the seas,
  And robbs us of our merchantsware.'

5 King Henery was stout, and he turned him about,
  And swore by the Lord that was mickle of might,
'I thought he had not beene in the world throughout
  That durst have wrought England such unright.'

6 But ever they sighed, and said, alas!
  Unto King Harry this answere againe:
'He is a proud Scott that will robb us all
  If wee were twenty shipps and hee but one.'

7 The king looket over his left shoulder,
Amongst his lords and barrons soe ffree:
'Have I never lord in all my realme
Will ffeitch yond traitor unto mee?'

8 'Yes, that dare I!' sayes my lord Chareles Howard,
Neere to the king wheras hee did stand;
'If that Your Grace will give me leave,
My selfe wilbe the only man.'

9 'Thou shalt have six hundred men,' saith our king,
'And chuse them out of my realme soe ffree;
Besids marriners and boyes,
To guide the great shipp on the sea.'

10 'I'le goe speake with Sir Andrew,' sais Charles, my lord Haward;
'Upon the sea, if hee be there;
I will bring him and his shipp to shore,
Or before my prince I will never come neere.

11 The ffirst of all my lord did call,
A noble gunner hee was one;
This man was three score yeeres and ten,
And Peeter Simon was his name.

12 'Peeter,' sais hee, 'I must sayle to the sea,
To seeke out an enemye; God be my speed!
Before all others I have chosen thee;
Of a hundred guners thoust be my head.'

13 'My lord,' sais hee, 'if you have chosen mee
Of a hundred gunners to be the head,
Hange me att your maine-mast tree
If I misse my marke past three pence bread.'

14 The next of all my lord he did call,
A noble bowman hee was one;
In Yorekeshire was this gentleman borne,
And William Horsley was his name.

15 'Horsley,' sayes hee, 'I must sayle to the sea,
To seeke out an enemye; God be my speede!
Before all others I have chosen thee;
Of a hundred bowemen thoust be my head.'

16 'My lord,' sais hee, 'if you have chosen mee
Of a hundred bowemen to be the head,
Hang me att your mainemast-tree
If I misse my marke past twelve pence bread.'

17 With pikes, and gunnes, and bowemen bold,
This noble Howard is gone to the sea
On the day before midsummer-even,
And out att Thames mouth sayled they.

18 They had not sayled dayes three
Upon their iourney they tooke in hand,
But there they mett with a noble shipp,
And stoutely made itt both stay and stand.

19 'Thou must tell me thy name,' sais Charles, my lord Haward,
'Or who thou art, or ffrom whence thou came,
Yea, and where thy dwelling is,
To whom and where thy shipp does belong.'

20 'My name,' sayes hee, 'is Henery Hunt,
With a pure hart and a penitent mind;
I and my shipp they doe belong
Unto the New-castle that stands upon Tine.'

21 'Now thou must tell me, Harry Hunt,
As thou hast sayled by day and by night,
Hast thou not heard of a stout robber?
Men calls him Sir Andrew Bartton, knight.'

22 But ever he sighed, and sayd, Alas!
Ffull well, my lord, I know that wight;
He robd me of my merchants ware,
And I was his prisoner but yesternight.

23 As I was sayling uppon the sea,
And a Burdeaux voyage as I did ffare,
He clasped me to his archborde,
And robd me of all my merchantsware.-

24 And I am a man both poore and bare,
And every man will have his owne of me,
And I am bound towards London to ffare,
To complaine to my prince Henerye.

25 'That shall not need,' sais my lord Haward;
'If thou canst lett me this robber see,
Ffor every peny he hath taken thee ffroe,
Thou shalt be rewarded a shilling,' quoth hee.

26 'Now God fforefend,' saies Henery Hunt,
'My lord, you shold worke soe ffar amisse!
God keepe you out of that traitors hands!
For you wott ffull litle what a man hee is.

27 'Hee is brasse within, and steele without,
And beames hee beares in his topcastle stronge;
His shipp hath ordinance cleane round about;
Besids, my lord, hee is verry well mand.

28 'He hath a pinnace, is deerlye dight,
Saint Andrews crosse, that is his guide;
His pinnace beares nine score men and more,
Besids fifteen cannons on every side.

29 'If you were twenty shippes, and he but one,
Either in archbord or in hall,
He wold overcome you everye one,
And if his beames they doe downe ffall.'

30 'This is cold comfort,' sais my Lord Haward.
'To wellcome a stranger thus to the sea;
I'le bring him and his shipp to shore,
Or else into Scottland hee shall carrye mee.'

31 'Then you must gett a noble gunner, my lord,
That can sett well with his eye,
And sinke his pinnace into the sea,
And soone then overcome will hee bee.

32 'And when that you have done this,
If you chance Sir Andrew for to bord,
Lett no man to his topcastle goe;
And I will give you a glasse, my lord,

33 'And then yon need to ffeare no Scott,
Whether you sayle by day or by night;
And to-morrow, by seven of the clocke,
You shall meete with Sir Andrew Bartton, knight.

34 'I was his prisoner but yester night,
And he hath taken mee sworne,' quoth hee;
'I trust my Lord God will me fforgive
And if that oath then broken bee.

35 'You must lend me sixe peeces, my lord,' quoth hee,
'Into my shipp, to sayle the sea,
And to-morrow, by nine of the clocke,
Your Honour againe then will I see.'

* * * * * *

36 And the hache-bord where Sir Andrew lay
Is hached with gold deerlye dight:
'Now by my ffaith,' sais Charles, my lord Haward,
'Then yonder Scott is a worthye wight!

37 'Take in your ancyents and your standards,
Yea that no man shall them see,
And put me fforth a white willow wand,
As merchants use to sayle the sea.'

38 But they stirred neither top nor mast,
But Sir Andrew they passed by:
'Whatt English are yonder,' said Sir Andrew,
'That can so litle curtesye?

39 'I have beene admirall over the sea
More then these yeeres three;
There is never an English dog, nor Portingall,
Can passe this way without leave of mee.

40 'But now yonder pedlers, they are past,
Which is no litle greffe to me:
Ffeich them backe,' sayes Sir Andrew Bartton,
'They shall all hang att my maine-mast tree.'

41 With that the pinnace itt shott of,
That my Lord Haward might itt well ken;
Itt stroke downe my lords fforemast,
And killed fourteen of my lord his men.

42 'Come hither, Simon!' sayes my lord Haward,
'Looke that thy words be true thou sayd;
I'le hang thee att my maine-mast tree
If thou misse thy marke past twelve pence bread.'

43 Simon was old, but his hart itt was bold;
Hee tooke downe a peece, and layd itt ffull lowe;
He put in chaine yeards nine,
Besids other great shott lesse and more.

44 With that hee lett his gun-shott goe;
Soe well hee settled itt with his eye,
The ffirst sight that Sir Andrew sawe,
Hee see his pinnace sunke in the sea.

45 When hee saw his pinace sunke,
Lord! in his hart hee was not well:
'Cutt my ropes! itt is time to be gon!
I'le goe ffeitch yond pedlers backe my selfe!'

46 When my lord Haward saw Sir Andrew loose,
Lord! in his hart that hee was ffaine:
'Strike on your drummes! spread out your ancyents!
Sound out your trumpetts! sound out amaine!'

47 'Ffight on, my men!' sais Sir Andrew Bartton;
'Weate, howsoever this geere will sway,
Itt is my lord Admirall of England
Is come to seeke mee on the sea.'

48 Simon had a sonne; with shott of a gunn—
Well Sir Andrew might itt ken—
He shott itt in att a privye place,
And killed sixty more of Sir Andrews men.

49 Harry Hunt came in att the other syde,
And att Sir Andrew hee shott then;
He drove downe his fformast-tree,
And killed eighty more of Sir Andriewes men.

50 'I have done a good turne,' sayes Harry Hunt;
'Sir Andrew is not our kings ffreind;
He hoped to have undone me yesternight,
But I hope I have quitt him well in the end.'

51 'Ever alas!' sayd Sir Andrew Barton,
'What shold a man either thinke or say?
Yonder ffalse theeffe is my strongest enemye,
Who was my prisoner but yesterday.

52 'Come hither to me, thou Gourden good,
And be thou readye att my call,
And I will give thee three hundred pound
If thou wilt lett my beames downe ffall.'

53 With that hee swarved the maine-mast tree,
Soe did he itt with might and maine;
Horseley, with a bearing arrow,
Stroke the Gourden through the braine.

54 And he ffell into the haches againe.
And sore of this wound that he did bleed;
Then word went throug Sir Andrews men,
That the Gourden hee was dead.

55 'Come hither to me, Iames Hambliton,
Thou art my sisters sonne, I have no more;
I will give thee six hundred pound
If thou will lett my beames downe ffall.'

56 With that hee swarved the maine-mast tree,
Soe did hee itt with might and maine:
Horseley, with another broad arrow,
Strake the yeaman through the braine.

57 That hee ffell downe to the haches againe;
Sore of his wound that hee did bleed;
Covetousness getts no gaine,
Itt is verry true, as the Welchman sayd.

58 But when hee saw his sisters sonne slaine,
Lord! in his heart hee was not well:
'Goe ffeitch me downe my armour of prove,
Ffor I will to the topcastle my-selfe.

59 'Goe ffeitch me downe my armour of prooffe,
For itt is guilded with gold soe cleere;
God be with my brother, Iohn of Bartton!
Amongst the Portingalls hee did itt weare.'

60 But when hee had his armour of prooffe,
And on his body hee had itt on,
Every man that looked att him
Sayd, Gunn nor arrow hee neede feare none.

61 'Come hither, Horsley!' sayes my lord Haward,
'And looke your shaft that itt goe right;
Shoot a good shoote in the time of need,
And ffor thy shooting thoust be made a knight.'

62 'I'le doe my best,' sayes Horslay then,
'Your Honor shall see beffore I goe;
If I shold be hanged att your maine-mast,
I have in my shipp but arrowes tow.'

63 But att Sir Andrew hee shott then;
Hee made sure to hitt his marke;
Under the spole of his right arme
Hee smote Sir Andrew quite throw the hart.

64 Yett ffrom the tree hee wold not start,
But hee clinged to itt with might and maine;
Under the coller then of his iacke,
He stroke Sir Andrew thorrow the braine.

65 'Ffight on my men,' sayes Sir Andrew Bartton,
'I am hurt, but I am not slaine;
I'le lay mee downe and bleed a-while,
And then I'le rise and ffight againe.

66 'Ffight on my men,' sayes Sir Andrew Bartton,
'These English doggs they bite soe lowe;
Ffight on ffor Scottland and Saint Andrew
Till you heare my whistle blowe!'

67 But when the cold not heare his whistle blow,
Sayes Harry Hunt, I'le lay my head
You may bord yonder noble shipp, my lord,
For I know Sir Andrew hee is dead.

68 With that they borded this noble shipp,
Soe did they itt with might and maine;
The ffound eighteen score Scotts alive,
Besids the rest were maimed and slaine.

69 My lord Haward tooke a sword in his hand,
And smote of Sir Andrews head;
The Scotts stood by did weepe and mourne,
But never a word durst speake or say.

70 He caused his body to be taken downe,
And over the hatch-bord cast into the sea,
And about his middle three hundred crownes:
'Whersoever thou lands, itt will bury thee.'

71 With his head they sayled into England againe,
With right good will, and fforce and main,
And the day beffore Newyeeres even
Into Thames mouth they came againe.

72 My lord Haward wrote to King Heneryes grace,
With all the newes hee cold him bring:
'Such a Newyeeres gifft I have brought to your Grace
As never did subiect to any king.

73 'Ffor merchandyes and manhood,
The like is nott to be ffound;
The sight of these wold doe you good,
Ffor you have not the like in your English ground.'

74 But when hee heard tell that they were come,
Full royally hee welcomed them home;
Sir Andrews shipp was the kings Newyeeres guifft;
A braver shipp you never saw none.

75 Now hath our king Sir Andrews shipp,
Besett with pearles and precyous stones;
Now hath England two shipps of warr,
Two shipps of warr, before but one.

76 'Who holpe to this?' sayes King Henerye,
'That I may reward him ffor his paine:'
'Harry Hunt, and Peeter Simon,
William Horseleay, and I the same.'

77 'Harry Hunt shall have his whistle and chaine,
And all his iewells, whatsoever they bee,
And other rich giffts that I will not name,
For his good service he hath done mee.

78 'Horslay, right thoust be a knight,
Lands and livings thou shalt have store;
Howard shalbe erle of Nottingham,
And soe was never Haward before.

79 'Now, Peeter Simon, thou art old;
I will maintaine thee and thy sonne;
Thou shalt have five hundred pound all in gold
Ffor the good service that thou hast done.'

80 Then King Henerye shiffted his roome;
In came the Queene and ladyes bright;
Other arrands they had none
But to see Sir Andrew Bartton, knight.

81 But when they see his deadly fface,
His eyes were hollow in his head;
'I wold give a hundred pound,' sais King Henerye,
'The man were alive as hee is dead!

82 'Yett ffor the manfull part that hee hath playd,
Both heere and beyond the sea,
His men shall have halfe a crowne a day
To bring them to my brother, King Iamye.'

42

WILLIE MACINTOSH

1 'Turn, Willie Macintosh,
Turn, I bid you;
Gin ye burn Auchindown,
Huntly will head you.'

2 'Head me or hang me,
That canna fley me;
I'll burn Auchendown
Ere the life lea me.'

3 Coming down Deeside,
In a clear morning,
Auchindown was in flame.
Ere the cock-crawing.

4 But coming oer Cairn Croom,
And looking down, man,
I saw Willie Macintosh
Burn Auchindown, man.

5 'Bonny Willie Macintosh,
Whare left ye your men?'
'I left them in the Stapler,
But they'll never come hame.'

6 'Bonny Willie Macintosh,
Whare now is your men?'
'I left them in the Stapler,
Sleeping in their sheen.'

43

GEORDIE

1 There was a battle in the north,
And nobles there was many,
And they hae killd Sir Charlie Hay,
And they laid the wyte on Geordie.

2 O he has written a lang letter,
He sent it to his lady:
'Ye maun cum up to Enbrugh town,
To see what word's o Geordie.'

3 When first she lookd the letter on,
She was baith red and rosy;
But she had na read a word but twa
Till she wallowt like a lily.

4 'Gar get to me my gude grey steed,
My menyie a' gae wi me,
For I shall neither eat nor drink
Till Enbrugh town shall see me.'

5 And she has mountit her gude grey steed,
Her menyie a' gaed wi her,
And she did neither eat nor drink
Till Enbrugh town did see her.

6 And first appeard the fatal block,
And syne the aix to head him,
And Geordie cumin down the stair,
And bands o airn upon him.

7 But tho he was chaind in fetters strang,
O airn and steel sae heavy,
There was na ane in a' the court
Sae bra a man as Geordie.

8 O she's down on her bended knee,
I wat she's pale and weary:
'O pardon, pardon, noble king,
And gie me back my dearie!

9 'I hae born seven sons to my Geordie dear,
The seventh neer saw his daddie;
O pardon, pardon, noble king,
Pity a waefu lady!'

10 'Gar bid the headin-man mak haste,'
Our king reply'd fu lordly:
'O noble king, tak a' that's mine,
But gie me back my Geordie!'

11 The Gordons cam, and the Gordons ran,
And they were stark and steady,
And ay the word amang them a'
Was, Gordons, keep you ready!

12 An aged lord, at the king's right hand
Says, Noble king, but hear me;
Gar her tell down five thousand pound,
And gie her back her dearie.

13 Some gae her marks, some gae her crowns,
Some gae her dollars many,
And she's telld down five thousand pound,
And she's gotten again her dearie.

14 She blinkit blythe in her Geordie's face,
Says, Dear I've bought thee, Geordie;
But there sud been bluidy bouks on the green
Or I had tint my laddie.

15 He claspit her by the middle sma,
And he kist her lips sae rosy:
'The fairest flower o woman-kind
Is my sweet, bonie lady!'

44

CAPTAIN CARE

1 It befell at Martynmas,
When wether waxed colde,
Captaine Care said to his men,
We must go take a holde.

Syck, sike, and to-towe sike,
And sike and like to die;
The sikest nighte that ever I abode,
God lord have mercy on me!

2 'Haille, master, and wether you will,
And wether ye like it best;'
'To the castle of Crecrynbroghe,
And there we will take our reste.'

3 'I knowe wher is a gay castle,
Is builded of lyme and stone;
Within their is a gay ladie,
Her lord is riden and gone.'.

4 The ladie she lend on her castle-walle,
She loked upp and downe;
There was she ware of an host of men,
Come riding to the towne.

5 'Se yow, my meri men all,
And se yow what I see?
Yonder I see an host of men,
I muse who they bee.'

6 She thought he had ben her wed lord,
As he comd riding home;
Then was it traitur Captaine Care,
The lord of Ester-towne.

7 They wer no soner at supper sett,
Then after said the grace,
Or Captaine Care and all his men
Wer lighte aboute the place.

8 'Gyve over thi howsse, thou lady gay,
And I will make the a bande;
To-nighte thou shall ly within my armes,
To-morrowe thou shall ere my lande.'

9 Then bespacke the eldest sonne,
That was both whitt and redde:
O mother dere, geve over your howsse,
Or elles we shalbe deade.

10 'I will not geve over my hous,' she saithe,
'Not for feare of my lyffe;
It shalbe talked throughout the land,
The slaughter of a wyffe.

11 'Fetch me my pestilett,
And charge me my gonne,
That I may shott at yonder bloddy butcher,
The lord of Easter-towne.'

12 Styfly upon her wall she stode,
And lett the pellettes flee;
But then she myst the blody bucher,
And she slew other three.

13 'I will not geve over my hous,' she saithe,
'Netheir for lord nor lowne;
Nor yet for traitour Captaine Care,
The lord of Easter-towne.

14 'I desire of Captine Care,
And all his bloddye band,
That he would save my eldest sonne,
The eare of all my lande.'

15 'Lap him in a shete,' he sayth,
'And let him downe to me,
And I shall take him in my armes,
His waran shall I be.'

16 The captayne sayd unto him selfe:
Wyth sped, before the rest,
He cut his tonge out of his head,
His hart out of his brest.

17 He lapt them in a handkerchef,
And knet it of knotes three,
And cast them over the castell-wall,
At that gay ladye.

18 'Fye upon the, Captayne Care,
And all thy bloddy band!
For thou hast slayne my eldest sonne,
The ayre of all my land.'

19 Then bespake the yongest sonne,
That sat on the nurses knee,
Sayth, Mother gay, geve over your house;
It smoldereth me.

20 'I wold geve my gold, she saith,
'And so I wolde my ffee,
For a blaste of the westryn wind,
To dryve the smoke from thee.

21 'Fy upon the, John Hamleton,
That ever I paid the hyre!
For thou hast broken my castle-wall,
And kyndled in the ffyre.'

22 The lady gate to her close parler,
The fire fell aboute her head;
She toke up her children thre,
Seth, Babes, we are all dead.

23 Then bespake the hye steward,
That is of hye degree;
Saith, Ladie gay, you are in close,
Wether ye fighte or flee.

24 Lord Hamleton dremd in his dream,
In Carvall where he laye,
His halle were all of fyre,
His ladie slayne or daye.

25 'Busk and bowne, my mery men all,
Even and go ye with me;
For I dremd that my haal was on fyre,
My lady slayne or day.'

26 He buskt him and bownd hym,
And like a worthi knighte;
And when he saw his hall burning,
His harte was no dele lighte.

27 He sett a trumpett till his mouth,
He blew as it plesd his grace;
Twenty score of Hamlentons
Was light aboute the place.

28 'Had I knowne as much yesternighte
As I do to-daye,
Captaine Care and all his men
Should not have gone so quite.

29 'Fye upon the, Captaine Care,
And all thy blody bande!
Thou haste slayne my lady gay,
More wurth then all thy lande.

30 'If thou had ought eny ill will,' he saith,
'Thou shoulde have taken my lyffe,
And have saved my children thre,
All and my lovesome wyffe.'

45

JOHNIE ARMSTRONG

1 There dwelt a man in faire Westmerland,
Ionnë Armestrong men did him call,
He had nither lands nor rents coming in,
Yet he kept eight score men in his hall.

2 He had horse and harness for them all,
Goodly steeds were all milke-white;
O the golden bands an about their necks,
And their weapons, they were all alike.

3 Newes then was brought unto the king
That there was sicke a won as hee,
That livëd lyke a bold out-law,
And robbëd all the north country.

4 The king he writt an a letter then,
A letter which was large and long;
He signëd it with his owne hand,
And he promised to doe him no wrong.

5 When this letter came Ionnë untill,
His heart it was as blythe as birds on the tree:
'Never was I sent for before any king,
My father, my grandfather, nor none but mee.

6 'And if wee goe the king before,
I would we went most orderly;
Every man of you shall have his scarlet cloak,
Laced with silver laces three.

7 'Every won of you shall have his velvett coat,
Laced with sillver lace so white;
O the golden bands an about your necks,
Black hatts, white feathers, all alyke.'

8 By the morrow morninge at ten of the clock,
Towards Edenburough gon was hee,
And with him all his eight score men;
Good lord, it was a goodly sight for to see!

9 When Ionnë came befower the king,
He fell downe on his knee;
'O pardon, my soveraine leige,' he said,
'O pardon my eight score men and mee!'

10 'Thou shalt have no pardon, thou traytor strong,
For thy eight score men nor thee;
For to-morrow morning by ten of the clock,
Both thou and them shall hang on the gallow-tree.'

11 But Ionnë looke'd over his left shoulder,
Good Lord, what a grievious look looked hee!
Saying, Asking grace of a graceles face—
Why there is none for you nor me.

12 But Ionnë had a bright sword by his side,
And it was made of the mettle so free,
That had not the king stept his foot aside,
He had smitten his head from his faire boddë.

13 Saying, Fight on, my merry men all,
And see that none of you be taine;
For rather then men shall say we were hange'd,
Let them report how we were slaine.

14 Then, God wott, faire Eddenburrough rose,
And so besett poore Ionnë rounde,
That fowerscore and tenn of Ionnës best men
Lay gasping all upon the ground.

15 Then like a mad man Ionnë laide about,
And like a mad man then fought hee,
Untill a falce Scot came Ionnë behinde,
And runn him through the faire boddee.

16 Saying, Fight on, my merry men all,
And see that none of you be taine;
For I will stand by and bleed but awhile,
And then will I come and fight againe.

17 Newes then was brought to young Ionnë Armestrong,
As he stood by his nurses knee,
Who vowed if ere he live'd for to be a man,
O the treacherous Scots revenged hee'd be.

46

JOHN A SIDE

* * * * * *

1 Peeter a Whifeild he hath slaine,
And Iohn a Side, he is tane,
And Iohn is bound both hand and foote,
And to the New-castle he is gone.

2 But tydinges came to the Sybill o the Side,
By the water-side as shee rann;
Shee tooke her kirtle by the hem,
And fast shee runn to Mangerton.

3 . . . . . .
The lord was sett downe at his meate;
When these tydings shee did him tell,
Never a morsell might he eate.

4 But lords, the wrunge their fingars white,
Ladyes did pull themselves by the haire,
Crying, Alas and weladay!
For Iohn o the Side wee shall never see more.

5 'But wee'le goe sell our droves of kine,
And after them our oxen sell,
And after them our troopes of sheepe,
But wee will loose him out of the New Castell.'

6 But then bespake him Hobby Noble,
And spoke these words wonderous hye;
Sayes, Give me five men to my selfe,
And I'le feitch Iohn o the Side to thee.

7 'Yea, thou'st have five, Hobby Noble,
Of the best that are in this countrye;
I'le give thee five thousand, Hobby Noble,
That walke in Tyvidale trulye.'

8 'Nay, I'le have but five,' saies Hobby Noble,
'That shall walke away with mee;
Wee will ryde like noe men of warr;
But like poore badgers wee wilbe.'

9 They stuffet up all their baggs with straw,
And their steeds barefoot must bee;
'Come on, my bretheren,' sayes Hobby Noble,
'Come on your wayes, and goe with mee.'

10 And when they came to Culerton ford,
The water was up, they cold it not goe;
And then they were ware of a good old man,
How his boy and hee were at the plowe.

11 'But stand you still,' sayes Hobby Noble,
'Stand you still heere at this shore,
And I will ryde to yonder old man,
And see where the gate it lyes ore.

12 'But Christ you save, father!' quoth hee,
'Crist both you save and see!
Where is the way over this fford?
For Christ's sake tell itt mee!'

13 'But I have dwelled heere three score yeere,
Soe have I done three score and three;
I never sawe man nor horsse goe ore,
Except itt were a horse of tree.'

14 'But fare thou well, thou good old man!
The devill in hell I leave with thee,
Noe better comfort heere this night
Thow gives my bretheren heere and me.'

15 But when he came to his brether againe,
And told this tydings full of woe,
And then they found a well good gate
They might ryde ore by two and two.

16 And when they were come over the fforde,
All safe gotten att the last,
'Thankes be to God!' sayes Hobby Nobble,
'The worst of our perill is past.'

17 And then they came into Howbrame wood,
And there then they found a tree,
And cutt itt downe then by the roote;
The lenght was thirty ffoote and three.

18 And four of them did take the planke,
As light as it had beene a fflee,
And carryed itt to the New Castle,
Where as Iohn a Side did lye.

19 And some did climbe up by the walls,
And some did climbe up by the tree,
Until they came upp to the top of the castle,
Where Iohn made his moane trulye.

20 He sayd, God be with thee, Sybill o the Side!
My owne mother thou art, quoth hee;
If thou knew this night I were here,
A woe woman then woldest thou bee.

21 And fare you well, Lord Mangerton!
And ever I say God be with thee!
For if you knew this night I were heere,
You wold sell your land for to loose mee.

22 And fare thou well, Much, Millers sonne!
Much, Millars sonne, I say;
Thou has beene better att merke midnight
Then ever thou was att noone o the day.

23 And fare thou well, my good Lord Clough!
Thou art thy ffathers sonne and heire;
Thou never saw him in all thy liffe
But with him durst thou breake a speare.

24 Wee are brothers childer nine or ten,
And sisters children ten or eleven.
We never came to the feild to fight,
But the worst of us was counted a man.

25 But then bespake him Hoby Noble,
And spake these words unto him;
Saies, Sleepest thou, wakest thou, Iohn o the Side
Or art thou this castle within?

26 'But who is there,' quoth Iohn oth Side,
'That knowes my name soe right and free?'
'I am a bastard-brother of thine;
This night I am comen for to loose thee.'

27 'Now nay, now nay,' quoth Iohn o the Side;
'Itt ffeares me sore that will not bee;
Ffor a pecke of gold and silver,' Iohn sayd,
'In faith this night will not loose mee.'

28 But then bespake him Hobby Noble,
And till his brother thus sayd hee;
Sayes, Four shall take this matter in hand,
And two shall tent our geldings ffree.

29 Four did breake one dore without,
Then Iohn brake five himsell;
But when they came to the iron dore,
It smote twelve upon the bell.

30 'Itt ffeares me sore,' sayd Much, the Miller,
'That heere taken wee all shalbee;'
'But goe away, bretheren,' sayd Iohn a Side,
'For ever alas! this will not bee.'

31 'But ffye upon thee!' sayd Hobby Noble;
'Much, the Miller, fye upon thee!
It sore feares me,' said Hobby Noble,
'Man that thou wilt never bee.'

32 But then he had Fflanders files two or three,
And hee fyled downe that iron dore,
And tooke Iohn out of the New Castle,
And sayd, Looke thou never come heere more!

33 When he had him fforth of the New Castle,
'Away with me, Iohn, thou shalt ryde;'
But ever alas! itt cold not bee;
For Iohn cold neither sitt nor stryde.

34 But then he had sheets two or three,
And bound Iohns boults fast to his ffeete,
And sett him on a well good steede,
Himselfe on another by him seete.

35 Then Hobby Noble smiled and loughe,
And spoke these worde in mickle pryde:
Thou sitts soe finely on thy geldinge
That, Iohn, thou rydes like a bryde.

36 And when they came thorrow Howbrame towne,
Iohns horsse there stumbled at a stone;
'Out and alas!' cryed Much, the Miller,
'Iohn, thou'le make us all be tane.'

37 'But fye upon thee!' saies Hobby Noble,
'Much, the Millar, fye on thee!
I know full well,' sayes Hobby Noble,
'Man that thou wilt never bee.'

38 And when the came into Howbrame wood,
He had Fflanders files two or three
To file Iohns bolts beside his ffeete,
That hee might ryde more easilye.

39 Sayes, 'Iohn, now leape over a steede!'
And Iohn then hee lope over five:
'I know well,' sayes Hobby Noble,
'Iohn, thy fellow is not alive.'

40 Then he brought him home to Mangerton;
The lord then he was att his meate;
But when Iohn o the Side he there did see,
For faine hee cold noe more eate.

41 He sayes, Blest be thou, Hobby Noble,
That ever thou wast man borne!
Thou hast feitched us home good Iohn oth Side,
That was now cleane ffrom us gone.

47

HOBIE NOBLE

1 Foul fa the breast first treason bred in!
That Liddisdale may safely say,
For in it there was baith meat and drink,
And corn unto our geldings gay.
Fala la diddle, etc.

2 We were stout-hearted men and true,
As England it did often say;
But now we may turn our backs and fly,
Since brave Noble is seld away.

3 Now Hobie he was an English man,
And born into Bewcastle dale,
But his misdeeds they were sae great,
They banishd him to Liddisdale.

4 At Kershope-foot the tryst was set,
Kershope of the lily lee;
And there was traitour Sim o the Mains,
With him a private companie.

5 Then Hobie has graithd his body weel,
I wat it was wi baith good iron and steel;
And he has pulld out his fringed grey,
And there, brave Noble, he rade him weel.

6 Then Hobie is down the water gane,
Een as fast as he may drie;
Tho they shoud a' brusten and broken their hearts,
Frae that tryst Noble he would not be.

7 'Weel may ye be, my feiries five!
And aye, what is your wills wi me?'
Then they cryd a' wi ae consent,
Thou'rt welcome here, brave Noble, to me.

8 Wilt thou with us in England ride?
And thy safe-warrand we will be,
If we get a horse worth a hundred punds,
Upon his back that thou shalt be.

9 'I dare not with you into England ride,
The land-sergeant has me at feid;
I know not what evil may betide
For Peter of Whitfield his brother's dead.

10 'And Anton Shiel, he loves not me,
For I gat twa drifts of his sheep;
The great Earl of Whitfield loves me not,
For nae gear frae me he err coud keep.

11 'But will ye stay till the day gae down,
Until the night come oer the grund,
And I'll be a guide worth ony twa
That may in Liddisdale be fund.

12 'Tho dark the night as pick and tar,
I'll guide ye oer yon hills fu hie,
And bring ye a' in safety back,
If you'll be true and follow me.'

13 He's guided them oer moss and muir,
Oer hill and houp, and mony ae down,
Til they came to the Foulbogshiel,
And there brave Noble he lighted down.

14 Then word is gane to the land-sergeant,
In Askirton where that he lay:
'The deer that ye hae hunted lang
Is seen into the Waste this day.'

15 'Then Hobie Noble is that deer;
I wat he carries the style fu hie!
Aft has he beat your slough-hounds back,
And set yourselves at little eie.

16 'Gar warn the bows of Hartlie-burn,
See they shaft their arrows on the wa!
Warn Willeva and Spear Edom,
And see the morn they meet me a'.

17 'Gar meet me on the Rodrie-haugh,
And see it be by break o day;
And we will on to Conscowthart Green,
For there, I think, w'll get our prey.'

18 Then Hobie Noble has dreamd a dream,
In the Foulbogshiel where that he lay;
He thought his horse was neath him shot,
And he himself got hard away.

19 The cocks could crow, and the day could dawn,
And I wat so even down fell the rain;
If Hobie had no wakend at that time,
In the Foulbogshiel he had been tane or slain.

20 'Get up, get up, my feiries five —
For I wat here makes a fu ill day —
And the warst clock of this companie
I hope shall cross the Waste this day.'

21 Now Hobie thought the gates were clear,
But, ever alas! it was not sae;
They were beset wi cruel men and keen,
That away brave Noble could not gae.

22 'Yet follow me, my feiries five,
And see of me ye keep good ray,
And the worst clock of this companie
I hope shall cross the Waste this day.'

23 There was heaps of men now Hobie before,
And other heaps was him behind,
That had he been as wight as Wallace was
Away brave Noble he could not win.

24 Then Hobie he had but a laddies sword,
But he did more than a laddies deed;
In the midst of Conscouthart Green,
He brake it oer Jers a Wigham's head.

25 Now they have tane brave Hobie Noble,
Wi his ane bowstring they band him sae;
And I wat his heart was neer sae sair
As when his ain five band him on the brae.

26 They have tane him on for West Carlisle;
They askd him if he knew the way;
Whateer he thought, yet little he said;
He knew the way as well as they.

27 They hae tane him up the Ricker-gate;
The wives they cast their windows wide,
And ilka wife to anither can say,
That's the man loosd Jock o the Side!

28 'Fy on ye, women! why ca ye me man?
For it's nae man that I'm usd like;
I'm but like a forfoughen hound,
Has been fighting in a dirty syke.'

29 Then they hae tane him up thro Carlisle town,
And set him by the chimney-fire;
They gave brave Noble a wheat loaf to eat,
And that was little his desire.

30 Then they gave him a wheat loaf to eat
And after that a can o beer;
Then they cried a', wi ae consent,
Eat, brave Noble, and make good cheer!

31 Confess my lord's horse, Hobie, they say,
And the morn in Carlisle thou's no die;
'How shall I confess them?' Hobie says,
'For I never saw them with mine eye.'

32 Then Hobie has sworn a fu great aith,
By the day that he was gotten or born,
He never had onything o my lord's
That either eat him grass or corn.

33 'Now fare thee weel, sweet Mangerton!
For I think again I'll neer thee see;
I wad betray nae lad alive,
For a' the goud in Christentie.

34 'And fare thee well now, Liddisdale,
Baith the hie land and the law!
Keep ye weel frae traitor Mains!
For goud and gear he'll sell ye a'.

35 'I'd rather be ca'd Hobie Noble,
In Carlisle, where he suffers for his faut,
Before I were ca'd traitor Mains,
That eats and drinks of meal and maut.'

48

JAMIE TELFER IN THE FAIR DODHEAD

1 It fell about the Martinmas,
When steads were fed wi corn and hay,
The Captain of Bewcastle said to his lads,
We'll into Tiviotdale and seek a prey.

2 The first ae guide that they met with
Was high up in Hardhaugh swire,
The second guide that they met with
Was laigh down in Borthick water.

3 'What tidings, what tidings, my bonny guide?'
'Nae tidings, nae tidings I hae to thee;
But if ye'll gae to the Fair Dodhead
Mony a cow's calf I'll let ye see.'

4 When they came to the Fair Dodhead,
Right hastily they clam the peel,
They loosd the nolt out, ane and ',
And ranshakled the house right weel.

5 Now Jamie's heart it was right sair,
The tear ay rowing in his eye;
He pled wi the Captain to hae his gear,
Or else revengëd he would be.

6 But the Captain turnd himsel about,
Said, Man, there's naething in thy house
But an auld sword without a scabbard,
That scarcely now would fell a mouse.

7 The moon was up and the sun was down,
'T was the gryming of a new-fa'n snaw;
Jamie Telfer has run eight miles barefoot
Between Dodhead and Branxholm Ha.

8 And when he came to Branxholm Ha
He shouted loud and cry'd weel he,
Till up bespake then auld Buccleugh,
'Whae's this that brings the fray to me?'

9 'It's I, Jamie Telfer i the Fair Dodhead,
And a harried man I think I be;
There's naething left i the Fair Dodhead
But only wife and children three.'

10 'Gae seek your succour frae Martin Elliot,
For succour ye's get nane frae me;
Gae seek your succour where ye paid blackmail,
For, man, ye never paid money to me.'

11 Jamie he's turnd him round about,
And ay the tear blinded his eye:
'I'se never pay mail to Scott again,
Nor the Fair Dodhead I'll ever see.'

12 Now Jamie is up the water-gate,
Een as fast as he can drie,
Till he came to the Coultart Cleugh,
And there he shouted and cry'd weel he.

13 Then up bespake him auld Jock Grieve,
'Whae's this that brings the fray to me?'
'It's I, Jamie Telfer i the Fair Dodhead,
And a harried man I think I be.

14 'There's naething left i the Fair Dodhead
But only wife and children three,
And sax poor calves stand i the sta,
A' routing loud for their minnie.'

15 'Alack, wae's me!' co auld Jock Grieve,
'Alack, alack, and wae is me!
For ye was married t' the auld sister,
And I t' the youngest o the three.'

16 Then he's taen out a bonny black,
It was weel fed wi corn and hay,
And set Jamie Telfer on his back,
To the Catlock hill to take the fray.

17 When he came to the Catlock hill,
He shouted loud and cry'd weel he;
'Whae's that, whae's that?' co Martin's Hab,
'Whae's this that brings the fray to me?'

18 'It's I, Jamie Telfer i the Fair Dodhead,
And a harried man I think I be;
There's neathing left i the Fair Dodhead
But only wife and children three.'

19 'Alack, wae's me!' co Martin's Hab,
'Alack, awae, my heart is sair!
I never came bye the Fair Dodhead
That ever I faund thy basket bare.'

20 Then he's taen out a bonny black,
It was weel fed wi corn and hay,
And set Jamie Telfer on his back
To the Pricken haugh to take the fray.

21 When he came to the Pricken haugh,
He shouted loud and cry'd weel he;
Up then bespake auld Martin Elliot,
'Whae's this that brings the fray to me?'

22 'It's I, Jamie Telfer i the Fair Dodhead,
And a harried man I think I be;
There's naething left i the Fair Dodhead
But only wife and children three.'

23 'Ever alack!' can Martin say,
'And ay my heart is sair for thee!
But fy, gar ca on Simmy my son,
And see that he come hastily.

24 'Fy, gar warn the water-side,
Gar warn it soon and hastily;
Them that winna ride for Telfer's kye,
Let them never look i the face o me.

25 'Gar warn the water, braid and wide,
And warn the Currers i the shaw;
When ye come in at the Hermitage slack,
Warn doughty Willie o Gorrenberry.'

26 The gear was driven the Frostily up,
From the Frostily into the plain;
When Simmie lookëd him afore,
He saw the kye right fast driving.

27 'Whae drives the kye,' then Simmy can say,
'To make an outspeckle o me?'
'It's I, the Captain o Bewcastle, Simmy,
I winna lain my name frae thee.'

28 'O will ye let the gear gae back?
Or will ye do ony thing for me?'
'I winna let the gear gae back,
Nor naething, Simmy, I'll do for thee.

29 'But I'll drive Jamie Telfer's kye
In spite o Jamie Telfer's teeth and thee;'
'Then by my sooth,' can Simmy say,
'I'll ware my dame's calfskin on thee.

30 'Fa on them, lads!' can Simmy say,
'Fy, fa on them cruelly!
For or they win to the Ritter ford
Mony toom saddle there shall be.'

31 But Simmy was stricken oer the head,
And thro the napskape it is gane,
And Moscrop made a doleful rage
When Simmy on the ground lay slain.

32 'Fy, lay on them!' co Martin Elliot,
'Fy, lay on them cruelly!
For ere they win to the Kershop ford
Mony toom saddle there shall be.'

33 John o Biggam he was slain,
And John o Barlow, as I heard say,
And fifteen o the Captain's men
Lay bleeding on the ground that day.

34 The Captain was shot through the head,
And also through the left leg-bane;
Tho he had livd this hundred years,
He'd neer been loed by woman again.

35 The word is gane unto his bride,
Een in the bower where she lay,
That her good lord was in 's enemy's land
Since into Tiviotdale he led the way.

36 'I loord a had a winding sheed
And helpd to put it oer his head,
Or he'd been taen in 's enemy's lands,
Since he oer Liddle his men did lead.'

37 There was a man in our company,
And his name was Willie Wudëspurs:
'There is a house in the Stanegarside,
If any man will ride with us.'

38 When they came to the Stanegarside,
They bangd wi trees and brake the door,
They loosd the kye out, ane and a',
And set them furth our lads before.

39 There was an auld wif ayont the fire,
A wee bit o the Captain's kin:
'Whae looses out the Captain's kye,
And sae mony o the Captain's men within?'

40 'I, Willie Wudëspurs, let out the kye,
I winna lain my name frae thee,
And I'll loose out the Captain's kye
In spite o the Captain's teeth and thee.'

41 Now on they came to the Fair Dodhead,
They were a welcome sight to see,
And instead of his ain ten milk-kye
Jamie Telfer's gotten thirty and three.

49

DICK O THE COW

1 Now Liddisdale has lain long in,
Fa la
There is no rideing there a ta;
Fa la
Their horse is growing so lidder and fatt
That are lazie in the sta.
Fa la la didle.

2 Then Johnë Armstrang to Willie can say,
Billie, a rideing then will we;
England and us has been long at a feed;
Perhaps we may hitt of some bootie.

3 Then they'r comd on to Hutton Hall,
They rade that proper place about;
But the laird he was the wiser man,
For he had left nae gear without.

4 Then he had left nae gear to steal,
Except six sheep upon a lee;
Says Johnie, I'de rather in England die
Before their six sheep good to Liddisdale with me.

5 'But how cald they the man we last with mett,
Billie, as we came over the know?'
'That same he is an innocent fool,
And some men calls him Dick o the Cow.'

6 'That fool has three as good kyne of his own
As is in a' Cumberland, billie,' quoth he:
'Betide my life, betide my death,
These three kyne shal go to Liddisdaile with me.'

7 Then they're comd on to the poor fool's house,
And they have broken his wals so wide;
They have loosd out Dick o the Cow's kyne three,
And tane three coerlets off his wife's bed.

8 Then on the morn, when the day grew light,
The shouts and crys rose loud and high:
'Hold thy tongue, my wife,' he says,
'And of thy crying let me bee.

9 'Hald thy tongue, my wife,' he says,
'And of thy crying let me bee,
And ay that where thou wants a kow,
Good sooth that I shal bring the three.'

10 Then Dick's comd on to lord and master,
And I wate a drerie fool was he:
'Hald thy tongue, my fool,' he says,
'For I may not stand to jest with thee.'

11 'Shame speed a your jesting, my lord,' quo Dickie,
'For nae such jesting grees with me;
Liddesdaile has been in my house this last night,
And they have tane my three kyne from me.

12 'But I may nae langer in Cumberland dwel,
To be your poor fool and your leel,
Unless ye give me leave, my lord,
To go to Liddisdale and steal.'

13 'To give thee leave, my fool,' he says,
'Thou speaks against mine honour and me;
Unless thou give me thy trouth and thy right hand
Thou'l steal frae nane but them that sta frae thee.'

14 'There is my trouth and my right hand;
My head shal hing on Hairibie,
I'le never crose Carlele sands again,
If I steal frae a man but them that sta frae me.'

15 Dickie has tane leave at lord and master,
And I wate a merrie fool was he;
He has bought a bridle and a pair of new spurs,
And has packed them up in his breek-thigh.

16 Then Dickie's come on for Puddinburn,
Even as fast as he may drie;
Dickie's come on for Puddinburn,
Where there was thirty Armstrongs and three.

17 'What's this comd on me!' quo Dickë,
'What meakle wae's this happend on me,' quo he,
'Where here is but ae innocent fool,
And there is thirty Armstrongs and three!'

18 Yet he's comd up to the hall among them all;
So wel he became his courtisie:
'Well may ye be, my good Laird's Jock!
But the deil bless all your companie.

19 'I'm come to plain of your man Fair Johnie Armstrong,
And syne his billie Willie,' quo he;
'How they have been in my house this last night,
And they have tane my three ky frae me.'

20 Quo Johnie Armstrong, We'll him hang;
'Nay,' thain quo Willie, 'we'll him slae;'
But up bespake another young man,
We'le nit him in a four-nooked sheet,
Give him his burden of batts, and lett him gae.

21 Then up bespake the good Laird's Jock,
The best falla in the companie:
Sitt thy way down a little while, Dickë,
And a peice of thine own cow's hough I'l give to thee.

22 But Dicki's heart it grew so great
That never a bitt of it he dought to eat:
But Dickie was warr of ane auld peathouse,
Where there al the night he thought for to sleep.

23 Then Dickie was warr of that auld peat-house,
Where there al the night he thought for to ly;
And a' the prayers the poor fool prayd was,
'I wish I had a mense for my own three kye!'

24 Then it was the use of Puddinburn,
And the house of Mangertoun, all haile!
These that came not at the first call
They gott no more meat till the next meall.

25 The lads, that hungry and aevery was,
Above the door-head they flang the key;
Dickie took good notice to that;
Says, There's a bootie younder for me.

26 Then Dickie's gane into the stable,
Where there stood thirty horse and three;
He has ty'd them a' with St Mary knot,
All these horse but barely three.

27 He has ty'd them a' with St Mary knott,
All these horse but barely three;
He has loupen on one, taken another in his hand,
And out at the door and gane is Dickie.

28 Then on the morn, when the day grew light,
The shouts and cryes rose loud and high;
'What's that theife?' quo the good Laird's Jock;
'Tel me the truth and the verity.

29 'What's that theife?' quo the good Laird's Jock;
'See unto me ye do not lie:'
'Dick o the Cow has been in the stable this last night,
And has my brother's horse and mine frae me.'

30 'Ye wad never be teld it,' quo the Laird's Jock;
'Have ye not found my tales fu leel?
Ye wade never out of England bide,
Till crooked and blind and a' wad steal.'

31 'But will thou lend me thy bay?' Fair Johnë Armstrong can say,
'There's nae mae horse loose in the stable but he;
And I'le either bring ye Dick o the Kow again,
Or the day is come that he must die.'

32 'To lend thee my bay,' the Laird's Jock can say,
'He 's both worth gold and good monie;
Dick o the Kow has away twa horse,
I wish no thou should no make him three.'

33 He has tane the Laird's jack on his back,
The twa-handed sword that hang lieugh by his thigh;
He has tane the steel cap on his head,
And on is he to follow Dickie.

34 Then Dickie was not a mile off the town,
I wate a mile but barely three,
Till John Armstrang has oertane Dick o the Kow,
Hand for hand on Cannobei lee.

35 'Abide the, bide now, Dickie than,
The day is come that thow must die;'
Dickie looked oer his left shoulder;
'Johnie, has thow any mo in thy company?

36 'There is a preacher in owr chapell,
And a' the lee-lang day teaches he;
When day is gane, and night is come,
There 's never a word I mark but three.

37 'The first and second's Faith and Conscience;
The third is, Johnie, Take head of thee;
But what faith and conscience had thow, traitor,
When thou took my three kye frae me?

38 'And when thou had tane my three kye,
Thou thought in thy heart thou was no wel sped;
But thou sent thi billie Willie oer the know,
And he took three coerlets of my wife's bed.'

39 Then Johne lett a spear fa leaugh by his thigh,
Thought well to run the innocent through;
But the powers above was more than his,
He ran but the poor fool's jerkin through.

40 Together they ran or ever they blan—
This was Dickie, the fool, and hee—
Dickie could not win to him with the blade of the sword,
But he feld him with the plummet under the eye.

41 Now Dickie has feld Fair Johnë Armstrong,
The prettiest man in the south countrey;
'Gramercie,' then can Dickie say,
'I had twa horse, thou has made me three.'

42 He has tane the laird's jack off his back,
The twa-handed sword that hang leiugh by his thigh;
He has tane the steel cape off his head:
'Johnie, I'le tel my master I met with thee.'

43 When Johnë wakend out of his dream,
I wate a dreiry man was he:
'Is thou gane now, Dickie, than?
The shame gae in thy company!

44 'Is thou gane now, Dickie, than?
The shame go in thy companie!
For if I should live this hundred year,
I shal never fight with a fool after thee.'

45 Then Dickie comed home to lord and master,
Even as fast as he may driee:
'Now Dickie, I shal neither eat meat nor drink
Till high hanged that thou shall be!'

46 'The shame speed the liars, my lord!' quo Dickie,
'That was no the promise ye made to me;
For I'd never gane to Liddesdale to steal
Till that I sought my leave at thee.'

47 'But what gart thow steal the Laird's-Jock's horse?
And, limmer, what gart thou steal him?' quo he;
'For lang might thow in Cumberland dwelt
Or the Laird's Jock had stoln ought frae thee.'

48 'Indeed I wate ye leed, my lord,
And even so loud as I hear ye lie;
I wan him frae his man, Fair Johnë Armstrong,
Hand for hand on Cannobie lee.

49 'There's the jack was on his back,
The twa-handed sword that hung lewgh by his thigh;
There's the steel cap was on his head;
I have a' these takens to lett you see.'

50 'If that be true thou to me tels—
I trow thou dare not tel a lie—
I 'le give thee twenty pound for the good horse,
Wel teld in thy cloke-lap shall be.

51 'And I'le give thee one of my best milk-kye,
To maintain thy wife and children three;
And that may be as good, I think,
As ony twa o thine might be.'

52 'The shame speed the liars, my lord!' quo Dicke,
'Trow ye ay to make a fool of me?
I'le either have thirty pound for the good horse,
Or els he's gae to Mattan fair wi me.'

53 Then he has given him thirty pound for the good horse,
All in gold and good monie;
He has given him one of his best milk-kye,
To maintain his wife and children three.

54 Then Dickie's come down through Carlile town,
Even as fast as he may drie:
The first of men that he with mett
Was my lord's brother, Bailife Glazenberrie.

55 'Well may ye be, my good Ralph Scrupe!'
'Welcome, my brother's fool!' quo he;
'Where did thou gett Fair Johnie Armstrong's horse?'
'Where did I get him but steall him,' quo he.

56 'But will thou sell me Fair Johnie Armstrong's horse?
And, billie, will thou sel him to me?' quo he:
'Ay, and tel me the monie on my clokelap,
For there's not one fathing I'le trust thee.'

57 'I'le give thee fifteen pound for the good horse,
Wel teld on thy cloke-lap shal be;
And I'le give thee one of my best milk-kye,
To maintain thy wife and thy children three.'

58 'The shame speed the liars, my lord!' quo Dickë,
'Trow ye ay to make a fool of me?' quo he:
'I'le either have thirty pound for the good horse,
Or else he's to Mattan Fair with me.'

59 He has given him thirty pound for the good horse,
All in gold and good monie;
He has given him one of his best milk-kye,
To maintain his wife and children three.

60 Then Dickie lap a loup on high,
And I wate a loud laughter leugh he:
'I wish the neck of the third horse were browken,
For I have a better of my own, and onie better can be.'

61 Then Dickie comd hame to his wife again;
Judge ye how the poor fool he sped;
He has given her three score of English pounds
For the three auld coerlets was tane of her bed.

62 'Hae, take thee there twa as good kye,
I trow, as al thy three might be;
And yet here is a white-footed naigg;
I think he'le carry booth thee and me.

63 'But I may no langer in Cumberland dwell;
The Armstrongs the'le hang me high:'
But Dickie has tane leave at lord and master,
And Burgh under Stanemuir there dwels Dickie.

50

JOHNIE COCK

1 Johny he has risen up i the morn,
Calls for water to wash his hands;
But little knew he that his bloody hounds
Were bound in iron bands.

2 Johny's mother has gotten word o that,
And care-bed she has taen:
'O Johny, for my benison,
I beg you'l stay at hame;
For the wine so red, and the well baken bread,
My Johny shall want nane.

3 'There are seven forsters at Pickeram Side,
At Pickeram where they dwell,
And for a drop of thy heart's bluid
They wad ride the fords of hell.'

4 Johny he's gotten word of that,
And he's turnd wondrous keen;
He's put off the red scarlett,
And he's put on the Lincolm green.

5 With a sheaf of arrows by his side,
And a bent bow in his hand,
He's mounted on a prancing steed,
And he has ridden fast oer the strand.

6 He's up i Braidhouplee, and down i Bradyslee,
And under a buss o broom,
And there he found a good dun deer,
Feeding in a buss of ling.

7 Johny shot, and the dun deer lap,
And she lap wondrous wide,
Until they came to the wan water,
And he stemd her of her pride.

8 He 'as taen out the little pen-knife,
'T was full three quarters long,
And he has taen out of that dun deer
The liver bot and the tongue.

9 They eat of the flesh, and they drank of the blood,
And the blood it was so sweet,
Which caused Johny and his bloody hounds
To fall in a deep sleep.

10 By then came an old palmer,
And an ill death may he die!
For he's away to Pickram Side,
As fast as he can drie.

11 'What news, what news?' says the Seven Forsters,
'What news have ye brought to me?'
'I have noe news,' the palmer said,
'But what I saw with my eye.

12 'High up i Bradyslee, low down i Bradisslee,
And under a buss of scroggs,
O there I spied a well-wight man,
Sleeping among his dogs.

13 'His coat it was of light Lincolm,
And his breeches of the same,
His shoes of the American leather,
And gold buckles tying them.'

14 Up bespake the Seven Forsters,
Up bespake they ane and a':
O that is Johny o Cockleys Well,
And near him we will draw.

15 O the first y stroke that they gae him,
They struck him off by the knee;
Then up bespake his sister's son:
'O the next'll gar him die!'

16 'O some they count ye well-wight men,
But I do count ye nane;
For you might well ha wakend me,
And askd gin I wad be taen.

17 'The wildest wolf in aw this wood
Wad not ha done so by me;
She'd ha wet her foot ith wan water,
And sprinkled it oer my brae,
And if that wad not ha wakend me,
She wad ha gone and let me be.

18 'O bows of yew, if ye be true,
In London, where ye were bought,
Fingers five, get up belive,
Mañhuid shall fail me nought.'

19 He has killd the Seven Forsters,
He has killd them all but ane,
And that wan scarce to Pickeram Side,
To carry the bode-words hame.

20 'Is there never a boy in a' this wood
That will tell what I can say;
That will go to Cockleys Well,
Tell my mither to fetch me away?'

21 There was a boy into that wood,
That carried the tidings away,
And many ae was the well-wight man
At the fetching o Johny away.

51

ROBIN HOOD AND THE MONK

1 In somer, when the shawes be sheyne,
And leves be large and long,
Hit is full mery in feyre foreste
To here the foulys song:

2 To se the dere draw to the dale,
And leve the hilles hee,
And shadow hem in the levës grene,
Under the grene-wode tre.

3 Hit befel on Whitsontide,
Erly in a May mornyng,
The son up feyre can shyne,
And the briddis mery can syng.

4 'This is a mery mornyng,' seid Litull John
'Be hym that dyed on tre;
A more mery man then I am one
Lyves not in Cristiantë.

5 'Pluk up thi hert, my dere mayster,'
Litull John can sey,
'And thynk hit is a full fayre tyme
In a mornyng of May.'

6 'Ye, on thyng greves me,' seid Robyn,
'And does my hert mych woo;
That I may not no solem day
To mas nor matyns goo.

7 'Hit is a fourtnet and more,' seid he,
'Syn I my savyour see;
To day wil I to Notyngham,' seid Robyn,
'With the myght of mylde Marye.'

8 Than spake Moche, the mylner sun,
Ever more wel hym betyde!
'Take twelve of thi wyght yemen,
Well weppynd, be thi side.
Such on wolde thi selfe slon,
That twelve dar not abyde.'

9 'Of all my mery men,' seid Robyn,
'Be my feith I wil non have,
But Litull John shall beyre my bow,
Til that me list to drawe.'

10 'Thou shall beyre thin own,' seid Litull Jon,
'Maister, and I wyl beyre myne,
And we well shete a peny,' seid Litull Jon,
'Under the grene-wode lyne.'

11 'I wil not shete a peny,' seyd Robyn Hode,
'In feith, Litull John, with the,
But ever for on as thou shetis,' seide Robyn,
'In feith I holde the thre.'

12 Thus shet thei forth, these yemen too,
Bothe at buske and brome,
Til Litull John wan of his maister
Five shillings to hose and shone.

13 A ferly strife fel them betwene,
As they went bi the wey;
Litull John seid he had won five shillings,
And Robyn Hode seid schortly nay.

14 With that Robyn Hode lyed Litul Jon,
And smote hym with his hande;
Litul Jon waxed wroth therwith,
And pulled out his bright bronde.

15 'Were thou not my maister,' seid Litull John,
'Thou shuldis by hit ful sore;
Get the a man wher thou wilt,
For thou getis me no more.'

16 Then Robyn goes to Notyngham,
Hym selfe mornyng allone,
And Litull John to mery Scherwode,
The pathes he knew ilkone.

17 Whan Robyn came to Notyngham,
Sertenly withouten layn,
He prayed to God and myld Mary
To bring hym out save agayn.

18 He gos in to Seynt Mary chirch,
And kneled down before the rode;
Alle that ever were the church within
Beheld wel Robyn Hode.

19 Beside hym stod a gret-hedid munke,
I pray to God woo he be!
Fful sone he knew gode Robyn,
As sone as he hym se.

20 Out at the durre he ran,
Fful sone and anon;
Alle the yatis of Notyngham
He made to be sparred everychon.

21 'Rise up,' he seid, 'thou prowde schereff,
Buske the and make the bowne;
I have spyed the kynggis felon,
Ffor sothe he is in this town.

22 'I have spyed the false felon,
As he stondis at his masse;
Hit is long of the,' seide the munke,
'And ever he fro us passe.

23 'This traytur name is Robyn Hode,
Under the grene-wode lynde;
He robbyt me onys of a hundred pound,
Hit shalle never out of my mynde.'

24 Up then rose this prowde shereff,
And radly made hym yare;
Many was the moder son
To the kyrk with hym can fare.

25 In at the durres thei throly thrast,
With staves ful gode wone;
'Alas, alas!' seid Robyn Hode,
'Now mysse I Litull John.'

26 But Robyn toke out a too-hond sworde,
That hangit down be his kne;
Ther as the schereff and his men stode thyckust,
Thethurwarde wolde he.

27 Thryes thorowout them he ran then,
For sothe as I yow sey,
And woundyt mony a moder son,
And twelve he slew that day.

28 His sworde upon the schireff hed
Sertanly he brake in too;
'The smyth that the made,' seid Robyn,
'I pray to God wyrke hym woo!

29 'Ffor now am I weppynlesse,' seid Robyn,
'Alasse! agayn my wylle;
But if I may fle these traytors fro,
I wot thei wil me kyll.'

30 Robyn in to the churchë ran,
Throout hem everilkon,

* * * * * *

31 Sum fel in swonyng as thei were dede,
And lay stil as any stone;
Non of theym were in her mynde
But only Litull Jon.

32 'Let be your rule,' seid Litull Jon,
'Ffor his luf that dyed on tre,
Ye that shulde be dughty men;
Het is gret shame to se.

33 'Oure maister has bene hard bystode
And yet scapyd away;
Pluk up your hertis, and leve this mone,
And harkyn what I shal say.

34 'He has servyd Oure Lady many a day,
And yet wil, securly;
Therfor I trust in hir specialy
No wyckud deth shal he dye.

35 'Therfor be glad,' seid Litul John,
'And let this mournyng be;
And I shal be the munkis gyde,
With the myght of mylde Mary.

36 . . . . . .
'We will go but we too;
And I mete hym,' seid Litul John,
. . . . . .

37 'Loke that ye kepe wel owre tristil-tre,
Under the levys smale,
And spare non of this venyson,
That gose in thys vale.'

38 Fforthe then went these yemen too,
Litul John and Moche on fere,
And lokid on Moch emys hows,
The hye way lay full nere.

39 Litul John stode at a wyndow in the mornyng,
And lokid forth at a stage;
He was war wher the munke came ridyng,
And with hym a litul page.

40 'Be my feith,' seid Litul John to Moch,
'I can the tel tithyngus gode;
I se wher the munke cumys rydyng,
I know hym be his wyde hode.'

41 They went in to the way, these yemen bothe,
As curtes men and hende;
Thei spyrred tithyngus at the munke,
As they hade bene his frende.

42 'Ffro whens come ye?' seid Litull Jon,
'Tel us tithyngus, I yow pray,
Off a false owtlay, callid Robyn Hode,
Was takyn yisterday.

43 'He robbyt me and my felowes bothe
Of twenti marke in serten;
If that false owtlay be takyn,
Ffor sothe we wolde be fayn.'

44 'So did he me,' seid the munke,
'Of a hundred pound and more;
I layde furst hande hym apon,
Ye may thonke me therfore.'

45 'I pray God thanke you,' seid Litull John,
'And we wil when we may;
We wil go with you, with your leve,
And bryng yow on your way.

46 'Ffor Robyn Hode hase many a wilde felow,
I tell you in certen;
If thei wist ye rode this way,
In feith ye shulde be slayn.'

47 As thei went talking be the way,
The munke and Litull John,
John toke the munkis horse be the hede,
Fful sone and anon.

48 Johne toke the munkis horse be the hed,
Ffor sothe as I yow say;
So did Much the litull page,
Ffor he shulde not scape away.

49 Be the golett of the hode
John pulled the munke down;
John was nothyng of hym agast,
He lete hym falle on his crown.

50 Litull John was sore agrevyd,
And drew owt his swerde in hye;
This munke saw he shulde be ded,
Lowd mercy can he crye.

51 'He was my maister,' seid Litull John,
'That thou hase browght in bale;
Shalle thou never cum at our kyng,
Ffor to telle hym tale.'

52 John smote of the munkis hed,
No longer wolde he dwell;
So did Moch the litull page,
Ffor ferd lest he wolde tell.

53 Ther thei beryed hem bothe,
In nouther mosse nor lyng,
And Litull John and Much infere
Bare the letturs to oure kyng.

54 . . . . . .
He knelid down upon his kne:
'God you save, my lege lorde,
Ihesus yow save and se!

55 'God yow save, my lege kyng!'
To speke John was full bolde;
He gaf hym the letturs in his hond,
The kyng did hit unfold.

56 The kyng red the letturs anon,
And seid, So mot I the,
Ther was never yoman in mery Inglond
I longut so sore to se.

57 'Wher is the munke that these shuld have brought?'
Oure kyng can say:
'Be my trouth,' seid Litull John,
'He dyed after the way.'

58 The kyng gaf Moch and Litul Jon
Twenti pound in sertan,
And made theim yemen of the crown,
And bade theim go agayn.

59 He gaf John the seel in hand,
The sheref for to bere,
To bryng Robyn hym to,
And no man do hym dere.

60 John toke his leve at oure kyng,
The sothe as I yow say;
The next way to Notyngham
To take, he yede the way.

61 Whan John came to Notyngham
The yatis were sparred ychon;
John callid up the porter,
He answerid sone anon.

62 'What is the cause,' seid Litul Jon,
'Thou sparris the yates so fast?'
'Because of Robyn Hode,' seid the porter,
'In depe prison is cast.

63 'John and Moch and Wyll Scathlok,
Ffor sothe as I yow say,
Thei slew oure men upon our wallis,
And sawten us every day.'

64 Litull John spyrred after the schereff,
And sone he hym fonde;
He oppyned the kyngus prive seell,
And gaf hym in his honde.

65 Whan the scheref saw the kyngus seell,
He did of his hode anon:
'Wher is the munke that bare the letturs?'
He seid to Litull John.

66 'He is so fayn of hym,' seid Litul John,
'Ffor sothe as I yow say,
He has made hym abot of Westmynster,
A lorde of that abbay.'

67 The scheref made John gode chere,
And gaf hym wyne of the best;
At nyght thei went to her bedde,
And every man to his rest.

68 When the scheref was on slepe,
Dronken of wyne and ale,
Litul John and Moch for sothe
Toke the way unto the jale.

69 Litul John callid up the jayler,
And bade hym rise anon;
He seyd Robyn Hode had brokyn prison,
And out of hit was gon.

70 The porter rose anon sertan,
As sone as he herd John calle;
Litul John was redy with a swerd,
And bare hym to the walle.

71 'Now wil I be porter,' seid Litul John,
'And take the keyes in honde:'
He toke the way to Robyn Hode,
And sone he hym unbonde.

72 He gaf hym a gode swerd in his hond,
His hed therwith for to kepe,
And ther as the walle was lowyst
Anon down can thei lepe.

73 Be that the cok began to crow,
The day began to spryng;
The scheref fond the jaylier ded,
The comyn bell made he ryng.

74 He made a crye thoroout al the town,
Wheder he be yoman or knave,
That cowthe bryng hym Robyn Hode,
His warison he shuld have.

75 'Ffor I dar never,' said the scheref,
'Cum before oure kyng;
Ffor if I do, I wot serten
Ffor sothe he wil me heng.'

76 The scheref made to seke Notyngham,
Bothe be strete and stye,
And Robyn was in mery Scherwode,
As light as lef on lynde.

77 Then bespake gode Litull John,
To Robyn Hode can he say,
I have done the a gode turne for an evyll,
Quyte the whan thou may.

78 'I have done the a gode turne,' seid Litull John,
'Ffor sothe as I yow say;
I have brought the under grene-wode lyne;
Ffare wel, and have gode day.'

79 'Nay, be my trouth,' seid Robyn Hode,
'So shall hit never be;
I make the maister,' seid Robyn Hode,
'Off alle my men and me.'

80 'Nay, be my trouth,' seid Litull John,
'So shalle hit never be;
But lat me be a felow,' seid Litull John,
'No noder kepe I be.'

81 Thus John gate Robyn Hod out of prison,
Sertan withoutyn layn;
Whan his men saw hym hol and sounde,
Ffor sothe they were full fayne.

82 They filled in wyne, and made hem glad,
Under the levys smale,
And gete pastes of venyson,
That gode was with ale.

83 Than worde came to oure kyng
How Robyn Hode was gon,
And how the scheref of Notyngham
Durst never loke hym upon.

84 Then bespake oure cumly kyng,
In an angur hye:
Litull John hase begyled the schereff,
In faith so hase he me.

85 Litul John has begyled us bothe,
And that full wel I se;
Or ellis the schereff of Notyngham
Hye hongut shulde he be.

86 'I made hem yemen of the crowne,
And gaf hem fee with my hond;
I gaf hem grith,' seid oure kyng,
'Thorowout all mery Inglond.

87 'I gaf theym grith,' then seid oure kyng;
'I say, so mot I the,
Ffor sothe soch a yeman as he is on
In all Inglond ar not thre.

88 'He is trew to his maister,' seid our kyng;
'I sey, be swete Seynt John,
He lovys better Robyn Hode
Then he does us ychon.

89 'Robyn Hode is ever bond to hym,
Bothe in strete and stalle;
Speke no more of this mater,' seid oure kyng,
'But John has begyled us alle.'

90 Thus endys the talkyng of the munke
And Robyn Hode i-wysse;
God, that is ever a crowned kyng,
Bryng us all to his blisse!

52

ROBIN HOOD AND GUY OF GISBORNE

1 When shawes beene sheene, and shradds full fayre,
And leeves both large and longe,
Itt is merry, walking in the fayre fforrest,
To heare the small birds songe.

2 The woodweele sang, and wold not cease,
Amongst the leaves a lyne:
And it is by two wight yeomen,
By deare God, that I meane.

* * * * * *

3 'Me thought they did mee beate and binde,
And tooke my bow mee froe;
If I bee Robin a-live in this lande,
I'le be wrocken on both them towe.'

4 'Sweavens are swift, master,' quoth Iohn,
'As the wind that blowes ore a hill;
Ffor if itt be never soe lowde this night,
To-morrow it may be still.'

5 'Buske yee, bowne yee, my merry men all,
Ffor Iohn shall goe with mee;
For I'le goe seeke yond wight yeomen
In greenwood where the bee.'

6 Thé cast on their gowne of greene,
A shooting gone are they,
Untill they came to the merry greenwood,
Where they had gladdest bee;
There were the ware of a wight yeoman,
His body leaned to a tree.

7 A sword and a dagger he wore by his side,
Had beene many a mans bane,
And he was cladd in his capull-hyde,
Topp, and tayle, and mayne.

8 'Stand you still, master,' quoth Litle Iohn,
'Under this trusty tree,
And I will goe to yond wight yeoman,
To know his meaning trulye.'

9 'A, Iohn, by me thou setts noe store,
And that's a ffarley thinge;
How offt send I my men beffore,
And tarry my-selfe behinde?

10 'It is noe cunning a knave to ken,
And a man but heare him speake;
And itt were not for bursting of my bowe,
Iohn, I wold thy head breake.'

11 But often words they breeden bale,
That parted Robin and Iohn;
Iohn is gone to Barnesdale,
The gates he knowes eche one.

12 And when hee came to Barnesdale,
Great heavinesse there hee hadd;
He ffound two of his fellowes
Were slaine both in a slade,

13 And Scarlett a ffoote flyinge was,
Over stockes and stone,
For the sheriffe with seven score men
Fast after him is gone.

14 'Yett one shoote I'le shoote,' sayes Litle Iohn,
'With Crist his might and mayne;
I'le make yond fellow that flyes soe fast
To be both glad and ffaine.'

15 Iohn bent up a good veiwe bow,
And ffetteled him to shoote;
The bow was made of a tender boughe,
And fell downe to his foote.

16 'Woe worth thee, wicked wood,' sayd Litle Iohn,
'That ere thou grew on a tree!
Ffor this day thou art my bale,
My boote when thou shold bee!'

17 This shoote it was but looselye shott,
The arrowe flew in vaine,
And it mett one of the sheriffes men;
Good William a Trent was slaine.

18 It had beene better for William a Trent
To hange upon a gallowe
Then for to lye in the greenwoode,
There slaine with an arrowe.

19 And it is sayd, when men be mett,
Six can doe more then three:
And they have tane Litle Iohn,
And bound him ffast to a tree.

20 'Thou shalt be drawen by dale and downe,' quoth the sheriffe,
'And hanged hye on a hill:'
'But thou may ffayle,' quoth Litle Iohn,
'If itt be Christs owne will.'

21 Let us leave talking of Litle Iohn,
For hee is bound fast to a tree,
And talke of Guy and Robin Hood,
In the green woode where they bee.

22 How these two yeomen together they mett,
Under the leaves of lyne,
To see what marchandise they made
Even at that same time.

23 'Good morrow, good fellow,' quoth Sir Guy;
'Good morrow, good ffellow,'quoth hee;
'Methinkes by this bow thou beares in thy hand,
A good archer thou seems to bee.'

24 'I am wilfull of my way,' quoth Sir Guye,
'And of my morning tyde:'
'I'le lead thee through the wood,' quoth Robin,
'Good ffellow, I'le be thy guide.'

25 'I seeke an outlaw,' quoth Sir Guye,
'Men call him Robin Hood;
I had rather meet with him upon a day
Then forty pound of golde.'

26 'If you tow mett, itt wold be seene whether were better
Afore yee did part awaye;
Let us some other pastime find,
Good ffellow, I thee pray.

27 'Let us some other masteryes make,
And wee will walke in the woods even;
Wee may chance meet with Robin Hoode
Att some unsett steven.'

28 They cutt them downe the summer shroggs
Which grew both under a bryar,
And sett them three score rood in twinn,
To shoote the prickes full neare.

29 'Leade on, good fellow,' sayd Sir Guye,
'Lead on, I doe bidd thee:'
'Nay, by my faith,' quoth Robin Hood,
'The leader thou shalt bee.'

30 The first good shoot that Robin ledd
Did not shoote an inch the pricke ffroe;
Guy was an archer good enoughe,
But he cold neere shoote soe.

31 The second shoote Sir Guy shott,
He shott within the garlande;
But Robin Hoode shott it better then hee,
For he clove the good pricke-wande.

32 'Gods blessing on thy heart!' sayes Guye,
'Goode ffellow, thy shooting is goode;
For an thy hart be as good as thy hands,
Thou were better then Robin Hood.

33 'Tell me thy name, good ffellow,' quoth Guy,
'Under the leaves of lyne:'
'Nay, by my faith,' quoth good Robin,
'Till thou have told me thine.'

34 'I dwell by dale and downe,' quoth Guye,
'And I have done many a curst turne;
And he that calles me by my right name
Calles me Guye of good Gysborne.'

35 'My dwelling is in the wood,' sayes Robin;
'By thee I set right nought;
My name is Robin Hood of Barnesdale,
A ffellow thou has long sought.'

36 He that had neither beene a kithe nor kin
Might have seene a full fayre sight,
To see how together these yeomen went,
With blades both browne and bright.

37 To have seene how these yeomen together fought,
Two howers of a summers day;
Itt was neither Guy nor Robin Hood
That ffettled them to flye away.

38 Robin was reacheles on a roote,
And stumbled at that tyde,
And Guy was quicke and nimble withall,
And hitt him ore the left side.

39 'Ah, deere Lady!' sayd Robin Hoode,
'Thou art both mother and may!
I thinke it was never mans destinye
To dye before his day.'

40 Robin thought on Our Lady deere,
And soone leapt up againe,
And thus he came with an awkwarde stroke;
Good Sir Guy hee has slayne.

41 He tooke Sir Guys head by the hayre,
And sticked itt on his bowes end:
'Thou hast been traytor all thy liffe,
Which thing must have an ende.'

42 Robin pulled forth an Irish kniffe,
And nicked Sir Guy in the fface,
That hee was never on a woman borne
Cold tell who Sir Guye was.

43 Saies, Lye there, lye there, good Sir Guye,
And with me be not wrothe;
If thou have had the worse stroakes at my hand,
Thou shalt have the better cloathe.

44 Robin did off his gowne of greene,
Sir Guye hee did it throwe;
And hee put on that capull-hyde,
That cladd him topp to toe.

45 'The bowe, the arrowes, and litle horne,
And with me now I'le beare;
Ffor now I will goe to Barnesdale,
To see how my men doe ffare.'

46 Robin sett Guyes horne to his mouth,
A lowd blast in it he did blow;
That beheard the sheriffe of Nottingham,
As he leaned under a lowe.

47 'Hearken! hearken!' sayd the sheriffe,
'I heard noe tydings but good;
For yonder I heare Sir Guyes horne blowe,
For he hath slaine Robin Hoode.

48 'For yonder I heare Sir Guyes horne blow,
Itt blowes soe well in tyde,
For yonder comes that wighty yeoman,
Cladd in his capull-hyde.

49 'Come hither, thou good Sir Guy,
Aske of mee what thou wilt have:'
'I'le none of thy gold,' sayes Robin Hood,
'Nor I'le none of itt have.

50 'But now I have slaine the master,' he sayd,
'Let me goe strike the knave;
This is all the reward I aske,
Nor noe other will I have.'

51 'Thou art a madman,' said the shiriffe,
'Thou sholdest have had a knights ffee;
Seeing thy asking hath beene soe badd,
Well granted it shall be.'

52 But Litle Iohn heard his master speake,
Well he knew that was his steven;
'Now shall I be loset,' quoth Litle Iohn,
'With Christs might in heaven.'

53 But Robin hee hyed him towards Litle Iohn,
Hee thought hee wold loose him belive;
The sheriffe and all his companye
Fast after him did drive.

54 'Stand abacke! stand abacke!' sayd Robin;
'Why draw you mee soe neere?
Itt was never the use in our countrye
One's shrift another shold heere.'

55 But Robin pulled forth an Irysh kniffe,
And losed Iohn hand and ffoote,
And gave him Sir Guyes bowe in his hand,
And bade it be his boote.

56 But Iohn tooke Guyes bow in his hand—
His arrowes were rawstye by the roote—;
The sheriffe saw Litle Iohn draw a bow
And ffettle him to shoote.

57 Towards his house in Nottingam
He ffled full fast away,
And soe did all his companye,
Not one behind did stay.

58 But he cold neither soe fast goe,
Nor away soe fast runn,
But Litle Iohn, with an arrow broade,
Did cleave his heart in twinn.

53

ROBIN HOOD'S DEATH

1 'I will never eate nor drinke,' Robin Hood said,
'Nor meate will doo me noe good,
Till I have beene att merry Churchlees,
My vaines for to let blood.'

2 'That I reade not,' said Will Scarllett,
'Master, by the assente of me,
Without halfe a hundred of your best bowmen
You take to goe with yee.

3 'For there a good yeoman doth abide
Will be sure to quarrell with thee,
And if thou have need of us, master,
In faith we will not flee.'

4 'And thou be feard, thou William Scarlett,
Att home I read thee bee:'
'And you be wrothe, my deare master,
You shall never heare more of mee.'

* * * * * *

5 'For there shall noe man with me goe,
Nor man with mee ryde,
And Litle Iohn shall be my man,
And beare my benbow by my side.'

6 'You'st beare your bowe, master, your selfe,
And shoote for a peny with mee:'
'To that I doe assent,' Robin Hood sayd,
'And soe, Iohn, lett it bee.'

7 They two bolde children shotten together,
All day theire selfe in ranke,
Untill they came to blacke water,
And over it laid a planke.

8 Upon it there kneeled an old woman,
Was banning Robin Hoode;
'Why dost thou bann Robin Hoode?' said Robin,

. . . . . .
* * * * * *

9 . . . . . .
'To give to Robin Hoode;
Wee weepen for his deare body,
That this day must be lett bloode.'

10 'The dame prior is my aunts daughter,
And nie unto my kinne;
I know shee wold me noe harme this day,
For all the world to winne.'

11 Forth then shotten these children two,
And they did never lin,
Untill they came to merry Churchlees,
To merry Churchlees with-in.

12 And when they came to merry Churchlees,
They knoced upon a pin;
Upp then rose dame prioresse,
And lett good Robin in.

13 Then Robin gave to dame prioresse
Twenty pound in gold,
And bad her spend while that wold last,
And shee shold have more when shee wold.

14 And downe then came dame prioresse,
Downe she came in that ilke,
With a pair off blood-irons in her hands,
Were wrapped all in silke.

15 'Sett a chaffing-dish to the fyer,' said dame prioresse,
'And stripp thou up thy sleeve:'
I hold him but an unwise man
That will noe warning leeve.

16 Shee laid the blood-irons to Robin Hoods vaine,
Alacke, the more pitye!
And pearct the vaine, and let out the bloode,
That full red was to see.

17 And first it bled, the thicke, thicke bloode,
And afterwards the thinne,
And well then wist good Robin Hoode
Treason there was within.

18 'What cheere my master?' said Litle Iohn;
'In faith, Iohn, litle goode;'
. . . . . .
. . . . . .
* * * * * *

19 'I have upon a gowne of greene,
Is cut short by my knee,
And in my hand a bright browne brand
That will well bite of thee.'

20 But forth then of a shot-windowe
Good Robin Hood he could glide;
Red Roger, with a grounden glave,
Thrust him through the milke-white side.

21 But Robin was light and nimble of foote,
And thought to abate his pride,
Ffor betwixt his head and his shoulders
He made a wound full wide.

22 Says, Ly there, ly there, Red Roger,
The doggs they must thee eate;
'For I may have my houzle,' he said,
'For I may both goe and speake.

23 'Now give me mood,' Robin said to Litle Iohn,
'Give me mood with thy hand;
I trust to God in heaven soe hye
My houzle will me bestand.'

24 'Now give me leave, give me leave, master,' he said,
'For Christs love give leave to me,
To set a fier within this hall,
And to burne up all Churchlee.'

25 'That I reade not,' said Robin Hoode then,
'Litle Iohn, for it may not be;
If I shold doe any widow hurt, at my latter end,
God,' he said, 'wold blame me;

26 'But take me upon thy backe, Litle Iohn,
And beare me to yonder streete,
And there make me a full fayre grave,
Of gravell and of greete.

27 'And sett my bright sword at my head,
Mine arrowes at my feete,
And lay my vew-bow by my side,
My met-yard wi . . . .

54

A GEST OF ROBYN HODE

1 Lythe and listin, gentilmen,
That be of frebore blode;
I shall you tel of a gode yeman,
His name was Robyn Hode.

2 Robyn was a prude outlaw,
Whyles he walked on grounde;
So curteyse an outlawe as he was one
Was never non founde.

3 Robyn stode in Bernesdale,
And lenyd hym to a tre;
And bi hym stode Litell Johnn,
A gode yeman was he.

4 And alsoo dyd gode Scarlok,
And Much, the miller's son;
There was none ynch of his bodi
But it wås worth a grome.

5 Than bespake Lytell Johnn
All untoo Robyn Hode:
Maister, and ye wolde dyne betyme
It wolde doo you moche gode.

6 Than bespake hym gode Robyn:
To dyne have I noo lust,
Till that I have som bolde baron,
Or som unkouth gest.

7 . . . . .
That may pay for the best,
Or som knyght or som squyer,
That dwelleth here bi west.

8 A gode maner than had Robyn;
In londe where that he were,
Every day or he wold dyne
Thre messis wolde he here.

9 The one in the worship of the Fader,
And another of the Holy Gost,
The thirde of Our derë Lady,
That he loved alther moste.

10 Robyn loved Oure derë Lady;
For dout of dydly synne,
Wolde he never do compani harme
That any woman was in.

11 'Maistar,' than sayde Lytil Johnn,
'And we our borde shal sprede,
Tel us wheder that we shal go,
And what life that we shal lede.

12 'Where we shall take, where we shall leve,
Where we shall abide behynde;
Where we shall robbe, where we shal reve,
Where we shal bete and bynde.'

13 'Therof no force,' than sayde Robyn;
'We shall do well inowe;
But loke ye do no husbonde harme,
That tilleth with his ploughe.

14 'No more ye shall no gode yeman
That walketh by grenë-wode shawe;
Ne no knyght ne no squyer
That wol be a gode felawe.

15 'These bisshoppes and these arche-bishoppes,
Ye shall them bete and bynde;
The hyë sherif of Notyingham,
Hym holde ye in your mynde.'

16 'This worde shalbe holde,' sayde Lytell Johnn,
'And this lesson we shall lere;
It is fer dayes; God sende us a gest,
That we were at oure dynere!'

17 'Take thy gode bowe in thy honde,' sayde Robyn;
'Late Much wende with the;
And so shall Willyam Scarlok,
And no man abyde with me.

18 'And walke up to the Saylis,
And so to Watlinge Strete,
And wayte after some unkuth gest,
Up chaunce ye may them mete.

19 'Be he erle, or ani baron,
Abbot, or any knyght,
Bringhe hym to lodge to me;
His dyner shall be dight.'

20 They wente up to the Saylis,
These yeman all thre;
They loked est, they loked weest;
They myght no man see.

21 But as they loked in to Bernysdale,
Bi a dernë strete,
Than came a knyght ridinghe;
Full sone they gan hym mete.

22 All dreri was his semblaunce,
And lytell was his pryde;
His one fote in the styrop stode,
That othere wavyd beside.

23 His hode hanged in his iyn two;
He rode in symple aray;
A soriar man than he was one
Rode never in somer day.

24 Litell Johnn was full curteyes,
And sette hym on his kne:
'Welcom be ye, gentyll knyght,
Welcom ar ye to me.

25 'Welcom be thou to grenë wode,
Hendë knyght and fre;
My maister hath abiden you fastinge,
'Syr, al these ourës thre.'

26 'Who is thy maister?' sayde the knyght;
Johnn sayde, Robyn Hode;
'He is a gode yoman,' sayde the knyght,
Of hym I have herde moche gode.

27 'I graunte,' he sayde, 'with you to wende,
My bretherne, all in fere;
My purpos was to have dyned to day
At Blith or Dancastere.'

28 Furth than went this gentyl knight,
With a carefull chere;
The teris oute of his iyen ran,
And fell down by his lere.

29 They brought hym to the lodgë-dore;
Whan Robyn hym gan see,
Full curtesly dyd of his hode
And sette hym on his knee.

30 'Welcome, sir knight,' than sayde Robyn,
'Welcome art thou to me;
I have abyden you fastinge, sir,
All these ouris thre.'

31 Than answered the gentyll knight,
With wordës fayre and fre;
God the save, goode Robyn,
And all thy fayre meynë.

32 They wasshed togeder and wyped bothe,
And sette to theyr dynere;
Brede and wyne they had right ynoughe,
And noumbles of the dere.

33 Swannes and fessauntes they had full gode,
And foules of the ryvere;
There fayled none so litell a birde
That ever was bred on bryre.

34 'Do gladly, sir knight,' sayde Robyn;
'Gramarcy, sir,' sayde he;
'Suche a dinere had I nat
Of all these wekys thre.

35 'If I come ageyne, Robyn,
Here by thys contrë,
As gode a dyner I shall the make
As that thou haest made to me.'

36 'Gramarcy, knyght,' sayde Robyn;
'My dyner whan that I it have,
I was never so gredy, bi dere worthy God,
My dyner for to crave.

37 'But pay or ye wende,' sayde Robyn;
'Me thynketh it is gode ryght;
It was never the maner, by dere worthi God,
A yoman to pay for a knyhht.'

38 'I have nought in my coffers,' saide the knyght,
'That I may profer for shame:'
'Litell Johnn, go loke,' sayde Robyn,
'Ne let nat for no blame.

39 'Tel me truth,' than saide Robyn,
'So God have parte of the:'
'I have no more but ten shelynges,' sayde the knyght,
'So God have parte of me.'

40 'If thou hast no more,' sayde Robyn,
'I woll nat one peny;
And yf thou have nede of any more,
More shall I lend the.

41 'Go nowe furth, Littell Johnn,
The truth tell thou me;
If there be no more but ten shelinges,
No peny that I se.'

42 Lyttell Johnn sprede downe hys mantell
Full fayre upon the grounde,
And there he fonde in the knyghtës cofer
But even halfe a pounde.

43 Littell Johnn let it lye full styll,
And went to hys maysteer full lowe;
'What tidyngës, Johnn?' sayde Robyn;
'Sir, the knyght is true inowe.'

44 'Fyll of the best wine,' sayde Robyn,
'The knyght shall begynne;
Moche wonder thinketh me
Thy clothynge is so thinne.

45 'Tell me one worde,' sayde Robyn,
'And counsel shal it be;
I trowe thou warte made a knyght of force,
Or ellys of yemanry.

46 'Or ellys thou hast bene a sori husbande,
And lyved in stroke and stryfe;
An okerer, or ellis a lechoure,' sayde Robyn,
'Wyth wronge hast led thy lyfe.'

47 'I am none of those,' sayde the knyght,
'By God that madë me;
An hundred wynter here before
Myn auncetres knyghtes have be.

48 'But oft it hath befal, Robyn,
A man hath be disgrate;
But God that sitteth in heven above
May amende his state.

49 'Withyn this two yere, Robyne,' he sayde,
'My neghbours well it knowe,
Foure hundred pounde of gode money
Ful well than myght I spende.

50 'Nowe have I no gode,' saide the knyght,
'God hath shaped such an ende,
But my chyldren and my wyfe,
Tyll God yt may amende.'

51 'In what maner,' than sayde Robyn,
'Hast thou lorne thy rychesse?'
'For my greatë foly,' he sayde,
'And for my kyndënesse.

52 'I hade à sone, forsoth, Robyn,
That shulde have ben myn ayre,
Whanne he was twenty wynter olde,
In felde wolde iust full fayre.

53 'He slewe a knyght of Lancaster,
And a squyer bolde;
For to save hym in his ryght
My godes both sette and solde.

54 'My londes both sette to wedde, Robyn,
Untyll a certayn day,
To a ryche abbot here besyde
Of Seynt Mari Abbey.'

55 'What is the som?' sayde Robyn;
'Trouth than tell thou me;'
'Sir,' he sayde, 'foure hundred pounde;
The abbot told it to me.'

56 'Nowe and thou lese thy lond,' sayde Robyn,
'What woll fall of the?'
'Hastely I wol me buske,' sayd the knyght,
'Over the saltë see,

57 'And se where Criste was quyke and dede,
On the mount of Calverë;
Fare wel, frende, and have gode day;
It may no better be.'

58 Teris fell out of hys iyen two;
He wolde have gone hys way:
'Farewel, frende, and have gode day;
I ne have no more to pay.'

59 'Where be thy frendës?' sayde Robyn:
'Syr, never one wol me knowe;
While I was ryche ynowe at home
Great boste than wolde they blowe.

60 'And nowe they renne away fro me,
As bestis on a rowe;
They take no more hede of me
Thanne they had me never sawe.'

61 For ruthe thanne wept Litell Johnn,
Scarlok and Muche in fere;
'Fyl of the best wyne,' sayde Robyn,
'For here is a symple chere.

62 'Hast thou any frende,' sayde Robyn,
'Thy borowe that woldë be?'
'I have none,' than sayde the knyght,
'But God that dyed on tree.'

63 'Do away thy iapis,' than sayde Robyn,
'Thereof wol I right none;
Wenest thou I wolde have God to borowe,
Peter, Poule, or Johnn?

64 'Nay, by hym that me made,
And shope both sonne and mone,
Fynde me a better borowe,' sayde Robyn,
'Or money getest thou none.'

65 'I have none other,' sayde the knyght,
'The sothe for to say,
But yf yt be Our derë Lady;
She fayled me never or thys day.'

66 'By dere worthy God,' sayde Robyn,
'To seche all Englonde thorowe,
Yet fonde I never to my pay
A moche better borowe.

67 'Come nowe furth, Litell Johnn,
And go to my tresourë,
And bringe me foure hundered pound,
And loke well tolde it be.'

68 Furth than went Litell Johnn,
And Scarlok went before;
He tolde oute foure hundred pounde
By eight and twenty score.

69 'Is thys well tolde?' sayde litell Much;
Johnn sayde, 'What greveth the?
It is almus to helpe a gentyll knyght,
That is fal in povertë.

70 'Master,' than sayde Lityll John,
'His clothinge is full thynne;
Ye must gyve the knight a lyveray,
To lappe his body therin.

71 'For ye have scarlet and grene, mayster,
And many a riche aray;
Ther is no marchaunt in mery Englond
So ryche, I dare well say.'

72 'Take hym thre yerdes of every colour,
And loke well mete that it be;'
Lytell Johnn toke none other mesure
But his bowë-tree.

73 And at every handfull that he met
He lepëd footës three;
'What devyllës drapar,' sayid litell Muche,
'Thynkest thou for to be?'

74 Scarlok stode full stil and loughe,
And sayd, By God Almyght,
Johnn may gyve hym gode mesure,
For it costeth hym but lyght.

75 'Mayster,' than said Litell Johnn
To gentill Robyn Hode,
'Ye must give the knight a hors,
To lede home this gode.'

76 'Take hym a gray coursar,' sayde Robyn,
'And a saydle newe;
He is Oure Ladye's messangere;
God graunt that he be true.'

77 'And a gode palfray,' sayde lytell Much,
'To mayntene hym in his right;'
'And a peyre of botës,' sayde Scarlock,
'For he is a gentyll knight.'

78 'What shalt thou gyve hym, Litell John?' said Robyn;
'Sir, a peyre of gilt sporis clene,
To pray for all this company;
God bringe hym oute of tene.'

79 'Whan shal mi day be,' said the knight,
'Sir, and your wyll be?'
'This day twelve moneth,' saide Robyn,
'Under this grenë-wode tre.

80 'It were greate shamë,' sayde Robyn,
'A knight alone to ryde,
Withoutë squyre, yoman, or page,
To walkë by his syde.

81 'I shall the lende Litell John, my man,
For he shalbe thy knave;
In a yeman's stede he may the stande,
If thou greate nedë have.'

THE SECONDE FYTTE

82 Now is the knight gone on his way;
This game hym thought full gode;
Whanne he loked on Bernesdale
He blessyd Robyn Hode.

83 And whanne he thought on Bernysdale,
On Scarlok, Much, and Johnn,
He blyssyd them for the best company
That ever he in come.

84 Then spake that gentyll knyght,
To Lytel Johan gan he saye,
To-morrowe I must to Yorke toune,
To Saynt Mary abbay.

85 And to the abbot of that place
Foure hondred pounde I must pay;
And but I be there upon this nyght
My londe is lost for ay.

86 The abbot sayd to his covent,
There he stode on grounde,
This day twelfe moneth came there a knyght
And borowed foure hondred pounde.

87 He borowed foure hondred pounde.
Upon all his londë fre;
But he come this ylkë day
Dysheryte shall he be.

88 'It is full erely,' said the pryoure,
'The day is not yet ferre gone;
I had lever to pay an hondred pounde,
And lay downe anone.

89 'The knyght is ferre beyonde the see,
In Englonde is his ryght,
And suffreth honger and colde,
And many a sory nyght.

90 'It were grete pytë,' said the pryoure,
'So to have his londe;
And ye be so lyght of your consyence,
Ye do to hym moch wronge.'

91 'Thou arte ever in my berde,' sayd the abbot,
'By God and Saynt Rycharde;'
With that came in a fat-heded monke,
The heygh selerer.

92 'He is dede or hanged,' sayd the monke,
'By God that bought me dere,
And we shall have to spende in this place
Four hondred pounde by yere.'

93 The abbot and the hy selerer
Stertë forthe full bolde,
The hye iustyce of Englonde
The abbot there dyde holde.

94 The hyë iustyce and many mo
Had take in to theyr honde
Holy all the knyghtës det,
To put that knyght to wronge.

95 They demed the knyght wonder sore,
The abbot and his meynë:
'But he come this ylkë day
Dysheryte shall he be.'

96 'He wyll not come yet,' sayd the iustyce,
'I dare well undertake;'
But in sorowe tymë for them all
The knyght came to the gate.

97 Than bespake that gentyll knyght
Untyll his meynë:
Now put on your symple wedes
That ye brought fro the see.

98 They put on their symple wedes,
They came to the gates anone;
The porter was redy hymselfe,
And welcomed them everychone.

99 'Welcome, syr knyght,' sayd the porter;
'My lorde to mete is he,
And so is many a gentyll man,
For the love of the.'

100 The porter swore a full grete othe,
'By God that madë me,
Here be the best coresed hors
That ever yet sawe I me.

101 'Lede them in to the stable,' he sayd,
'That eased myght they be;'
'They shall not come therin,' sayd the knyght,
'By God that dyed on a tre.'

102 Lordës were to mete isette
In that abbotes hall;
The knyght went forth and kneled downe,
And salued them grete and small.

103 'Do gladly, syr abbot,' sayd the knyght,
'I am come to holde my day:'
The fyrst word the abbot spake,
'Hast thou brought my pay?'

104 'Not one peny,' sayd the knyght,
'By God that maked me;'
'Thou art a shrewed dettour,' sayd the abbot;
'Syr iustyce, drynke to me.

105 'What doost thou here,' sayd the abbot,
'But thou haddest brought thy pay?'
'For God,' than sayd the knyght,
'To pray of a lenger daye.'

106 'Thy daye is broke,' sayd the iustyce,
'Londe getest thou none:'
'Now, good syr iustyce, be my frende,
And fende me of my fone!'

107 'I am holde with the abbot,' sayd the iustyce,
'Both with cloth and fee:'
'Now, good syr sheryf, be my frende!'
'Nay, for God,' sayd he.

108 'Now, good syr abbot, be my frende,
For thy curteysë,
And holde my londës in thy honde
Tyll I have made the gree!

109 'And I wyll be thy true servaunte,
And trewely servë the,
Tyl ye have foure hondred pounde
Of money good and free.'

110 The abbot sware a full grete othe,
'By God that dyed on a tree,
Get the londe where thou may,
For thou getest none of me.'

111 'By dere worthy God,' then sayd the knyght,
'That all this worlde wrought,
But I have my londe agayne,
Full dere it shall be bought.

112 'God, that was of a mayden borne,
Leve us well to spede!
For it is good to assay a frende
Or that a man have nede.'

113 The abbot lothely on hym gan loke,
And vylaynesly hym gan call;
'Out', he sayd, 'thou falsë knyght,
Spede the out of my hall!'

114 'Thou lyest,' then sayd the gentyll knyght,
'Abbot, in thy hal;
False knyght was I never,
By God that made us all.'

115 Up then stode that gentyll knyght,
To the abbot sayd he,
To suffre a knyght to knele so longe,
Thou canst no curteysye.

116 'In ioustës and in tournement
Full ferre than have I be,
And put my selfe as ferre in prees
As ony that ever I se.'

117 'What wyll ye gyve more,' sayd the iustice,
'And the knyght shall make a releyse?
And elles dare I safly swere
Ye holde never your londe in pees.'

118 'An hondred pounde,' sayd the abbot;
The justice sayd, Gyve hym two;
'Nay, be God,' sayd the knyght,
'Yit gete ye it not so.

119 'Though ye wolde gyve a thousand more,
Yet were ye never the nere;
Shall there never be myn heyre
Abbot, iustice, ne frere.'

120 He stert hym to a borde anone,
Tyll a table rounde,
And there he shoke oute of a bagge
Even four hundred pound.

121 'Have here thi golde, sir abbot,' saide the knight,
'Which that thou lentest me;
Had thou ben curtes at my comynge,
Rewarded shuldest thou have be.'

122 The abbot sat styll, and ete no more,
For all his ryall fare;
He cast his hede on his shulder,
And fast began to stare.

123 'Take me my golde agayne,' saide the abbot,
'Sir iustice, that I toke the:'
'Not a peni,' said the iustice,
'Bi God, that dyed on tree.'

124 'Sir abbot, and ye men of lawe,
Now have I holde my daye;
Now shall I have my londe agayne,
For ought that you can saye.'

125 The knyght stert out of the dore,
Awaye was all his care,
And on he put his good clothynge,
The other he lefte there.

126 He wente hym forth full mery syngynge,
As men have tolde in tale;
His lady met hym at the gate,
At home in Verysdale.

127 'Welcome, my lorde,' sayd his lady;
'Syr, lost is all your good?'
'Be mery, dame,' sayd the knyght,
'And pray for Robyn Hode,

128 'That ever his soulë be in blysse:
He holpe me out of tene;
Ne had be his kyndënesse,
Beggers had we bene.

129 'The abbot and I accorded ben,
He is served of his pay;
The god yoman lent it me,
As I cam by the way.'

130 This knight than dwelled fayre at home,
The sothe for to saye,
Tyll he had gete four hundred pound,
Al redy for to pay.

131 He purveyed him an hundred bowes,
The stryngës well ydyght,
An hundred shefe of arowës gode,
The hedys burneshed full bryght;

132 And every arowe an ellë longe,
With pecok wel idyght,
Inocked all with whyte silver;
It was a semely syght.

133 He purveyed hym an hondreth men,
Well harnessed in that stede,
And hym selfe in that same sete,
And clothed in whyte and rede.

134 He bare a launsgay in his honde,
And a man ledde his male,
And reden with a lyght songe
Unto Bernysdale.

135 But as he went at a brydge ther was a wrastelyng,
And there taryed was he,
And there was all the best yemen
Of all the west countree.

136 A full fayre game there was up set,
A whyte bulle up i-pyght,
A grete courser, with sadle and brydil,
With golde burnyssht full bryght.

137 A payre of gloves, a rede golde rynge,
A pype of wyne, in fay;
What man that bereth hym best i-wys
The pryce shall bere away.

138 There was a yoman in that place,
And best worthy was he,
And for he was ferre and frembde bested,
Slayne he shulde have be.

139 The knight had ruthe of this yoman,
In placë where he stode;
He sayde that yoman shulde have no harme,
For love of Robyn Hode.

140 The knyght presed in to the place,
An hundreth folowed hym free,
With bowës bent and arowës sharpe,
For to shende that companye.

141 They shulderd all and made hym rome,
To wete what he wolde say;
He toke the yeman bi the hande,
And gave hym al the play.

142 He gave hym fyve marke for his wyne,
There it lay on the molde,
And bad it shulde be set a broche,
Drynkë who so wolde.

143 Thus longe taried this gentyll knyght,
Tyll that play was done;
So longe abode Robyn fastinge,
Thre hourës after the none.

THE THIRDE FYTTE

144 Lyth and lystyn, gentilmen,
All that nowe be here;
Of Litell Johnn, that was the knightës man,
Goode myrth ye shall here.

145 It was upon a mery day
That yonge men wolde go shete;
Lytell Johnn fet his bowe anone,
And sayde he wolde them mete.

146 Thre tymes Litell Johnn shet aboute,
And alwey he slet the wande;
The proudë sherif of Notingham
By the markës can stande.

147 The sherif swore a full greate othe:
'By hym that dyede on a tre,
This man is the best arschére
That ever yet sawe I me.

148 'Say me nowe, wight yonge man,
What is nowe thy name?
In what countre were thou borne,
And where is thy wonynge wane?'

149 'In Holdernes, sir, I was borne,
I-wys al of my dame;
Men cal me Reynolde Grenëlef
Whan I am at home.'

150 'Sey me, Reynolde Grenëlefe,
Wolde thou dwell with me?
And every yere I woll the gyve
Twenty marke to thy fee.'

151 'I have a maister,' sayde Litell Johnn,
'A curteys knight is he;
May ye levë gete of hym,
The better may it be.'

152 The sherif gate Litell John
Twelve monethës of the knight;
Therfore he gave him right anone
A gode hors and a wight.

153 Nowe is Litell John the sherifës man,
God lende us well to spede!
But alwey thought Lytell John
To quyte hym wele his mede.

154 'Nowe so God me helpë,' sayde Litell John,
'And by my true leutye,
I shall be the worst servaunt to hym
That ever yet had he.'

155 It fell upon a Wednesday
The sherif on huntynge was gone,
And Litel Iohn lay in his bed,
And was foriete at home.

156 Therfore he was fastinge
Til it was past the none;
'Gode sir stuarde, I pray to the,
Gyve me my dynere,' saide Litell John.

157 'It is longe for Grenëlefe
Fastinge thus for to be;
Therfor I pray the, sir stuarde,
Mi dyner gif me.'

158 'Shalt thou never ete ne drynke, saide the stuarde,
'Tyll my lorde be come to towne:'
'I make myn avowe to God,' saide Litell John,
'I had lever to crake thy crowne.'

159 The boteler was full uncurteys,
There he stode on flore;
He start to the botery
And shet fast the dore.

160 Lytell Johnn gave the boteler suche a tap
His backe went nere in two;
Though he lived an hundred ier.
The wors shuld he go.

161 He sporned the dore with his fote;
It went open wel and fyne;
And there he made large lyveray,
Bothe of ale and of wyne.

162 'Sith ye wol nat dyne,' sayde Litell John,
'I shall gyve you to drinke;
And though ye lyve an hundred wynter,
On Lytel Johnn ye shall thinke.'

163 Litell John ete, and Litel John drank,
The whilë that he wolde;
The sherife had in his kechyn a coke,
A stoute man and a bolde.

164 'I make myn avowe to God,' saide the coke,
'Thou arte a shrewde hynde
In ani hous for to dwel,
For to askë thus to dyne.'

165 And there he lent Litell John
Godë strokis thre;
'I make myn avowe to God,' sayde Lytell John,
'These strokis lyked well me.

166 'Thou arte a bolde man and hardy,
And so thinketh me;
And or I pas fro this place
Assayed better shalt thou be.'

167 Lytell Johnn drew a ful gode sworde,
The coke toke another in hande;
They thought no thynge for to fle,
But stifly for to stande.

168 There they faught sore togedere
Two mylë way and well more;
Myght neyther other harme done,
The mountnaunce of an owre.

169 'I make myn avowe to God,' sayde Litell Johnn,
'And by my true lewtë,
Thou art one of the best sworde-men
That ever yit sawe I me.

170 'Cowdest thou shote as well in a bowe,
To grenë wode thou shuldest with me,
And two times in the yere thy clothinge
Chaunged shuldë be;

171 'And every yere of Robyn Hode
Twenty merke to thy fe:'
'Put up thy swerde,' saide the coke,
'And felowës woll we be.'

172 Thanne he fet to Lytell Johnn
The nowmbles of a do,
Gode brede, and full gode wyne;
They ete and drank theretoo.

173 And when they had dronkyn well,
Theyre trouthës togeder they plight
That they wolde be with Robyn
That ylkë samë nyght.

174 They dyd them to the tresoure-hows,
As fast as they myght gone;
The lokkës, that were of full gode stele,
They brake them everichone.

175 They toke away the silver vessell,
And all that thei might get;
Pecis, masars, ne sponis,
Wolde thei not forget.

176 Also they toke the godë pens
Thre hundred pounde and more,
And did them streyte to Robyn Hode,
Under the grenë wode hore.

177 'God the save, my derë mayster,
And Criste the save and se!'
And thanne sayde Robyn to Litell Johnn
Welcome myght thou be.

178 'Also be that fayre yeman
Thou bryngest there with the;
What tydyngës fro Notyngham?
Lytill Johnn, tell thou me.'

179 'Well the gretith the proudë sheryf,
And sendeth the here by me
His coke and his silver vessell,
And thre hundred pounde and thre.'

180 'I make myne avowe to God,' sayde Robyn,
'And to the Trenytë,
It was never by his gode wyll
This gode is come to me.'

181 Lytyll Johnn there hym bethought
On a shrewde wyle;
Fyve myle in the forest he ran,
Hym happed all his wyll.

182 Than he met the proudë sheref,
Huntynge with houndes and horne;
Lytell Johnn coude of curtesye,
And knelyd hym beforne.

183 'God the save, my derë mayster,
And Criste the save and se!'
'Reynolde Grenëlefe,' sayde the shryef,
'Where hast thou nowe be?'

184 'I have be in this forest;
A fayre syght can I se;
It was one of the fayrest syghtes
That ever yet sawe I me.

185 'Yonder I sawe a ryght fayre harte,
His coloure is of grene;
Seven score of dere upon a herde
Be with hym all bydene.

186 'Their tyndës are so sharpe, maister,
Of sexty, and well mo,
That I durst not shote for drede,
Iest they wolde me slo.'

187 'I make myn avowe to God,' sayde the shyref,
'That syght wolde I fayne se:'
'Buske you thyderwarde, mi derë mayster,
Anone, and wende with me.'

188 The sherif rode, and Litell Johnn
Of fote he was full smerte,
And whane they came before Robyn,
'Lo, sir, here is the mayster-herte.'

189 Still stode the proudë sherief,
A sory man was he;
'Wo the worthe, Raynolde Grenëlefe,
Thou hast betrayed nowe me.'

190 'I make myn avowe to God,' sayde Litell Johnn,
'Mayster, ye be to blame;
I was mysserved of my dynere
Whan I was with you at home.'

191 Sone he was to souper sette,
And served well with silver white,
And whan the sherif sawe his vessell,
For sorowe he myght nat ete.

192 ‘ Make glad chere,’ sayde Robyn Hode,
‘ Sherif, for charitë,
And for the love of Litill Johnn
Thy lyfe I graunt to the.’

193 Whan they had souped well,
The day was al gone;
Robyn commaunded Litell Johnn
To drawe of his hosen and his shone;

194 His kirtell, and his cote of pie,
That was fured well and fine,
And toke hym a grene mantel,
To lap his body therin.

195 Robyn commaundyd his wight yonge men,
Under the grenë-wode tree,
They shulde lye in that same sute,
That the sherif myght them see.

196 All nyght lay the proudë sherif
In his breche and in his schert;
No wonder it was, in grenë wode,
Though his sydës gan to smerte.

197 ‘ Make glade chere, sayde Robyn Hode,
‘ Sheref, for charitë;
For this is our ordre i-wys,
Under the grenë-wode tree.’

198 ‘ This is harder order,’ sayde the sherief,
‘ Than any ankir or frere;
For all the golde in mery Englonde
I wolde nat longe dwell her.’

199 ‘All this twelve monthes,’ sayde Robin,
‘Thou shalt dwell with me;
I shall the techë, proudë sherif,
An outlawë for to be.’

200 ‘Or I be here another nyght,’ sayde the sherif,
‘Robyn, nowe pray I the,
Smyte of mijn hede rather to-morowe,
And I forgyve it the.

201 ‘Lat me go,’ than sayde the sherif,
‘For sayntë charitë,
And I woll be the bestë frende
That ever yet had ye.’

202 ‘Thou shalt swere me an othe,’ sayde Robyn,
‘On my bright bronde;
Shalt thou never awayte me scathe,
By water ne by lande.

203 ‘And if thou fynde any of my men,
By nyght or by day,
Upon thyn othë thou shalt swere
To helpe them that thou may.’

204 Nowe hathe the sherif sworne his othe,
And home he began to gone;
He was as full of grenë wode
As ever was hepe of stone.

THE FOURTH FYTTE

205 The sherif dwelled in Notingham;
He was fayne he was agone;
And Robyn and his mery men
Went to wode anone.

206 'Go we to dyner,' sayde Littell Johnn;
Robyn Hode sayde, Nay;
For I drede Our Lady be wroth with me,
For she sent me nat my pay.

207 'Have no doute, maister,' sayde Litell Johnn;
'Yet is nat the sonne at rest;
For I dare say, and savely swere,
The knight is true and truste.'

208 'Take thy bowe in thy hande,' sayde Robyn,
'Late Much wende with the,
And so shal Wyllyam Scarlok,
And no man abyde with me.

209 'And walke up under the Sayles,
And to Watlynge-strete,
And wayte after some unketh gest;
Up-chaunce ye may them mete.

210 'Whether he be messengere,
Or a man that myrthës can,
Of my good he shall have some,
Yf he be a porë man.'

211 Forth then stert Lytel Johan,
Half in tray and tene,
And gyrde hym with a full good swerde,
Under a mantel of grene.

212 They went up to the Sayles,
These yemen all thre;
They loked est, they loked west,
They myght no man se.

213 But as they loked in Bernysdale,
By the hyë waye,
Than were they ware of two blacke monkes,
Eche on a good palferay.

214 Then bespake Lytell Johan,
To Much he gan say,
I dare lay my lyfe to wedde,
That these monkes have brought our pay.

215 'Make glad chere,' sayd Lytell Johan,
'And frese your bowes of ewe,
And loke your hertës be seker and sad,
Your stryngës trusty and trewe.

216 'The monke hath two and fifty men,
And seven somers full stronge;
There rydeth no bysshop in this londe
So ryally, I understond.

217 'Brethern,' sayd Lytell Johan,
'Here are no more but we thre;
But we bryngë them to dyner,
Our mayster dare we not se.

218 'Bende your bowes,' sayd Lytell Johan,
'Make all yon prese to stonde;
The formost monke, his lyfe and his deth
Is closed in my honde.

219 'Abyde, chorle monke,' sayd Lytell Johan,
'No ferther that thou gone;
Yf thou doost, by dere worthy God,
Thy deth is in my honde.

220 'And evyll thryfte on thy hede,' sayd Lytell Johan,
'Ryght under thy hattës bonde;
For thou hast made our mayster wroth,
He is fastynge so longe.'

221 'Who is your mayster?' sayd the monke;
Lytell Johan sayd, Robyn Hode;
'He is a stronge thefe,' sayd the monke,
'Of hym herd I never good.'

222 'Thou lyest,' than sayd Lytell Johan,
'And that shall rewë the;
He is a yeman of the forest,
To dyne he hath bodë the.'

223 Much was redy with a bolte,
Redly and anone,
He set the monke to-fore the brest,
To the grounde that he can gone.

224 Of two and fyfty wyght yonge yemen
There abode not onë,
Saf a lytell page and a grome,
To lede the somers with Lytel Johan.

225 They brought the monke to the lodgë-dore,
Whether he were loth or lefe,
For to speke with Robyn Hode,
Maugre in theyr tethe.

226 Robyn dyde adowne his hode,
The monke whan that he se;
The monke was not so curtëyse,
His hode then let he be.

227 'He is a chorle, mayster, by dere worthy God,'
Than sayd Lytell Johan:
'Thereof no force,' sayd Robyn,
'For curteysy can he none.

228 'How many men,' sayd Robyn,
'Had this monke, Johan?'
'Fyfty and two whan that we met,
But many of them be gone.'

229 'Let blowe a horne,' sayd Robyn,
'That felaushyp may us knowe;'
Seven score of wyght yemen
Came pryckynge on a rowe.

230 And everych of them a good mantell
Of scarlet and of raye;
All they came to good Robyn,
To wyte what he wolde say.

231 They made the monke to wasshe and wype,
And syt at his denere,
Robyn Hode and Lytell Johan
They served him both in-fere.

232 'Do gladly, monke,' sayd Robyn.
'Gramercy, syr,' sayd he.
'Where is your abbay, whan ye are at home,
And who is your avowë?'

233 'Saynt Mary abbay,' sayd the monke,
'Though I be symple here.'
'In what offyce?' sayd Robyn:
'Syr, the hyë selerer.'

234 ' Ye be the more welcome,' sayd Robyn,
' So ever mote I the;
Fyll of the best wyne,' sayd Robyn,
' This monke shall drynke to me.

235 ' But I have grete mervayle,' sayd Robyn,
' Of all this longë day;
I drede Our Lady be wroth with me,
She sent me not my pay.'

236 ' Have no doute, mayster,' sayd Lytell Johan,
' Ye have no nede, I saye;
This monke it hath brought, I dare well swere,
For he is of her abbay.'

237 ' And she was a borowe,' sayd Robyn,
' Betwene a knyght and me,
Of a lytell money that I hym lent,
Under the grenë-wode tree.

238 ' And yf thou hast that sylver ibrought,
I pray the let me se;
And I shall helpë the eftsones,
Yf thou have nede to me.'

239 The monke swore a full grete othe,
With a sory chere,
' Of the borowehode thou spekest to me,
Herde I never ere.'

240 ' I make myn avowe to God,' sayd Robyn,
' Monke, thou art to blame;
For God is holde a ryghtwys man,
And so is his dame.

241 'Thou toldest with thyn ownë tonge,
Thou may not say nay,
How thou arte her servaunt,
And servest her every day.

242 'And thou art made her messengere,
My money for to pay;
Therfore I cun the morë thanke
Thou arte come at thy day.

243 'What is in your cofers?' sayd Robyn,
'Trewe than tell thou me:'
'Syr,' he sayd, 'twenty marke,
Al so mote I the.'

244 'Yf there be no more,' sayd Robyn,
'I wyll not one peny;
Yf thou hast myster of ony more,
Syr, more I shall lende to the.

245 'And yf I fiyndë more,' sayd Robyn,
'I-wys thou shalte it for gone;
For of thy spendynge-sylver, monke,
Thereof wyll I ryght none.

246 'Go nowe forthe, Lytell Johan,
And the trouth tell thou me;
If there be no more but twenty marke,
No peny that I se.'

247 Lytell Johan spred his mantell downe,
As he had done before,
And he tolde out of the monkës male
Eyght hondred pounde and more.

248 Lytell Johan let it lye full styll,
And went to his mayster in hast;
'Syr,' he sayd, 'the monke is trewe ynowe,
Our Lady hath doubled your cast.'

249 'I make myn avowe to God,' sayd Robyn—
'Monke, what tolde I the?—
Our Lady is the trewest woman
That ever yet founde I me.

250 'By dere worthy God,' sayd Robyn,
'To seche all Englond thorowe,
Yet founde I never to my pay
A moche better borowe.

251 'Fyll of the best wyne, and do hym drynke,' sayd Robyn,
'And grete well thy lady hende,
And yf she have need to Robyn Hode,
A frende she shall hym fynde.

252 'And yf she nedeth ony more sylver,
Come thou agayne to me,
And, by this token she hath me sent,
She shall have such thre.'

253 The monke was goynge to London ward,
There to holde grete mote,
The knyght that rode so hye on hors,
To brynge hym under fote.

254 'Whether be ye away?' sayd Robyn:
'Syr, to maners in this londe,
Too reken with our reves,
That have done moch wronge.'

255 'Come now forth, Lytell Johan,
And harken to my tale;
A better yemen I knowe none,
To seke a monkës male.'

256 'How moch is in yonder other corser?' sayd Robyn,
'The soth must we see:'
'By Our Lady,' than sayd the monke,
'That were no curteysye,

257 'To bydde a man to dyner,
And syth hym bete and bynde.'
'It is our oldë maner,' sayd Robyn,
'To leve but lytell behynde.'

258 The monke toke the hors with spore,
Ne lenger wolde he abyde:
'Askë to drynkë,' than sayd Robyn,
'Or that ye forther ryde.'

259 'Nay, for God,' than sayd the monke,
'Me reweth I cam so nere;
For better chepe I myght have dyned
In Blythe or in Dankestere.'

260 'Grete well your abbot,' sayd Robyn,
'And your pryour, I you pray,
And byd hym send me such a monke
To dyner every day.'

261 Now lete we that monke be styll,
And speke we of that knyght:
Yet he came to holde his day,
Whyle that it was lyght.

262 He dyde him streyt to Bernysdale,
Under the grenë-wode tre,
And he founde there Robyn Hode,
And all his mery meynë.

263 The knyght lyght doune of his good palfray;
Robyn whan he gan see,
So curteysly he dyde adoune his hode,
And set hym on his knee.

264 'God the savë, Robyn Hode,
And all this company:'
'Welcome be thou, gentyll knyght,
And ryght welcome to me.'

265 Than bespake hym Robyn Hode,
To that knyght so fre:
What nedë dryveth the to grenë wode?
I praye the, syr knyght, tell me.

266 'And welcome be thou, gentyll knyght,
Why hast thou be so longe?'
'For the abbot and the hyë iustyce
Wolde have had my londe.'

267 'Hast thou thy londe agayne?' sayd Robyn;
'Treuth than tell thou me:'
'Ye, for God,' sayd the knyght,
And that thanke I God and the.

268 'But take not a grefe,' sayd the knyght, 'that I have be so longe;
I came by a wrastelynge,
And there I holpe a porë yeman,
With wronge was put behynde.'

269 'Nay, for God,' sayd Robyn,
'Syr knyght, that thanke I the;
What man that helpeth a good yeman,
His frende than wyll I be.'

270 'Have here foure hondred pounde,' than sayd the knyght,
'The whiche ye lent to me;
And here is also twenty marke
For your curteysy.'

271 'Nay, for God,' than sayd Robyn,
'Thou broke it well for ay;
For Our Lady, by her hyë selerer,
Hath sent to me my pay.

272 'And yf I toke it i-twyse,
A shame it were to me;
But trewely, gentyll knyght,
Welcom arte thou to me.'

273 Whan Robyn had tolde his tale,
He leugh and had good chere:
By my trouthe,' then sayd the knyght,
'Your money is redy here.'

274 'Broke it well,' sayd Robyn,
'Thou gentyll knyght so fre;
And welcome be thou, gentyll knyght,
Under my trystell-tre.

275 'But what shall these bowës do?' sayd Robyn,
'And these arowës ifedred fre?'
'By God,' than sayd the knyght,
'A porë present to the.'

276 ‘ Come now forth, Lytell Johan,
And go to my treasurë,
And brynge me there foure hondred pounde;
The monke over-tolde it me.

277 ‘ Have here foure hondred pounde,
Thou gentyll knyght and trewe,
And bye hors and harnes good,
And gylte thy spores all newe.

278 ‘ And yf thou fayle ony spendynge,
Com to Robyn Hode,
And by my trouth thou shalt none fayle,
The whyles I have any good.

279 ‘ And broke well thy foure hondred pound,
Whiche I lent to the,
And make thy selfe no more so bare,
By the counsell of me.’

280 Thus than holpe hym good Robyn,
The knyght all of his care:
God, that syt in heven hye,
Graunte us well to fare !

THE FYFTH FYTTE

281 Now hath the knyght his leve i-take,
And wente hym on his way;
Robyn Hode and his mery men
Dwelled styll full many a day.

282 Lyth and lysten, gentil men,
And herken what I shall say,
How the proudë sheryfe of Notyngham
Dyde crye a full fayre play;

283 That all the best archers of the north
Sholde come upon a day,
And he that shoteth allther best
The game shall bere a way.

284 He that shoteth allther best,
Furthest fayre and lowe,
At a payre of fynly buttes,
Under the grenë-wode shawe,

285 A ryght good arowe he shall have,
The shaft of sylver whyte,
The hede and the feders of ryche rede golde,
In Englond is none lyke.

286 This than herde good Robyn,
Under his trystell-tre:
'Make you redy, ye wyght yonge men;
That shotynge wyll I se.

287 'Buske you, my mery yonge men,
Ye shall go with me;
And I wyll wete the shryvës fayth,
Trewe and yf he be.'

288 Whan they had theyr bowes i-bent,
Theyr takles fedred fre,
Seven score of wyght yonge men
Stode by Robyns kne.

289 Whan they cam to Notyngham,
The buttes were fayre and longe;
Many was the bolde archere
That shoted with bowës stronge.

290 ‘ There shall but syx shote with me;
The other shal kepe my hevede,
And standë with good bowës bent,
That I be not desceyved.’

291 The fourth outlawe his bowe gan bende,
And that was Robyn Hode,
And that behelde the proudë sheryfe,
All by the but as he stode.

292 Thryës Robyn shot about,
And alway he slist the wand,
And so dyde good Gylberte
Wyth the whytë hande.

293 Lytell Johan and good Scatheloke
Were archers good and fre;
Lytell Much and good Reynolde,
The worste wolde they not be.

294 Whan they had shot aboute,
These archours fayre and good,
Evermore was the best,
For soth, Robyn Hode.

295 Hym was delyvered the good arowe,
For best worthy was he;
He toke the yeft so curteysly,
To grenë wode wolde he.

296 They cryed out on Robyn Hode,
And grete hornës gan they blowe:
‘ Wo worth the, treason ! ’ sayd Robyn,
‘ Full evyl thou art to knowe.

297 'And wo be thou! thou proudë sheryf,
Thus gladdynge thy gest;
Other wyse thou behotë me
In yonder wylde forest.

298 'But had I the in grenë wode,
Under my trystell-tre,
Thou sholdest leve me a better wedde
Than thy trewe lewtë.'

299 Full many a bowë there was bent,
And arowës let they glyde;
Many a kyrtell there was rent,
And hurt many a syde.

300 The outlawes shot was so stronge
That no man myght them dryve,
And the proudë sheryfës men,
They fled away full blyve.

301 Robyn sawe the busshement to-broke,
In grenë wode he wolde have be;
Mary an arowe there was shot
Amonge that company.

302 Lytell Johan was hurte full sore,
With an arowe in his kne,
That he myght neythor go nor ryde;
It was full grete pytë.

303 'Mayster,' then sayd Lytell Johan,
'If ever thou lovedst me,
And for that ylkë lordës love
That dyed upon a tre,

304 ‘ And for the medes of my servyce,
That I have served the,
Lete never the proudë sheryf
Alyve now fyndë me.

305 ‘ But take out thy brownë swerde,
And smyte all of my hede,
And gyve me woundës depe and wyde;
No lyfe on me be lefte.’

306 ‘ I wolde not that,’ sayd Robyn,
‘ Johan, that thou were slawe,
For all the golde in mery Englonde,
Though it lay now on a rawe.’

307 ‘ God forbede,’ sayd Lytell Much,
‘ That dyed on a tre,
That thou sholdest, Lytell Johan,
Parte our company.’

308 Up he toke hym on his backe,
And bare hym well a myle;
Many a tyme he layd hym downe,
And shot another whyle.

309 Then was there a fayre castell,
A lytell within the wode;
Double-dyched it was about,
And walled, by the rode.

310 And there dwelled that gentyll knyght,
Syr Rychard at the Lee,
That Robyn had lent his good,
Under the grenë-wode tree.

311 In he toke good Robyn,
And all his company:
'Welcome be thou, Robyn Hode,
Welcome arte thou to me;

312 And moche I thanke the of thy confort,
And of thy curteysyé,
And of thy gretë kyndënesse,
Under the grenë-wode tre.

313 'I love no man in all this worlde
So much as I do the;
For all the proudë sheryf of Notyngham,
Ryght here shalt thou be.

314 'Shut the gates, and drawe the brydge,
And let no man come in,
And arme you well, and make you redy,
And to the walles ye wynne.

315 'For one thynge, Robyn, I the behote;
I swere by Saynt Quyntyne,
These forty dayes thou wonnest with me,
To soupe, ete, and dyne.'

316 Bordes were layde, and clothes were spredde,
Redely and anone;
Robyn Hode and his mery men
To metë can they gone.

THE VI. FYTTE

317 Lythe and lysten, gentylmen,
And herkyn to your songe;
Howe the proudë shyref of Notyngham,
And men of armys stronge,

318 Full fast cam to the hyë shyref,
The contrë up to route,
And they besette the knyghtës castell,
The wallës all aboute.

319 The proudë shyref loude gan crye,
And sayde, Thou traytour knight,
Thou kepest here the kynges enemys,
Agaynst the lawe and right.

320 'Syr, I wyll avowe that I have done,
The dedys that here be dyght,
Upon all the landës that I have,
As I am a trewë knyght.

321 'Wende furth, sirs, on your way,
And do no more to me
Tyll ye wyt oure kyngës wille,
What he wyll say to the.'

322 The shyref thus had his answere,
Without any lesynge;
Furth he yede to London towne,
All for to tel our kinge.

323 Ther he telde him of that knight,
And eke of Robyn Hode,
And also of the bolde archars,
That were soo noble and gode.

324 'He wyll avowe that he hath done,
To mayntene the outlawes stronge;
He wyll be lorde, and set you at nought,
In all the northe londe.'

325 'I wil be at Notyngham,' saide our kynge,
'Within this fourteenyght,
And take I wyll Robyn Hode,
And so I wyll that knight

326 'Go nowe home, shyref,' sayde our kynge,
'And do as I byd the;
And ôrdeyn gode archers ynowe,
Of all the wydë contrë.'

327 The shyref had his leve i-take,
And went hym on his way,
And Robyn Hode to grenë wode,
Upon a certen day.

328 And Lytel John was hole of the arowe
That shot was in his kne,
And dyd hym streyght to Robyn Hode,
Under the grenë-wode tree.

329 Robyn Hode walked in the forest,
Under the levys grene;
The proudë shyref of Notyngham
Thereof he had grete tene.

330 The shyref there fayled of Robyn Hode,
He myght not have his pray;
Than he awayted this gentyll knyght,
Bothe by nyght and day.

331 Ever he wayted the gentyll knyght,
Syr Richarde at the Lee,
As he went on haukynge by the ryversyde,
And lete his haukës flee.

332 Toke he there this gentyll knight,
With men of armys stronge,
And led hym to Notyngham warde,
Bounde bothe fote and hande.

333 The sheref sware a full grete othe,
Bi hym that dyed on rode,
He had lever than an hundred pound
That he had Robyn Hode.

334 This harde the knyghtës wyfe,
A fayr lady and a free;
She set hir on a gode palfrey,
To grenë wode anone rode she.

335 Whanne she cam in the forest,
Under the grenë-wode tree,
Fonde she there Robyn Hode,
And al his fayre menë.

336 'God the savë, godë Robyn,
And all thy company;
For Our derë Ladyes sake,
A bonë graunte thou me.

337 'Late never my wedded lorde
Shamefully slayne be;
He is fast bowne to Notingham warde,
For the love of the.'

338 Anone than saide goode Robyn
To that lady so fre,
What man hath your lorde i-take?
. . . .

339 . . . . .
'For soth as I the say;
He is nat yet thre mylës
Passed on his way.'

340 Up than sterte gode Robyn,
As man that had ben wode:
'Buske you, my mery men,
For hym that dyed on rode.

341 'And he that this sorowe forsaketh,
By hym that dyed on tre,
Shall he never in grenë wode
No longer dwel with me.'

342 Sone there were gode bowës bent,
Mo than seven score;
Hedge ne dyche spared they none
That was them before.

343 'I make myn avowe to God,' sayde Robyn,
'The sherif wolde I fayne see;
And if I may hym take,
I-quyte shall it be.'

344 And whan they came to Notingham,
They walked in the strete;
And with the proudë sherif i-wys
Sonë can they mete.

345 'Abyde, thou proudë sherif,' he sayde,
'Abyde, and speke with me;
Of some tidinges of oure kinge
I wolde fayne here of the.

346 'This seven yere, by dere worthy God,
Ne yede I this fast on fote;
I make myn avowe to God, thou proudë sherif,
It is nat for thy gode.'

347 Robyn bent a full goode bowe,
An arrowe he drowe at wyll;
He hit so the proudë sherife
Upon the grounde he lay full still.

348 And or he myght up aryse,
On his fete to stonde,
He smote of the sherifs hede
With his brightë bronde.

349 'Lye thou there, thou proudë sherife,
Evyll mote thou cheve!
There myght no man to the truste
The whyles thou were a lyve.'

350 His men drewe out theyr bryght swerdes,
That were so sharpe and kene,
And layde on the sheryves men,
And dryved them downe bydene.

351 Robyn stert to that knyght,
And cut a two his bonde,
And toke hym in his hand a bowe,
And bad hym by hym stonde.

352 'Leve thy hors the behynde,
And lerne for to renne;
Thou shalt with me to grenë wode,
Through myrë, mosse, and fenne.

353 'Thou shalt with me to grenë wode,
Without ony leasynge,
Tyll that I have gete us grace
Of Edwarde, our comly kynge.'

THE VII. FYTTE

354 The kynge came to Notynghame,
With knyghtës in grete araye,
For to take that gentyll knyght
And Robyn Hode, and yf he may.

355 He asked men of that countrë
After Robyn Hode,
And after that gentyll knyght,
That was so bolde and stout.

356 Whan they had tolde hym the case
Our kynge understode ther tale,
And seased in his honde
The knyghtës londës all.

357 All the passe of Lancasshyre
He went both ferre and nere,
Tyll he came to Plomton Parke;
He faylyd many of his dere.

358 There our kynge was wont to se
Herdës many one,
He coud unneth fynde one dere,
That bare ony good horne.

359 The kynge was wonder wroth withall,
And swore by the Trynytë,
'I wolde I had Robyn Hode,
With eyen I myght hym se.

360 'And he that wolde smyte of the knyghtës hede,
And brynge it to me,
He shall have the knyghtës londes,
Syr Rycharde at the Le.

361 'I gyve it hym with my charter,
And sele it with my honde,
To have and holde for ever more,
In all mery Englonde.'

362 Than bespake a fayre olde knyght,
That was treue in his fay:
'A, my leegë lorde the kynge,
One worde I shall you say.

363 'There is no man in this countrë
May have the knyghtës londes,
Whyle Robyn Hode may ryde or gone,
And bere a bowe in his hondes,

364 'That he ne shall lese his hede,
That is the best ball in his hode:
Give it no man, my lorde the kynge,
That ye wyll any good.'

365 Half a yere dwelled our comly kynge
In Notyngham, and well more;
Coude he not here of Robyn Hode,
In what countrë that he were.

366 But alway went good Robyn
By halke and eke by hyll,
And alway slewe the kyngës dere,
And welt them at his wyll.

367 Than bespake a proude fostere,
That stode by our kyngës kne:
'Yf ye wyll se good Robyn,
Ye must do after me.

368 'Takė fyve of the best knyghtës
That be in your lede,
And walke downe by yon abbay,
And gete you monkës wede.

369 'And I wyll be your ledës-man,
And lede you the way,
And or ye come to Notyngham,
Myn hede then dare I lay,

370 'That ye shall mete with good Robyn,
On lyve yf that he be;
Or ye come to Notyngham,
With eyen ye shall hym se.'

371 Full hastëly our kynge was dyght,
So were his knyghtës fyve,
Everych of them in monkës wede,
And hasted them thyder blyve.

372 Our kynge was grete above his cole,
A brode hat on his crowne,
Ryght as he were abbot-lyke,
They rode up in-to the towne.

373 Styf botës our kynge had on,
Forsoth as I you say;
He rode syngynge to grenë wode,
The covent was clothed in graye.

374 His male-hors and his gretë somers
Folowed our kynge behynde,
Tyll they came to grenë wode,
A myle under the lynde.

375 There they met with good Robyn,
Stondynge on the waye,
And so dyde many a bolde archere,
For soth as I you say.

376 Robyn toke the kyngës hors,
Hastëly in that stede,
And sayd, 'Syr abbot, by your leve,
A whyle ye must abyde.

377 'We be yemen of this foreste,
Under the grenë-wode tre;
We lyve by our kyngës dere,
Other shyft have not wee.

378 'And ye have chyrches and rentës both,
And gold full grete plentë;
Gyve us some of your spendynge,
For sayntë charytë.'

379 Than bespake our cumly kynge,
Anone than sayd he;
'I brought no more to grenë wode
But forty pounde with me.

380 'I have layne at Notyngham
This fourtynyght with our kynge,
And spent I have full moche good,
On many a grete lordynge.

381 'And I have but forty pounde,
No more than have I me;
But yf I had an hondred pounde,
I wolde vouch it safe on the.'

382 Robyn toke the forty pounde,
And departed it in two partye;
Halfendell he gave his mery men,
And bad them mery to be.

383 Full curteysly Robyn gan say:
'Syr, have this for your spendyng;
We shall mete another day;'
'Gramercy,' than sayd our kynge.

384 'But well the greteth Edwarde, our kynge,
And sent to the his seale,
And byddeth the com to Notyngham,
Both to mete and mele.'

385 He toke out the brodë targe,
And sone he lete hym se;
Robyn coud his courteysy,
And set hym on his kne.

386 'I love no man in all the worlde
So well as I do my kynge;
Welcome is my lordës seale;
And, monke, for thy tydynge,

387 'Syr abbot, for thy tydynges,
To day thou shalt dyne with me,
For the love of my kynge,
Under my trystell-tre.'

388 Forth he lad our comly kynge,
Full fayre by the honde;
Many a dere there was slayne,
And full fast dyghtande.

389 Robyn toke a full grete horne,
And loude he gan blowe;
Seven score of wyght yonge men
Came redy on a rowe.

390 All they kneled on theyr kne,
Full fayre before Robyn:
The kynge sayd hym selfe untyll,
And swore by Saynt Austyn,

391 'Here is a wonder semely syght;
Me thynketh, by Goddës pyne,
His men are more at his byddynge
Then my men be at myn.'

392 Full hastëly was theyr dyner idyght,
And therto gan they gone;
They served our kynge with al theyr myght,
Both Robyn and Lytell Johan.

393 Anone before our kynge was set
The fattë venyson,
The good whyte brede, the good rede wyne,
And therto the fyne ale and browne

394 'Make good chere,' said Robyn,
'Abbot, for charytë;
And for this ylkë tydynge,
Blyssed mote thou be.

395 'Now shalte thou se what lyfe we lede,
Or thou hens wende;
Than thou may enfourme our kynge,
Whan ye togyder lende.'

396 Up they stertë all in hast,
Theyr bowës were smartly bent;
Our kynge was never so sore agast,
He wende to have be shente.

397 Two yerdës there were up set,
Thereto gan they gange;
By fyfty pase, our kynge sayd,
The merkës were to longe.

398 On every syde a rose-garlonde,
They shot under the lyne:
'Who so fayleth of the rose-garlonde,' sayd Robyn,
'His takyll he shall tyne,

399 'And yelde it to his mayster,
Be it never so fyne;
For no man wyll I spare,
So drynke I ale or wyne:

400 'And bere a buffet on his hede,
I-wys ryght all bare:'
And all that fell in Robyns lote,
He smote them wonder sare.

401 Twyse Robyn shot aboute,
And ever he cleved the wande,
And so dyde good Gylberte
With the Whytë Hande.

402 Lytell Johan and good Scathelocke,
For nothynge wolde they spare;
When they fayled of the garlonde,
Robyn smote them full sore.

403 At the last shot that Robyn shot,
For all his frendës fare,
Yet he fayled of the garlonde
Thre fyngers and mare.

404 Than bespake good Gylberte,
And thus he gan say;
'Mayster,' he sayd, 'your takyll is lost,
Stande forth and take your pay.'

405 'If it be so,' sayd Robyn,
'That may no better be,
Syr abbot, I delyver the myn arowe,
I pray the, syr serve thou me.'

406 'It falleth not for myn ordre,' sayd our kynge,
'Robyn, by thy leve,
For to smyte no good yeman,
For doute I sholde hym greve.'

407 'Smyte on boldely,' sayd Robyn,
'I give the largë leve:'
Anone our kynge, with that worde,
He folde up his sleve,

408 And sych a buffet he gave Robyn,
To grounde he yede full nere:
'I make myn avowe to God,' sayd Robyn,
'Thou arte a stalworthe frere.

409 'There is pith in thyn arme,' sayd Robyn.
'I trowe thou canst well shete:'
Thus our kynge and Robyn Hode
Togeder gan they mete.

410 Robyn behelde our comly kynge
Wystly in the face,
So dyde Syr Richarde at the Le,
And kneled downe in that place.

411 And so dyde all the wylde outlawes,
Whan they se them knele:
'My lorde the kynge of Englonde,
Now I knowe you well.'

412 'Mercy then, Robyn,' sayd our kynge,
'Under your trystyll-tre,
Of thy goodnesse and thy grace,
For my men and me!'

413 'Yes, for God,' sayd Robyn,
'And also God me save,
I askë mercy, my lordë the kynge,
And for my men I crave.'

414 'Yes, for God,' than sayd our kynge,
'And thërto sent I me,
With that thou leve the grenë wode,
And all thy company;

415 'And come home, syr, to my courte,
And there dwell with me.'
'I make myn avowe to God,' sayd Robyn,
'And ryght so shall it be.

416 'I wyll come to your courte,
Your servyse for to se,
And brynge with me of my men
Seven score and thre.

417 'But me lykë well your servyse,
I wyll come agayne full soone,
And shote at the donnë dere,
As I am wonte to done.'

THE VIII. FYTTE

418 'Haste thou ony grenë cloth,' sayd our kynge,
'That thou wylte sell nowe to me?'
'Ye, for God,' sayd Robyn,
'Thyrty yerdës and thre.'

419 'Robyn,' sayd our kynge,
'Now pray I the,
Sell me some of that cloth,
To me and my meynë.'

420 'Yes, for God,' then sayd Robyn,
'Or elles I were a fole;
Another day ye wyll me clothe,
I trowe, ayenst the Yole.'

421 The kynge kest of his colë then,
A grene garment he dyde on,
And every knyght also, i-wys,
Another had full sone.

422 Whan they were clothed in Lyncolne grene,
They keste away theyr graye;
'Now we shall to Notyngham,'
All thus our kynge gan say.

423 They bente theyr bowes, and forth they went,
Shotynge all in-fere,
Towarde the towne of Notyngham,
Outlawes as they were.

424 Our kynge and Robyn rode togyder,
For soth as I you say,
And they shote plucke-buffet,
As they went by the way.

425 And many a buffet our kynge wan
Of Robyn Hode that day,
And nothynge spared good Robyn
Our kynge in his pay.

426 'So God me helpë,' sayd our kynge,
'Thy game is nought to lere;
I sholde not get a shote of the,
Though I shote all this yere.'

427 All the people of Notyngham
They stode and behelde;
They sawe nothynge but mantels of grene
That covered all the felde.

428 Than every man to other gan say,
I drede our kynge be slone;
Comë Robyn Hode to the towne, i-wys
On lyve he lefte never one.'

429 Full hastëly they began to fle,
Both yemen and knaves,
And olde wyves that myght evyll goo,
They hypped on theyr staves.

430 The kynge loughe full fast,
And commaunded theym agayne;
When they se our comly kynge,
I-wys they were full fayne.

431 They ete and dranke, and made them glad,
And sange with notës hye;
Than bespake our comly kynge
To Syr Rycharde at the Lee.

432 He gave hym there his londe agayne,
A good man he bad hym be;
Robyn thanked our comly kynge,
And set hym on his kne.

433 Had Robyn dwelled in the kyngës courte
But twelve monethes and thre,
That he had spent an hondred pounde,
And all his mennes fe.

434 In every place where Robyn came
Ever more he layde downe,
Both for knyghtës and for squyres,
To gete hym grete renowne.

435 By than the yere was all agone
He had no man but twayne,
Lytell Johan and good Scathelocke,
With hym all for to gone.

436 Robyn sawe yonge men shote
Full fayre upon a day;
'Alas!' than sayd good Robyn,
'My welthe is went away.

437 'Somtyme I was an archere good,
A styffe and eke a stronge;
I was compted the best archere
That was in mery Englonde.

438 'Alas!' then sayd good Robyn,
'Alas and well a woo!
Yf I dwele lenger with the kynge,
Sorowe wyll me sloo.'

439 Forth than went Robyn Hode
Tyll he came to our kynge:
'My lorde the kynge of Englonde,
Graunte me myn askynge.

440 'I made a chapell in Bernysdale,
That semely is to se,
It is of Mary Magdaleyne,
And thereto wolde I be.

441 'I myght never in this seven nyght
No tyme to slepe ne wynke,
Nother all these seven dayes
Nother ete ne drynke.

442 'Me longeth sore to Bernysdale,
I may not be therfro;
Barefote and wolwarde I have hyght
Thyder for to go.'

443 'Yf it be so,' than sayd our kynge,
'It may no better be,
Seven nyght I gyve the leve,
No lengre, to dwell fro me.'

444 'Gramercy, lorde,' then sayd Robyn,
And set hym on his kne;
He toke his levë full courteysly,
To grenë wode then went he.

445 Whan he came to grenë wode,
In a mery mornynge,
There he herde the notës small
Of byrdës mery syngynge.

446 'It is ferre gone,' sayd Robyn,
'That I was last here;
Me lyste a lytell for to shote
At the donnë dere.'

447 Robyn slewe a full grete harte;
His horne than gan he blow,
That all the outlawes of that forest
That horne coud they knowe,

448 And gadred them togyder,
In a lytell throwe.
Seven score of wyght yonge men
Came redy on a rowe,

449 And fayre dyde of theyr hodes,
And set them on theyr kne:
'Welcome,' they sayd, 'our derë mayster,
Under this grenë-wode tre.'

450 Robyn dwelled in grenë wode
Twenty yere and two;
For all drede of Edwarde our kynge,
Agayne wolde he not goo.

451 Yet he was begyled, i-wys,
Through a wycked woman,
The pryoresse of Kyrkësly,
That nye was of hys kynne:

452 For the love of a knyght,
Syr Roger of Donkesly,
That was her ownë speciall;
Full evyll motë they the!

453 They toke togyder theyr counsell
Robyn Hode for to sle,
And how they myght best do that dede,
His banis for to be.

454 Than bespake good Robyn,
In place where as he stode,
'To morow I muste to Kyrkesly,
Craftely to be leten blode.'

455 Syr Roger of Donkestere,
By the pryoresse he lay,
And there they betrayed good Robyn Hode,
Through theyr falsë playe.

456 Cryst have mercy on his soule,
That dyed on the rode!
For he was a good outlawe,
And dyde pore men moch god.

NOTES

(The numbers printed in black-faced type refer to ballads, the others to stanzas.)

1. *EDWARD.* See Introduction, p. 15.

1, 4. **He set my feit in yonder boat.** In another version Edward says "I'll set my foot in a bottomless ship." He means here also to hint at suicide or so at least his mother understands.

1, 6. **what wul ye leive.** The satirical legacy is found in *Lord Randal* (No. 2, below), and in *The Cruel Brother* (Child, No. 11). It is common also in the ballads of languages other than English, and is therefore to be regarded as probably of popular origin. As a literary convention the satirical legacy enjoyed great popularity during the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries. See Perrow, *The Last Will and Testament in Literature, Transactions of the Wisconsin Academy of Arts and Sciences, vol.* 17.

1, 6. **The warldis room, late them beg thrae life.** Thus in Heine's famous song of *The Two Grenadiers,* one old soldier of Napoleon says to another, "Let them [my wife and children] go and beg if they are hungry."

2. *LORD RANDAL.* See Introduction, p. 17.

2, 3. **Eels fried in a pan.** Accounts of poisoning by eels, frogs, toads, and snakes served up as fish are common in the ballads. Cf. **14, 13.**

3. *THE THREE RAVENS.* The story as a whole is merely suggested by this "tender little English ballad," as Child called it, contrasting it with the cynical *Twa Corbies.* The faithful true-love, loyal even after death, herself dying of grief, is symbolized by the fallow doe, or actually transformed.

4. *BONNIE GEORGE CAMPBELL.* See Introduction, p. 19.

5. *THE BONNY EARL OF MURRAY.* See Introduction, p. 21. James Stuart of Doune, Earl of Murray by virtue of his marriage with the daughter of Regent Murray, was surrounded in his mother's house and slain by the followers of the Earl of Huntly in February, 1592. Apparently there is no historical basis for the statement in stanza 5.

5, 2. **Now wae be to thee.** The king is speaking. He had given Huntly a commission to apprehend and bring Murray to his trial. Failure to assign speeches is characteristic of ballad narrative.

5, 3. **rid at the ring.** Pierced with his lance a suspended ring as he rode at full speed. Professor Gummere calls attention to the lines of Graham of Gartmore, in the *Golden Treasury*:

> For you alone I ride the ring,
> For you I wear the blue;
> For you alone I strive to sing,
> O tell me how to woo!

5, 5. **playd at the glove.** The *New English Dictionary* conjectures that the glove may have been set up on a post to indicate the goal of a race. A passage which it cites, however, suggests that the glove was to be pierced like the ring: "The custome of the great Turke is, every Friday * * * to run at the Glove in an open place before all the people, with some Hagars, or yong striplings that accompany him, who have the Glove hanging as high on a sticke, as we have the ring with us." W. Lithgow, *Travels*, iv. 156.

6. *BESSY BELL AND MARY GRAY.* This ballad seems to have been founded upon an historical occurrence which is preserved in local tradition. The region of Methven was visited by the plague in 1645.

7, 1. **round tables.** The *New English Dictionary* defines this term as "an imitation of Arthur's Round Table as an institution; an assembly of knights for the purpose of holding a tournament and festival, especially that instituted by King Edward III in 1345."

8. *BONNY BARBARA ALLAN.* This ballad was an early favorite of Goldsmith's; see the note on **45.**

8, 8. **She had not gane a mile but twa.** She had not gone more than two miles; a ballad commonplace; see Introduction, p. 20.

9. *SIR PATRICK SPENCE.* See Introduction, p. 21. "This admired and most admirable ballad," as Child called it, may or may not have had an historical basis. The actual occurrence has not been identified.

9, 7. **Late late yestreen I saw the new moone.** The ill omen consisted in seeing the new moon *late* in the evening.

9, 8. **Thair hats they swam aboone.** Their hats floated above them.

9, 11. **Haf owre to Aberdour.** Half-way home, if the wreck occurred on the return journey, as Professor Armes conjectures (*Old English Ballads*, p. 171).

10. *BABYLON.* See Introduction, p. 22.

10, 2. **They hadna pu'ed a flower but ane.** "This peculiar form of trespass invariably summons the outlaw, enchanted person, or whatever power of the place." Gummere.

10, 17. **Good sall never be seen o me.** I shall never see good fortune or happiness again.

11, 7 ff. "The very pathetic passage in which the dying youth directs that father, mother, and sister shall be kept in ignorance of his death, and then, feeling how vain the attempt to conceal the fact from his true-love will be, bids that she be informed that he is in his grave and will never come back, is too truly a touch of nature to be found only here." Child (i. 436) cites parallel passages from a number of ballads.

12, 16. **yon bonny milldam.** Sea and milldam are confused. Cf. the "sea stran" of stanza 7.

12, 17. **out it came the miller's son.** Out came, or out there came. So *he* and *she* are used with proper names, "out and spake he Sweet Willie," etc.

12, 18. **draw your dam.** Draw off the water from.

12, 26 ff. The three tunes played by the harper, farewell to father, farewell to mother, wae to my sister, fair Ellen, may be noted as an interesting variant of the Legacy motif. Cf. Introduction, p. 16.

13. *CHILD MAURICE.* See Introduction, p. 23. The omissions in stanzas 2, 4, and 17 are due to the imperfections of the Percy MS., in which this version of the ballad is preserved.

13, 1. **silver wood.** Wood of silver firs or of birches? Or possibly a proper name, Silver Wood, as in the ballad of *Jellon Grame,* Child, No. 90.

13, 1. **noebodye that.** *That* is superfluous.

13, 5. **leeve London.** Lovely London, a conventional ballad phrase. Cf. **40,** 61.

13, 5, 6. **And, as itt ffalls,** *etc.* Greet her as many times as there are knots in a cap, merchants going to London, etc. Cf. stanza 13, "And as oftentimes he greetes you well As any hart can thinke."

13, 7. **a mantle of greene.** This and the ring of the following stanza were to prove his identity.

13, 10. **God you save and see!** A formula of greeting. Cf. **19,** 10; **46,** 12, etc.

13, 11-15. Cf. 4-8. The repetition of the message by the messenger is characteristic of ballad narrative.

13, 26, 27. **dryed itt on the grasse, on his sleeve.** Perhaps to whet it. Passing a sword across straw for that purpose is common in the ballads.

14, 4. **Lochinton.** Apparently a mixture of the names Lochinvar and Lamington, which occur in other versions of the ballad. These are south Scottish names, though the bridegroom should be an Englishman.

14, 7, 8. Repetition of question in answer is characteristic of ballad narrative.

14, 10. **milk-white hand, grass-green sleeve,** a ballad commonplace.

14, 11. **she gard.** *She,* as Child points out, is an error. It is rather the deserted bridegroom who would gar the trumpet

sound foul play. Another version, retaining *she*, reads "it's a' fair play."

14, 13. **And gie ye frogs instead o fish.** i. e., poison you. Cf. note on **2**, 3.

15. *THE GYPSY LADDIE.* It is only in the later versions of this ballad, toward the end of the Eighteenth Century, that the wife of the Earl of Cassilis is named as the heroine. She died, however, in the full confidence and affection of her husband, before the events of the ballad could have taken place. Cf. Child, *Ballads*, iv. 64 f.

15, 6. **Jackie Faa.** Faa, usually Johnie Faa, was a frequent name among the gypsies. Johnie Faas were hanged in 1611, 1616, 1624, for remaining in Scotland after the expulsion of gypsies by act of Parliament in 1609. The ballad, thinks Child, may have arisen not long after.

15, 9. **Hold your tongue.** There seems to have been no discourtesy in this expression, which is of frequent occurrence in the ballads. Cf. **32**, 3.

15, 10, 11. **that on water.** Doubtless for "that wan water," the reading of other versions; *wan* = colorless.

15, 16. **If I have brewn good beer.** As I have brewed, so I will drink; I have made my bed and will lie in it.

16. *THE DOUGLAS TRAGEDY.* See Introduction, p. 25. This splendid ballad is worthy of special study. The devotion of the lovers, the fine courage of Lord William, and the completeness of the tragedy make it one of the greatest and most impressive of the elopement ballads. Its theme—elopement with consequent pursuit and flight—is widespread and very ancient.

16, 6. **milk-white hand.** A ballad commonplace.

16, 7. **O hold your hand, Lord William!** In one of the Danish versions of this ballad the hero says: "Though you see me bleed, name me not to death; though you see me fall, name me not at all." This notion of the disastrous effects of naming is widespread in folklore. Doubtless it is to be understood that it is Lady Margret's naming of Lord William that leads to the tragic outcome, though the English ballads have lost sight of that fact. Cf. Child, i. 89 ff.

16, 16. *my bed*, i. e., my grave?

16, 18, 19. **grew a bonny rose.** A widespread ballad commonplace. Says Child: "The beautiful fancy of plants springing from the graves of star-crossed lovers, and signifying by the intertwining of stems or leaves, or in other analogous ways, that an earthly passion has not been extinguished by death, presents itself, as is well known, very frequently in popular poetry. Though the graves be made far apart, even on opposite sides of the church, or one to the north and one to the south outside of the church, or one without kirk wall and one in the choir, however separated, the vines or trees seek one another out, and mingle their branches or their foliage." *Ballads*, i. 96.

16, 20. **Black Douglas.** The swarthy hue of the Douglases was a family attribute, says Scott, *Border Minstrelsy,* iii. 244.

17, 1. **O well's me o my gay goss-hawk.** It is well with me because of; I am fortunate in the possession of.

17, 1. **he can speak.** This goshawk, manifestly, is endowed, like other birds in the ballads, with magical powers of speech and reason. The parrot of later versions is a lame and inadequate substitute.

17, 4. **At even at.** Perhaps for "and even at"; cf. "O even at," stanza **7.**

17, 28. **sound your horn.** Go and whistle, console yourself with any frivolous employment.

17, 28. **playd you scorn.** Put you to shame, humiliated you.

18. *BONNY BABY LIVINGSTON. Baby* is perhaps for Barbara or Barbra, the name of the heroine in other versions.

18, 11. **Then out it spake.** The *it* is superfluous; cf. stanzas 15, 17, below, and **12,** 17, note.

18, 13. **O had your tongue.** See note on **15,** 9.

18, 28. **O saddle to me the black,** etc. A ballad commonplace; the "swiftest" turns out to be a "milk-white steed" (stanza 30.) White steeds are usually given the preference.

19. *KING ESTMERE.* See Introduction, p. 25.

19, 10. **Christ you save and see.** See note on **13,** 10.

19, 11. **to his wiffe.** I. e., as his wife, take her to wife.

19, 12. **att my deere daughter.** Figuratively, "before her"; he had "come before her with a request," asked her in marriage. Stanza 15 makes it clear that he had not seen her.

19, 29. **One whyle then the page he went,** etc. A ballad commonplace.

19, 34. **My reade shall ryse at thee.** My advice must come from thee; I depend upon thee for advice.

19, 35. **your reade must rise at me.** You must follow the advice I give you.

19, 47. **a ryng of gold.** This method of reward by the present of a portion of the spiral arm ornament was an ancient Germanic custom. In Anglo-Saxon the king is called "ring-breaker," "ring-giver."

19, 47. **we will thee.** We will of thee, we desire of thee that thou wilt say nothing harmful concerning us.

19, 49. **stabled his steede.** Medieval literature, from the *Beowulf* down, abounds with evidence of the picturesque custom of riding into the great hall of the castle. Iron rings for tying horses were attached to the walls.

19, 63-66. "While we cannot but be vexed that so distinguished a ballad, not injured much, so far as we can see, by time, should not come down to us as it came to Percy, our loss must not be exaggerated. The changes made by the editor, numerous enough, no doubt, cannot be very material until we approach the end. Stanzas 63-66 are entirely suspicious, and it may even be ques-

tioned whether the manuscript contained a word that is in them." Child, ii, 49.

19, 65. **The ladye looked, the ladye blushte,** etc. Percy had evidently been reading Dryden's *Alexander's Feast:*

> Sighed and looked, sighed and looked,
> Sighed and looked, and sighed again.

19, 68. **can byte.** This figure of speech goes back to an ancient belief that swords had personalities and wills of their own. Thus, in the Anglo-Saxon poem of *Beowulf*, it is said that the hero's sword refused to bite; and in an old Danish ballad the sword declares that it lusts for the blood of its owner, who says, nevertheless, that he has in the world no other brother but his sword.

20. *THE DOWY HOUMS O YARROW.* The otherwise insignificant stream of Yarrow has been made famous by the poets, notably by Wordsworth. But the ballad would never depend for its effect upon the poetic associations of a place, even if aware of them. Normally it would precede them, as here.

20. 1. **drinkin the wine . . . The set a combat.** See note on **38,** 1.

20, 10. **I pu'd the heather green.** The color green was considered unfortunate in love affairs. It was also the proper mourning color for the death of a brother, appropriate in this case, if, as in some versions, those slain by the hero are all brothers of the lady.

20, 13, 14. **O haud your tongue.** See note on **15,** 9.

20, 15. Professor Child conceives this stanza to be an interpolation by a reciter who followed a tradition cited by Hogg in a letter to Sir Walter Scott. It would furnish a motive for the quarrel and murder. But it was not the ballad way to furnish motives. As Hogg states in this same letter,—"The bard does not at all relate particulars, but only mentions some striking features of a tragical event which everybody knew."

21. *LORD THOMAS AND FAIR ANNET.* See Introduction, p. 24. This ballad has in very high degree the qualities of vividness, dramatic animation, truth to human nature. They are manifest in the lovers' quarrel at the beginning, in Annet's dressing to outshine her rival, and in the latter's implication that the excellence of Fair Annet's complexion was due to artificial means, much as Viola, in *Twelfth Night*, pronounces the face of her rival, Olivia, "excellently done, if God did all."

21, 8. **i the house.** I. e., in the byre or cow-house.

21, 13 ff. The magnificence of Fair Annet's apparel is thoroughly characteristic of ballads. It is here all the more striking in that it was precisely because she had neither gowd nor gear that Lord Thomas was forsaking her.

21, 28. **Now stay for me.** One of the few implications of a life beyond death to be found in the ballads.

21, 29. **without kirk-wa.** As a murderer and suicide he could not lie in hallowed ground.

21, 29, 30. For birk and briar growing from the lovers' graves, see the note on **16,** 18, 19.

22. *THE LASS OF ROCH ROYAL.* The opening stanzas may be regarded as a variation of the "climax of relatives"; see the Introduction, p. 24.

22, 5. **he winna come to me.** Why, we do not learn; such omission of motives is characteristic of the ballads.

22, 10. Annie, manifestly, with the weeping of the bairn and the sound of the wind in her ears, mistakes the voice for that of Love Gregor. The false mother takes care not to undeceive her.

23. *HIND HORN.* The opening stanzas are typical of ballad compression of biography and love-making. In other versions Hind Horn serves the king seven long years, but is sent away when his passion is discovered.

23, 10. **That has halden.** That has lasted.

24. *YOUNG BICHAM.* See Introduction, p. 24. The story agrees in outline and in some details with that of Gilbert Beket, father of Thomas. This legend may have influenced the ballad, but the ballad is not derived from the legend. See Child, i. 457 ff. The hero's name is mostly *Beichan.* "'Young Beichan' is a favorite ballad," says Child, "and most deservedly. There are beautiful repetitions of the story in the ballads of other nations, and it has secondary affinities with the extensive cycle of 'Hind Horn,' the parts of the principal actors in the one being inverted in the other."

24, 1. **handld him right cruely.** Because he was a Christian, as other versions show.

24, 4. **calld Young Bicham one word by.** Called on, to.

24, 11. **An I hop.** The "I" is a mere ballad convention; it does not point to a poet.

24, 18. **up it started.** See note on **12,** 17.

24, 21. **lookit oer her left shoulder.** A conventional ballad phrase, here, manifestly, indicative of grief; cf. **45,** 11, below. Elsewhere it is indicative of anger or vexation, as in **41,** 7 and **49,** 35. In a version of *Geordie* (No. **43**) other than that here printed, the lady

> looked oer her left shoulder
> A proud look and a saucy.

"Undoubtedly," says Child, "the look over the left shoulder had originally more significance, since, under certain conditions, it gave the power of seeing spectres, or future events (but looking over the right shoulder had much the same effect)." *Ballads* v. 286.

25. *THE GREAT SILKIE OF SULE SKERRY.* See Introduction, p. 26. The title means *The Great Seal of Ganner Rock* or *Islet; Sule* being the Dano-Norwegian for gannet (a sea-bird, the solan

goose), and *Skerry* meaning a rock or rocky islet in the sea. The ballad was written down from the dictation of a venerable lady of Snarra Voe, Shetland. It is based on the belief that inhabitants of a region beneath the sea could, by donning the skins of seals or "silkies," come to the land, and then mingle with men and women.

25, 4. **aught a bairn to me.** Had a child by me.

26. *THE WEE WEE MAN.* "This extremely airy and sparkling little ballad," says Child.

26, 1. **And there. And** is superfluous; it is inserted to complete the measure.

26, 5. **bait our horse.** It is characteristic of the naïve ballad realization of the supernatural that this prosaic or common-sensible touch should be introduced.

27 and **28.** *THE QUEEN OF ELFAN'S NOURICE.* See Introduction, p. 46. "We see," wrote Child, "from this pretty fragment, which, after the nature of the best popular ballad, forces you to chant and will not be read, that a woman had been carried off, four days after bearing a son, to serve as nurse in the elf-queen's family. She is promised that she shall be permitted to return home if she will tend the fairy's bairn till he has got the use of his legs. We could well have spared stanzas 10-12, which belong to 'Thomas Rymer' [cf. No. **29,** below, stanzas 11-14], to know a little more of the proper story." i, 358. The story is made somewhat more intelligible by No. **28.**

27, 1. The lowing of the cow is explained in No. **28,** below, as an elf-call.

27, 8. **O nurse my bairn.** Child explains that, in popular belief, elves and water spirits like to have their children nursed by mortal women.

27, 9. **gang by the hauld.** Walk by taking hold of things.

28, 5. Between stanzas 4 and 5 the ballad characteristically omits that part of the story which tells of the carrying off of the earthly mother to nurse the elf child beneath the sea.

29. *THOMAS RYMER.* Thomas of Erceldoune or Thomas the Rymer was famed as poet and prophet from the early fourteenth century to the late nineteenth. A real Thomas the Rymer did live in Erceldoune, the modern Earlston, in the thirteenth century. A poem which bears his name has come down to us from the fifteenth century. It refers to an older story, which, thinks Child, must have been the work of Thomas himself, "undoubtedly a romance which narrated the adventures of Thomas with the elf-queen *simply,* without specification of his prophecies. In all probability it concluded, in accordance with the ordinary popular tradition, with Thomas's return to fairy-land after a certain time passed in this world." (i, 319.) In this romance, thinks Child, the ballad had its source. It is possible, however, that the romance may have been based upon an earlier form of the ballad and on certain prophecies now lost, as Dr. A. Saalbach maintains in his

dissertation on the origin of the ballad. (*Entstehungsgeschichte der schottischen volksballade Thomas Rymer*, Halle, 1913.)

29, 1. bold. Not, of course, in a bad sense.

29, 5. **But ye maun go wi me now.** Two stanzas, which, in other versions, precede this passage, correspond with a portion of the romance in which Thomas embraces the fairy-queen. It is this contact with the fairy that gives her power to carry Thomas off.

29, 9, 15. Like personal contact, eating and drinking and exchanging speech with unearthly beings prevent return to the world of men.

30. *HYNDE ETIN.* The title means *Young Giant.* Child says that this version is "defective in the middle and end." He quotes from Kinloch, *Ancient Scottish Ballads,* p. 226 f, as follows: "The reciter, unfortunately, could not remember more of the ballad, although the story was strongly impressed on her memory. She related that the lady, after having been taken home by Hynde Etin, lived with him many years, and bore him seven sons, the eldest of whom, after the inquiries at his parents detailed in the ballad, determines to go in search of the earl, his grandfather. At his departure his mother instructs him how to proceed, giving him a ring to bribe the porter at her father's gate, and a silken vest, wrought by her own hand, to be worn in presence of her father. The son sets out, and arrives at the castle, where, by bribing the porter, he gets admission to the earl, who, struck with the resemblance of the youth to his lost daughter, and the similiarity of the vest to one she had wrought for himself, examines the young man, from whom he discovers the fate of his daughter. He gladly receives his grandson, and goes to his daughter's residence, where he meets her and Hynde Etin, who is pardoned by the earl, through the intercession of his daughter." (*Ballads,* i, 361 n.)

30, 1. **spied some nuts.** Probably, as Child points out, corrupted from the *note* which, in another version, the lady hears in the wood, and which had the same drawing power as the elf-call in *The Queen of Elfan's Nourice.*

30, 3. **She had na pu'd a nut . . . but barely ane.** Ballad idiom for *a single nut.* Child was inclined to regard the *nut* as a later substitution for the more ballad-like *rose.* Plucking a flower summons the power of the place: cf. note on **10, 2.**

30, 5. **And ae she pu'd the tither berrie.** She continued to gather the nuts.

30, 8. **free for thee.** From thee, relieved of thy presence. Hynde Etin seems to offer May Margaret her choice of remaining in the cave or going home with him. In stanza 10 she yields.

30, 10. **bounden page.** As if under contract for service.

31. *KEMP OWYNE.* Owyne is identified by Child as the Arthurian hero Owain.

31, 1. **Her father married the warst woman.** The stepmother plays an evil part in folk literature generally; numerous instances may be found in Grimm's *Household Tales.*

31, 2. **She threw her in ower Craigy's sea.** At some point above, or, more probably, in over her head. Folk belief in transformation by immersion is widespread. Craigy's sea has not been identified. There is a Craigie Wood, a hill, south of Perth, on the Tay, Scotland; conceivably, Craigy's sea is the Tay?

31, 3. **borrow you with kisses three.** Child cites numerous examples of restoration by a kiss or kisses, of a human being transformed into a monster, usually a snake or dragon. An Icelandic saga resembles most closely the present ballad. In it the hero must leap upon the monster's neck when she throws up a sword; if he hesitates it will be his death. With this the peril of touching tail or fin (stanzas 7, 9, 11) seems to correspond.

31, 9. **a royal ring.** In the romance of *Ywaine and Gawin,* Owain's lady gives him a ring which has the same power of preventing loss of blood. In our ballad, says Child, "the triplication of the kiss has led to a triplication of the talisman against wounds."

32. *CLARK COLVEN.* See Introduction, p. 28. "Clark" has been defined as a "learned young knight."

32, 1. **gay ladie.** I. e., newly married wife. Clark Colven's death is the penalty of his inconstancy to the mermaid, with whom he has had relations before his marriage.

32, 2. **the wall o Stream** has not been identified.

32, 3. **haud your tongue.** Cf. note on **15,** 9. Though Clark Colven's answer is not necessarily discourteous, it is impatient; and it is clear that he intends to visit the well-fared may again.

32, 5. **And ay's ye wash.** You are always washing.

32, 6. **milk-white hand, sleeve sae green.** A ballad commonplace; cf. **16,** 6.

32, 6-7. It is characteristic of ballad narrative that it should omit the account of what the mermaiden does to give Clark Colven the strange pain in his head.

32, 7, 10. **And aye sae sair's I mean my head!** How sorely I complain of my head!

32, 13. **mak my bed.** My grave? Cf. **2,** 6; **16,** 16.

32, 14. **'T was never bent by him again.** The ballad regularly combines with its reticence where emotion is concerned a singular power of suggesting a tragic situation by means of significant details. Cf. **4,** 4.

33. *THE WIFE OF USHER'S WELL.* See Introduction, p. 28. Child regarded this ballad as fragmentary, yet its omissions are not greater, or its transitions more abrupt, than those of ballads which may be supposed complete: and it is thoroughly intelligible.

33, 5. **their hats were o the birk.** Scott cites a Jewish tradition in which a man returns from the dead wearing a garland upon his head, "to the end," he says, "the wind of the world may not

have power over me, for it consists of excellent herbs of Paradise." *Border Minstrelsy*, ii., 116.

33, 9. **Up then crew the red, red cock,**
And up and crew the gray.

In folklore generally it is the crowing, not of a single cock, but of two or three that is the signal for the dead to return.

33, 12. "The beauty of reticence in this last farewell," says Professor Gummere, "is as delicate as anything in literature."

34. *CLARK SANDERS' GHOST.* This ballad is usually known as *Sweet William's Ghost*, from the name of the hero in the other versions. The present version served, in Herd's MS., as conclusion to the ballad of *Clark Sanders;* hence the change of name.

34, 2. Child quotes Scott's Advertisement to *The Pirate*, in which the latter gives an account of the actual resumption of the troth-plight, the lady touching the corpse of her lover. Scott continues: "Without going through this ceremony, she could not, according to the superstition of the country, have escaped a visit from the ghost of her departed lover, in the event of her bestowing upon any living suitor the faith which she had plighted to the dead."

34, 3. Margaret does not know that Clark Sanders is dead.

34, 5. **mid-larf.** "The corruption of 'middle-earth' into 'midd-larf' in Herd's version of *Clark Saunders* has spoilt one of the most beautiful things in ballad poetry, the ghostly regret for the living world—

> Cocks are crowing on merry middle-earth,
> I wot the wild fowl boding Day.

But this does not prove antiquity, for 'middle-earth,' though a fairly ancient term and much older as a piece of mythology, is not an unknown word in later English." W. P. Ker, *On the History of the Ballads, Proceedings of the British Academy*, 1909-10, p. 185.

34, 6. **that dy's in strong traveling.** Who die in childbirth.

34, 9. "As for the wand upon which Margaret 'strokes' her troth, it seems not unlikely that we are dealing with a confused survival of the common method by which savages and even European peasants get rid of a disease by rubbing the affected part upon a stick, a tree, or what not." Gummere, *Old English Ballads*, p. 349.

34, 11. **It's hose an shoon an gound alane.** I. e., wearing only hose, shoes, and gown.

35. *FAIR MARGARET AND SWEET WILLIAM.* The opening stanzas of this ballad, the sacrifice of love to financial considerations, and the description of Margaret's rival as a "brown bride" will recall *Lord Thomas and Fair Annet*, No. **21**, above. The resemblance, however, does not extend to style; *Lord Thomas and Fair Annet* is a typical example of the true ballad manner; *Fair Margaret and Sweet William*, of the manner of the broadside, the

product of a low kind of art. Yet the latter is based on genuine tradition, represented in Germany and in Scandinavia by many thoroughly popular ballads.

35, 18. Concerning **rose** and **brier** see the note on **16,** 18.

36. *SIR HUGH.* See Introduction, p. 29. This ballad is based on the story of the alleged murder of Hugh of Lincoln in the year 1255. The superstitition that the Jews slew Christian children in contempt of Christ was not only widespread in the Middle Ages but persisted into the present century. As recently as 1913, in fact, took place the trial, at Kiev, of Mendel Beiliss on the charge of murdering a young Christian boy in connection with the celebration of the Jewish Passover. It seems to have been necessary to gather a mass of testimony to show that there was not, and never had been, any basis for accusations of this sort. The complete collapse of the prosecution suggests that the Beiliss trial marks the end of the superstition. It is interesting to note how completely the hatred of the Jews has passed out of the ballad, or, rather, how the ballad has ignored it: in a New York version the Jew's daughter becomes a Duke's daughter without weakening the plot. Religious feeling, indeed, has completely disappeared, for where, in Chaucer's *Prioresses Tale,* which was based on a similar story, the little hero falls a victim to his pious delight in singing a hymn in honor of the Virgin Mary, in the ballad it is the ball and the apple that lead to his undoing.

36, 5. **to my auld father.** I. e., to my father before me.

36, 14. **Our Lady's deep draw-well.** There is no other evidence that the occurrence was regarded as a miracle of Our Lady, unless we are to suppose that books were read and bells rung through her agency (stanza 17).

36, 17. **bells . . . without men's hands were rung.** A phenomenon of common occurrence in medieval and popular belief. Instances, in addition to those mentioned by Child, are cited by Professor Tatlock in *Mod. Lang. Notes,* xxix, 98, and by Mr. Barry, *Mod. Lang. Notes,* xxx, 28. Professor Tatlock, *Mod. Lang. Notes,* xxx, 160, gives the latest case: In the autumn of 1914 a proclamation was issued to the Poles, "reminding them that, it would seem very recently, the bell of the Holy Swiatogorsky monastery began to ring at night without human aid, and that the pious recognized this as signalizing a great event, to-wit, . . . the present war and all the beneficent results sure to follow."

37. *ST STEPHEN AND HEROD.* The widespread story of the reanimated cock has for its source, as Child shows, "an interpolation in . . . the so-called Gospel of Nicodemus." There it is the wife of Judas who says that the "cock that is roasting before the coals will as soon crow as Jesus rise again." The miracle is associated with St. Stephen in Scandinavian tradition. According to *Acts,* vi, 5, Stephen was the first named of the seven, all men of strong faith and exemplary piety, who were appointed to take care of the poor and to "serve tables."

37, 1. servyd him of bred and cloth, as every kyng befalle. Served him for food and clothing as it befits every king to be served.

37, 2. boris hed. Boar's head, the traditional Christmas dish.

37, 7. art thu wod, or thu gynnyst to brede? Professor Gummere, following Child, suggests "beginnest to entertain capricious fancies, like a woman." Child was inclined to accept Professor Kittredge's emendation, "to wede," to go mad. *Brede,* however, may = *breyde,* start, as in Chaucer's "For fere almost out of his wit he breyde." Or, *brede* may = braid, the same word, meaning to burst into a cry. The question then, would mean, "Beginnest thou to lose thy wits, to rave?" The word *breyde* is often associated with *wod* in Middle English poetry, e. g., "Renne aboute and breyde wod" *(Body and Soul);* "The lyon brayded als he had bene wode" *(Ywaine and Gawain).*

37, 10. *Cristus natus est.* Christ is born.

37, 11. be to and al be on. Approach and proceed.

37, 12. stonyd hym. See, of course, *Acts,* vii, 58. The saint's martyrdom comes long after Christ's death.

37, 12. his evyn. St. Stephen's Day is the 26th of December.

38. *BEWICK AND GRAHAM.* See Introduction, p. 31. Child was "persuaded that there was an older and better copy of this ballad than those which are extant. The story is so well composed, proportion is so well kept, on the whole, that it is reasonable to suppose that certain passages . . may have suffered some injury. There are also phrases which are not up to the mark of the general style, as the hack-rhymester lines at 7^3, 19^2. But it is a fine-spirited ballad as it stands, and very infectious." *(Ballads,* iv. 145.)

The underlying idea or motive is the conception of brotherhood in arms, or blood-brotherhood, according to which each of the sworn brothers must protect the other, must avenge the other, and must not survive the other. The conflict of the duties of this relation with those of that other sacred relation of father and son makes the tragedy.

38, 1. In armes to the wine they are gone. "Two generations have not elapsed," wrote Scott in 1803, "since the custom of drinking deep, and taking deadly revenge for slight offenses, produced very tragical events on the border; to which the custom of going armed to festive meetings contributed not a little." (*Border Minstrelsy,* iii, 94.) Cf. **20, 1.**

38, 2. live best. Are the best who live.

38, 3. were thy son. Sir Robert Bewick, of course, is speaking.

38, 7. hay. For his horse in the inn-stable.

38, 8. thirty . . . and three. A conventional number.

38, 10. counsel take by me. Talk with me.

38, 15. glove. The token of a challenge to combat.

38, 29. let me be. Speak not to me.

38, 54. **lost the better block.** Had the worst in the bargain. **block**=bargain.

39. *THE BATTLE OF HARLAW.* See Introduction, p. 34. The battle was fought on the 24th of July, 1411. The victorious Lowlanders made a ballad about it, which has not come down to us. The present ballad, however, may perhaps be regarded as its descendant, taken down after four hundred years of oral tradition. It has suffered some impairment; and it has, as is usual with Chronicle Ballads, distorted the historical facts; instances are noted below. Yet it retains the ancient spirit, a spirit closely akin to that of *The Hunting of the Cheviot,* for, though modified by grim humor, it is none the less heroic; it is not burlesque.

39, 1. **Dunidier.** Child furnishes the following information from the notes of the collector: "Dunidier is a conspicuous hill on the old road to Aberdeen, and Netherha is within two miles of it. . . . Harlaw is a mile north from Balquhain (pronounced Bawhyne), [eighteen miles northwest of Aberdeen], and precisely at a right angle to John Highlandman's route from the West. Drum-minor . . . was above twenty miles away, and the messenger would have to pass right through the Highland army." *(Ballads,* iii, 317 f.)

39, 1. **fifty thousand.** Ten thousand, according to the earliest account.

39, 2. **Sir James the Rose, Sir John the Gryme.** These names do not occur in the earliest accounts of the battle, which state that the forces of the Lowlanders were commanded by the Earl of Mar and by Alexander Ogilby, sheriff of Angus.

39, 3. **Macdonell.** Donald of the Isles, who invaded the Lowlands to maintain his rightful claim to the Earldom of Ross.

39, 4, 6. Spurious Highland dialect; perhaps the only instance of the conscious use of dialect in the popular ballad. **Me,** of course, = I; **ta** = the; **She** = I.

39. 7. **come meikle speed.** Be very successful, prosper greatly.

39, 9. **Sic fun.** Not precisely comic; but rather a reminiscence of the old Germanic laughing delight in battle and the warrior's death.

39, 20. **Macdonell fa.** Macdonell was not slain or even routed, but only forced to retire.

39, 23. The duration of the battle, like the number engaged in it, is exaggerated. An early account states simply that it lasted a long time.

40. *THE HUNTING OF THE CHEVIOT.* See Introduction, p. 33. In August, 1388, was fought the Battle of Otterburne, the result of a Scottish invasion of England. The Earl of Douglas, leader of the Scots, was killed, and Henry Percy (Hotspur), leader of the English forces, was made prisoner. The Scots, in spite of their inferior numbers, were victorious. The event was celebrated, perhaps as early as 1400, in a ballad, of which a descendant, *The Battle of Otterburn,* has come down to us. Child *(Ballads,* iii,

304) believed that *The Hunting of the Cheviot* was probably founded, in part on the same occurrence, in part on the ballad celebrating it, for the two ballads have several stanzas in common. He admitted, however, that the grammatical forms of *The Hunting of the Cheviot* were "older than those of the particular copy of *Otterburn* which has been preserved.' And he called attention to the essential difference in the stories: "According to the older ballad [*Otterburn*], Douglas invades Northumberland in an act of public war; according to the later, Percy takes the initiative, by hunting in the Scottish hills without the leave and in open defiance of Douglas, lieutenant of the Marches." The Cheviot, moreover, is on the Scottish Border, Otterburne not far from the center of Northumberland. In the *Cheviot,* Percy gives three days' warning of the hunt; in *Otterburn,* Douglas makes his preparations secretly. In the *Cheviot,* Percy is killed, in *Otterburn,* made prisoner. These and other differences led Dr. Oskar Sauer to the conclusion (stated in his dissertation, *Die Quellen der Chevy-Chase-ballade,* Halle, 1913) that *The Hunting of the Cheviot* was founded mainly on a poem, now lost, celebrating an event not recorded by history, but influenced also by an earlier form of *The Battle of Otterburn.*

"I never heard," wrote Sir Philip Sidney in 1581-85, "the olde song of Percy and Duglas that I found not my heart mooved more then with a trumpet; and yet it is sung but by some blinde crouder [fiddler], with no rougher voyce then rude stile; which, being so evill apparrelled in the dust and cobwebbes of that uncivill age, what would it worke trymmed in the gorgeous eloquence of Pindar." Child thinks Sidney's praise merited even more highly by *Cheviot* than by *Otterburn;* but in either case he must have known an earlier form of the ballad; for neither, in the form in which it has come down to us, would have seemed to him the song of an "uncivill age," two hundred years before his own time.

Addison, *Spectator,* 70 and 74, wrote an appreciation of our ballad, basing his remarks, however, upon the "very seriously enfeebled" broadside version which had been in circulation throughout the seventeenth century. He quoted Ben Jonson as having said that he had rather have been the author of *Chevy Chase* than of all his own works.

40, 1. Perse. Henry Percy, first Earl of Northumberland, d. 1408, father of Henry Percy, or Hotspur, who was made prisoner at Otterburne. See Shakespeare's *Richard II* and *Henry IV.*

40, 1. owt off Northombarlonde. I. e., came out of.

40, 1. That he wold hunte. I. e., in defiance of strict laws, which allowed hunting across the Border only with the permission of the lieutenant of the Marches.

40, 1. Dogles. James, second Earl of Douglas; d. 1388.

40, 3. shyars thre. According to Bishop Percy, three districts of Northumberland which still go by the name of *shires,*—Islelandshire, Norehamshire, and Bamboroughshire.

40, 7. Be that, etc. When it drew toward the hour of noon.

40, 10. **lokyde**, etc. Observed near at hand.

40, 12. **The wear borne along**, etc. I. e., their birthplace was in Teviotdale, the dale or valley of the Teviot. The Teviot flows through Roxburghshire and into the Tweed, which flows into the North Sea.

40, 13. **on**=of.

40, 15. **Tell me whos men ye ar.** Regular ballad formula of challenge; the refusal to reply which follows is characteristic of popular tradition, and is doubtless based on the ancient notion that the knowledge of a name gave one power over the person of the bearer. Of course the men knew each other well enough,—see stanza 19, below. Cf. note on **16**, 7.

40, 19. **do the battell.** Let us do the battle, fight.

40, 21. **and fortune be my chance.** If good fortune be my lot.

40, 22. Henry IV came to the throne eleven years after the battle of Otterburne.

40, 30. **many sterne the strocke done streght.** Many a bold one they struck down straightway.

40, 38. **He tooke the dede mane by the hande.** "Earl Percy's lamentation over his enemy is generous, beautiful, and passionate . . . The beautiful line, 'Taking the dead man by the hand,' will put the reader in mind of Aeneas's behaviour towards Lausus, whom he himself had slain." (Addison.)

40, 39. **partyde with my landes for years thre.** I. e., given up my earldom for three years.

40, 40. **to the deth was dyght.** Was put to death, slain.

40, 43. **that a man myght se.** So that a man might see on the other side.

40, 49. **The tocke**, etc. They made their way, departed, fled.

40, 53. **Loumle.** Lumley. **Raff.** Ralph.

40, 55. **Lwdale.** Lambwell? Liddel?

40, 55. **his sistars son.** See note on **50**, 15.

40, 59. **Jamy.** James I of Scotland was not born until 1394, six years after the battle of Otterburne; he was crowned in 1424.

40, 61. **lovly Londone.** A conventional ballad phrase of frequent occurrence. Cf. **13**, 5.

40, 63. **Hombylldown.** Homildon, in Northumberland. The battle was fought in 1402, in the reign of Henry IV. The Percy who falls in the ballad was in command of the English forces. See the beginning of Shakespeare's *Henry IV*.

40, 64. **Glendale.** "Homildon," says Skeat, "is situated within the district called Glendale ward."

40, 65. **that tear begane this spurn.** That mad ride began the fray.

40, 65. Otterburne is not in Cheviot, but farther south, about thirty miles from Newcastle.

41. *SIR ANDREW BARTON.* See Introduction, p. 34. In the

year 1476 a Scottish ship commanded by one John Barton was captured by the Portuguese. In consequence, letters of reprisal were granted to Andrew, Robert, and John Barton, sons of John, who abused their privilege, converting their retaliation into a kind of piracy against the Portuguese. This became at length a piracy against the vessels of all nations, including the English, under the pretext that they were carrying Portuguese goods. In June, 1511, in response to complaints of Andrew Barton, the king dispatched against him two ships under the command of Sir Edward Howard (who became Lord Admiral of England in 1512) and Lord Thomas Howard, son and heir to the Earl of Surrey. The latter pursued and overtook Andrew. "The Englishmen were fierce," says Hall (*Chronicle,* 1548), "and the Scots defended them manfully, and ever Andrew blew his whistle to encourage his men, yet for all that, the Lord Howard and his men, by clean strength, entered the main deck; then the Englishmen entered on all sides, and the Scots fought sore on the hatches, but in conclusion Andrew was taken, which was so sore wounded that he died there; then all the remnant of the Scots were taken, with their ship, called The Lion." In the meantime, Sir Edward Howard captured "the bark of Scotland called Jenny Pirwyn, which was wont to sail with The Lion in company."

The ballad preserves the essential features of this story, yet, characteristically, makes certain alterations. Lord Thomas's place is taken by Lord Charles Howard, who was not born until 1536; and Sir Edward's, by Henry Hunt, captain of the merchantman. The two separate fights become one. The ballad retains the picturesque matter of the whistle; and adds the dramatic and heroic incident of the threefold attempt, in the face of certain death, to climb the main-mast tree and let the beams down fall (stanzas 52 ff.), an incident which can be precisely paralleled from actual warfare of the present day, wherein, to cover a retreat, men step forward one by one to light a fuse and blow up a bridge, each as he advances being picked off by the fire of the enemy.

If the ballad cannot be expected to be accurate history, no more can it be expected to be precise in its use of nautical terms. Clearly enough the balladist had no very definite idea of the "beams" of which he makes such dramatic use, or of the nature of the "glass" whose possession should deliver one from the fear of all Scots, or of the terms "archborde" or "hache-bord," which he uses so freely. But these are "honorable points of ignorance." The technical terms are all the more effective because they are unintelligible; they create an air of strangeness and of the sea, like "sheet" or "stays" or "belaying-pin," in a modern romance. The main thing is the heroic spirit of the whole, and the appreciation of the gallantry even of the enemy. It is the spirit of the *Cheviot* again; and King Henry's lament for Sir Andrew is analogous to Percy's for the fallen Douglas.

41, 7. looket over his left shoulder. See note on **24, 21.**

41, 20. With a pure hart. In place of this absurd line another version has "woeful hart and a sorrowful minde."

41, 24. have his owne. Demand property entrusted to me.

41, 27. And beames hee beares in his topcastle stronge. Topcastle, a kind of protected crow's nest at the masthead, from which missiles could be flung at the enemy. **beames** = timbers. Their use is not clear. Stanza 32 suggests that they could be released only from the top-castle and were intended to fall on the enemy after he had boarded the ship. But this and stanzas 52 ff may indicate that they were to destroy the enemy ship after it came alongside.

41, 28. Saint Andrews crosse. Cross in the form of the letter X. St. Andrew is the patron saint of Scotland; his flag, the Scottish ensign. His cross is combined with that of St. George on the "union jack."

41, 29. either in archbord or in hall. Corrupted, says Child. "An approach to sense may be had by reading 'either in hach-bord or in hull,' that is by striking with his beam either the side or the body of the vessel; but I do not think so well of this change as to venture it." *Ballads,* iii, 334 n.

41, 32. glasse. The meaning is doubtful. Child conjectured "lantern"; but Lord Howard would have a lantern; and its use is difficult to conceive. "Spy-glass" is at least more probable. "Glass" was used in this sense as early as 1613-16, only ten years or so after Sir Charles Howard was created Duke of Nottingham. Our ballad may have been composed, in its present form, as late as 1616; or "glass" may have meant "spy-glass" as early as 1596. Henry Hunt speaks as if a glass were no common possession, which would be true of the spy-glass in 1596-1616. It is not mentioned again in the ballad. Neither "hour-glass" nor "compass" would fit the context.

41, 34. taken mee sworne. Put me under oath. The ballad is not a little troubled by the breaking of this oath. In stanza 50 Henry Hunt attempts to justify his perjury.

41, 35-36. "A regrettable gap after 35." Child. " . . though there is a deficiency at A 36, there is enough to show that it [the ship] was not less magnificent than strong, 36^2, 75^2."

41, 38. stirred neither top nor mast. Did not strike or lower their sails in token of respect.

41, 45. Cutt my ropes. Sir Andrew was evidently lying at anchor.

41, 47. Weate, howsoever this geere will sway. Corrupted, says Child. Possibly, **weate** = I wit, I know. "Whatever turn this business may take," "however this affair may turn out."

41, 52-66. "One wonders that Barton's guns do not reply; . . . but then he has that wonderful apparatus of the beams, which, whether mechanically perfect or not, is worked well by the poet, for not many better passages are met with in ballad

poetry than that which tells of the three gallant attempts on the main-mast tree." Child.

41, 55. **Thou art my sisters sonne, I have no more.** See note on **50**, 15.

41, 64. **Under the coller . . . thorrow the braine.** Horsley, of course, was shooting from below.

41, 65. **Ffight on my men. . . .** One of the great stanzas illustrative of the "courage never to submit or yield" of ballad heroes. It is repeated, substantially, by Johnie Armstrong in **45**, 16. It is noteworthy that the words should here be uttered by the enemy.

41, 66. **Till**=while, so long as.

41, 71. **Newyeeres even.** The date is doubtless determined by the impending rhetoric of the following stanza. Obviously it is too late. According to Hall's Chronicle (1548) the captured ships were brought into Blackwall the second day of August; another version of the ballad gives the date of the return as July 20th.

41, 72. **to King Heneryes grace.** To his Grace, or Majesty, King Henry.

41, 73. **merchandyes and manhood.** I. e., the head of Sir Andrew and his valor, or the valor of those who slew him.

41, 77. **his whistle,** etc. Sir Andrew's.

41, 78. Charles Howard was created Earl of Nottingham in 1596 and was, as a matter of fact, the first Howard to bear the title.

42. *WILLIE MACINTOSH.* See Introduction, p. 35. This ballad has reference to one of the series of raids done in revenge for the murder by the Earl of Huntly of the "Bonny Barl of Murray," to whose faction the Macintoshes belonged. Cf. **5**, above. The narrative element is of the slightest; it is rather a song about the event, assuming full knowledge of the event, than an attempt to tell the story. Yet the effect is vivid and dramatic; the dialogue of Willie with an unnamed interlocutor, together with the glimpse of the castle in flames in the early morning, are picturesquely suggestive of the whole story.

42, 1. **Auchindown.** The ruined castle still stands on a crag two hundred feet above the river Fiddich, two miles from Dufftown in Banffshire, Scotland. It is twenty-five or thirty miles north of the river Dee **(Deeside)**, and about the same distance from Cairngorm mountain **(Cairn Croom)**.

42, 5, 6. **But they'll never come hame . . . Sleeping in their sheen.** Characteristic ballad ways of saying that they were dead. "In their sheen" suggests the violence of the end.

42, 6. **Stapler.** Stapliegate, a hill southeast of Auchindown.

43. *GEORDIE.* The historical event upon which this ballad is based has never been certainly identified. Child cites the conjectures. The narrative purpose is much more evident than in the preceding ballad.

43, 3. she had na read a word but twa. A ballad commonplace; cf. **9**, 4, above.

43, 13. mark=two-thirds of a pound. **crown**=a quarter of a pound. **dollar**=crown.

44. *CAPTAIN CARÈ.* The event on which this ballad is based occurred in Aberdeenshire, in October or November, 1571. Sir Adam Gordon, Queen Mary's lieutenant-deputy in the north, sent Captain Car (or Care or Ker) to take the castle of Towie, a stronghold of the Forbeses, who were attached to the Protestant party. On the lady's refusal,—"with certain injurious words," says a contemporary account,—to give over the house, it was set on fire, and she and the other occupants were burned to death. That Captain Car's deed was unusually cruel, even in those days, is shown by the widespread denunciation of his contemporaries. It is interesting to note how the larger issues have disappeared from the ballad. It contains nothing of the enmity of Catholic and Protestant, and nothing of the rivalry of the Forbeses and Gordons; it deals only with the immediate and dramatic aspect of Border warfare.

44, 2. Crecrynbroghe. Not the castle that is burned; this is known to have been Towie, but it is not named by any version of the ballad.

44, 2. take our reste. Take up our residence for the winter, to seek shelter from the cold.

44, 8. ere my land. Become heir to my land, my legal wife.

44, 16. The captayne sayd unto him selfe. What the captain said seems to have disappeared from the ballad. The following line should mean, Quickly, in the presence of them all.

44, 18. Here, manifestly, orders are given to set fire to the house.

44, 23. in close. Hard pressed, "in a tight place."

44, 24. Lord Hamleton. A mistake for one of the Forbeses.

44, 27. his grace. Complimentary way of saying *him*.

45. *JOHNIE ARMSTRONG.* Johnnie Armstrong was a member of a powerful clan in Liddesdale, Roxburghshire, on the Scottish Border. He seems to have plundered English and Scots alike. In the summer of 1530 he was induced, by some artifice, to present himself and his followers to King James V, who had him hanged with his men. Early accounts mention the rich apparel of the Armstrongs and its effect upon the king. And one of them puts into Johnie's mouth the words,—"I am but a fool to seek grace at a graceless face." A ballad called *Ihonne Ermistrangis Dance* is mentioned as early as 1549. Child quotes Goldsmith: "The music of the finest singer is dissonance to what I felt when our old dairy-maid sung me into tears with Johnny Armstrong's Last Good Night, or the Cruelty of Barbara Allen."

45, 1. Westmerland. Westmoreland, in N. W. England, just south of Cumberland, becomes Johnie's home only in English versions of the ballad.

45, 2. an about their necks. an is superfluous; it is inserted to complete the measure.

45, 5. sent for before. To come before, into the presence of.

45, 11. looke'd over his left shoulder. See note on **24, 21.**

45, 11. Asking grace of a graceless face. Asking mercy or pardon of one who lacks virtue, beneficence, or true majesty. So, in another ballad, Mary Hamilton exclaims:

"Seek never grace frae a graceless face,
For that ye'll never see."

Proverbially, "A king's face should give grace."

45, 15. a falce Scot. It is to be remembered that this is an English version of the ballad. Scottish versions substitute "chiell" or "man."

45, 16. Fight on. Cf. note on **41, 65.**

45, 17. Who vowed, etc. "Not infrequently, in popular ballads, a very young . . . child speaks, by miracle, to save a life, vindicate innocence, or for some other kindly occasion; sometimes again to threaten revenge, as here." Child.

46. *JOHN A SIDE.* The historical events on which *John a Side* is based have not come down to us, unless they be the same as those which formed the foundation of *Kinmont Willie.* "The ballad," says Child, of *John a Side,* "is one of the best in the world, and enough to make a horse-trooper of any young borderer, had he lacked the impulse." It is here given as the best, and the most thoroughly typical of the ballad manner, of three ballads which deal with the rescue of a prisoner under like circumstances. The two others are *Kinmont Willie* and *Archie o Cawfield.* The latter, thought Child, is, "in all salient features, a repetition" of the present ballad. *Kinmont Willie* is perhaps a working over of *John a Side,* or based on the same story. In any case it owes much to the editing of Sir Walter Scott: see Andrew Lang's *Sir Walter Scott and the Border Minstrelsy.*

46, 1. he hath slaine. I. e., Hobby Noble hath slain. Cf. **47, 9.** Peter was brother of the land-sergeant or Border officer.

46, 1. Side was on the right bank of the Liddel nearly opposite Mangerton. The **Liddel** is a stream in S. Roxburghshire; it rises in the Cheviots, and serves as part of the boundary with Cumberland. To reach **Newcastle** the rescuers had to cross Northumberland.

46, 2. Sybill is Jock's mother; see stanza 20.

46, 3. The lord. Lord Mangerton (stanza 21).

46, 12. Crist . . . you save and see! See note on **13, 10.**

46, 13. a horse of tree. A wooden horse,—a bridge or a boat.

46, 17. thirty . . . and three. A conventional ballad number. Cf. **38,** 8 and **49, 16.**

46, 19. made his moane. Uttered his lament.

46, 22. Much, Millars sonne. Cf. **51,** 8, **54,** 4, etc. Much, though one of the chosen five, seems the least courageous of the

rescue party; at least, he is comically despondent. (Stanzas 31, 36, and 37.)

46, 22. Thou has beene better, etc. Applies, thinks Child, "rather to his capacity as a thief than to his mettle."

46, 23. never saw him. Never saw any man.

46, 23. breake a speare. Tilt, fight.

46, 25. Sleepest thou, wakest thou. A regular formula in popular poetry when an important message is to be delivered. Cf. *King Lear,* III. vi. 43.

46, 26. bastard-brother. In another version Hobie Noble is an Englishman, born in Bewcastle, and banished to Liddesdale.

46, 27. Itt ffeares me sore. I am sore afraid.

46, 33. cold neither sitt nor stryde. Neither bestride a horse nor walk, on account of the "boults" or fetters.

46, 35. like a bryde. I. e., side-saddle, like a young woman.

47. *HOBIE NOBLE.* "HALBERT, or HOBBIE NOBLE," says Scott, "appears to have been one of those numerous English outlaws, who, being forced to fly their own country, had established themselves on the Scottish borders. As *Hobbie* continued his depredations upon the English, they bribed some of his hosts the ARMSTRONGS [who were indebted to him for the rescue of John a Side], to decoy him into England, under pretence of a predatory expedition. He was there delivered by his treacherous companions into the hands of the officers of justice, by whom he was conducted to Carlisle, and executed next morning. The Laird of Mangerton, with whom *Hobbie* was in high favour, is said to have taken a severe revenge upon the traitors who betrayed him." *Border Minstrelsy,* i, 165.

47, 1. in it. I. e., in Liddesdale,—perhaps before Hobie Noble was betrayed by traitor Mains.

47, 3, 14. Bewcastle dale. The Waste of Bewcastle. Scott describes this region as a "mountainous and desolate tract of country, bordering upon Liddesdale."

47, 4. Kershope-foot. The junction of the Kershope with the Liddel. "Kershope-burn, where *Hobbie* met his treacherous companions, falls into the Liddel from the English side, at a place called Turnersholm. . . . The Mains was anciently a border-keep, near Castletoun, on the north side of the Liddel, but is now totally demolished." Scott.

47, 6. the water=the Liddel.

47, 6. Tho they, etc. Though Hobie's friends had burst and broken their hearts, he would not be absent from that tryst.

47, 7. aye=O! or, perhaps=ever, on all occasions,—"I am always at your service."

47, 9. Peter of Whitfield. The Peeter a Whifeild of **46, 1.** Hobie implies, but does not say, that he has slain him. Whitfield is in Northumberland, twenty-five miles from Kershope or the Border.

47, 13. Foulbogshiel. "Willeva and Speir-Edom are small districts in Bewcastle dale, through which also the Hartlie-burn takes its course." "Conscouthart Green, and Rodrichaugh, and the Foulbogshiel, are the names of places in the same wilds, through which the Scottish plunderers generally made their raids upon England." Scott.

47, 14. Waste. The Waste of Bewcastle.

47, 15. carries the style fu hie, etc. He lives up to the name, the epithet "deer"; he has often driven back your sleuth-hounds and made you look small, or, held you in little awe.

47, 16. shaft their arrows on the wa! Scott corrected *shaft* to *sharp*.

47, 20. here makes a fu ill day. This is a very bad day.

47, 27. loosd Jock o the Side. John a Side; see **46.**

48. *JAMIE TELFER IN THE FAIR DODHEAD.* See Introduction, p. 36. This ballad, says Andrew Lang, "has many charms for lovers of the Border. The swift and simple stanzas carry us through a great tract of country, which remains not unlike what it was in the days when Scotts, Armstrongs, and Elliots rode the hills in jack and knapscap, with sword and lance. The song leads us first, with a foraging party of English raiders, from Bewcastle, an English hold, east of the Border stream of the Liddel; then through the Armstrong tribe, on the north bank; then through more Armstrongs north across Tarras water; then north up Ewes water, that springs from the feet of the changeless green hills and the *pastorum loca vasta,* where now only the shepherd or the angler wakens the cry of the ourlews, but where then the Armstrongs were in force. We ride on, as it were, and look down into the dale of the stripling Teviot, *electro clarior* (then held by the Scotts); we descend and ford 'Borthwick's roaring strand,' as Leyden sings, though the burn is usually a purling brook even where it joins Teviot, three miles above Hawick.

"Next we pass across the green waves of moorlands that rise to the heights over Ettrick (held by the Scotts), whence the foragers of the song gallop down to 'The Fair Dodhead,' now a heap of grass-covered stones, but in their day a peel tower. . . . The English rob the peel tower, they drive away ten cows, and urge them southward over Borthwick water, then across Teviot at Coultart Cleugh (say seven miles above Hawick), then up the Frostily burn, and so down Ewes water as before; but the Scottish pursuers meet them before they cross the Liddel again into English bounds. The English are defeated, their captain is shot through the head; . . . he is taken, twenty or thirty of his men are killed or wounded, his own cattle are seized, and his victim, Telfer, returns rejoicing to Dodhead. . . .

"These events never occurred, . . . yet the poet has the old reiving spirit, the full sense of the fierce manly times, and possesses a traditional knowledge of the historical personages of the day,

and knows the country,—more or less." *Scott and the Border Minstrelsy,* 87 ff.

Lang regarded the basis of this tale as the historical defeat of Thomas Musgrave, acting Captain of Bewcastle from 1586 onwards. "On 3rd July 1596, Thomas . . . attempted a retaliatory raid on Armstrongs within seven miles of the Border. . . . 'He found only empty houses'; he 'sought a prey' in vain; he let his men straggle, and returning homeward, he was ambushed by the Armstrongs near Bewcastle, . . . was taken prisoner, and was sent to Buccleuch at Branksome. On 15th July he came home under a bond of £200 for ransom." With the foregoing was combined the confused tradition of two incidents of 1597: "Here Buccleuch in person, on the Sabbath, burned twenty houses in Tynedale, and 'slew fourteen men who had been in Scotland and brought away their booty.' Here we have Buccleuch . . pursuing English reivers, recovering the spoils probably, and slaying as many of the raiders as the Captain lost, in the ballad. Again, . . . a nephew [of Elliot of Preakinhaugh] was slain in a Tynedale raid into Liddesdale. . . . A confused memory of this death of Elliot's nephew . . . may be the source of the story of the death of his son, Simmy, in the ballad." [stanza 31.]

Two versions of the ballad are extant. One is the version here given, referred to by Scott, but first printed by Child (v, 249). The other is that printed by Scott, and retouched for the *Border Minstrelsy.* The two seem to go back to a common source. The treatment of the topography is less confused, and apparently nearer the original form of the story, in Scott's version. Both versions, however, are "entirely mythical except for a few suggestions derived from historical events of 1596-97." Lang shows that refusal of aid by Buccleuch is impossible, that Jamie himself did not exist as a farmer at Dodhead in the late sixteenth century, and that, had he existed, he would not have paid protection money to an Elliot or a Liddel, while he had a Scott (i. e., Buccleuch) at Branksome.

The title of the present version signifies that Jamie was a tenant simply. Scott's title, with *of* instead of *in,* would, incorrectly, make him proprietor.

48, 1. **Bewcastle.** "An English hold, stated in a letter of the period to be distant three miles from the frontier, the Liddel water." In 1580-96 "the hold is 'utterly decayed,' the riders are only thirty-seven men fairly equipped. Soldiers are asked for, sometimes fifty are sent from the garrison of Berwick, then they are withdrawn. Bewcastle is forayed almost daily." Lang.

48. 2. **Hardhaugh swire** is the pass from the head of Liddesdale to the head of Teviotdale. **Borthwick water** is a stream which falls into the Teviot three miles above Hawick.

48. 3. **Dodhead.** "There is a Dod south of the Teviot, not far from Skelfhill, which is some seven miles from Stobs." Lang.

48, 4. **peel.** "the general name, in modern writers, for the

small towers or fortified dwellings built in the 16th century in the border counties of England and Scotland, for defence against hostile forays; consisting of a massive square edifice, the ground-floor of which was vaulted, and used as a shelter or refuge for cattle, while the upper part (the access to which was by a door on the level of the first floor, with external ladder or movable stair) was the abode of the owner and his family." *New English Dictionary.*

48, 15. auld=eldest.

48, 16. Catlock hill. Lang states that a Catlochill, between Coultart Cleuch and Branksome, existed in 1802.

48, 20. Pricken haugh. "Preakinhaugh, high up the water of Liddel." Lang.

48, 25. warn the water. Warn those who dwell along the river-banks.

48, 25. Hermitage slack. Hermitage Water is an affluent of Liddel Water at Newcastleton; **slack** means pass or morass.

48, 29. ware my dame's calfskin. Apply, use my wife's (or mother's) whip.

48, 30. Ritter ford. A noted ford on the Liddel.

48, 32. Kershop ford. See note on **47, 4.**

48, 37. Wudespurs. Mad spurs,—"Hotspur."

48, 37. Stanegarside. "A house on the English side of the Liddel." Scott.

48, 39. A wee bit, etc. Slightly related to the captain.

49. *DICK O THE COW.* See Introduction, p. 35. There is evidence that this ballad was popular before the end of the sixteenth century, not very long after the date of the events which it relates. It was still sung in Liddesdale at the beginning of the nineteenth century. Professor Gummere contrasts its high spirits with the calculated jocosity of *The Lochmaben Harper.*

49, 1. lain . . . in. Been inactive.

49, 3. Hutton Hall. Twenty miles south of the Border, says Child.

49, 10. lord and master. I. e., Henry, Lord Scroop of Bolton, warden of the West Marches, 1563-1593. Child. Cf. stanza 55.

49, 10. Dick is evidently a fool in the sense of jester, and a sad ("drerie") one because of his misfortunes.

49, 11. Shame, etc. May shame put an end to all your jesting.

49, 16. Puddinburn. Not found on any map; said to have been a strong place on the side of the Tinnis Hill, about three miles west of the Syde. Cf. note on **46, 1.**

49, 18. So wel he became his courtisie. Wore his good manners with such fitting grace.

49, 19. Fair Johnie. There seems to have been a dearth of Christian names on the Border, necessitating distinctive additions like Fair Johnie, the Laird's Jock, etc.

49, 20. burden of batts. All the blows he can bear. Child.

49, 21. sitt thy way down. Sit down (as *go thy way=go*).

49, 27 **St Mary knott.** A triple knot, as St. John's knot is double. Child. (Not hamstringing, as Scott and others say.)

49, 32. **I wish no,** etc. I do not wish that you should make it three horses for him; which is precisely what happens in stanza **41.**

49, 34. **Cannobei lee.** Readers of Scott will recall the racing and chasing on Cannobie Lea, and how young Lochinvar swam the Esk River. The poet describes the Lea as a rising ground near Cannobie, on the borders of Liddesdale, on the east of the Esk, just above its juncture with the Liddel.

49, 35. **looked oer his left shoulder.** See note on **24,** 21.

49, 38. **was no wel sped.** Had not prospered.

49, 46. **shame speed.** See note on stanza 11, above.

49, 48. **so loud as I hear ye lie.** A conventional ballad formula and not particularly offensive, though, in any case, one must reckon here with the licensed insolence of the fool.

49, 52, 58. **Mattan Fair.** Perhaps a small town a few miles east of Whitehaven, Cumberland.

50. *JOHNIE COCK.* This ballad is worthy of special study not only because it is, as Child said, a "precious specimen of the unspoiled traditional ballad," but also as a kind of link, connecting the simpler forms of the ballad with the more highly elaborated Outlaw Ballads which follow. See Introduction, p. 36.

50, 1. **Calls for water.** A concrete way of dignifying the hero by suggesting his breeding and refinement. Cf. **54,** 32.

50, 1. **But little knew he.** Probably a corruption; another version reads: *And he has calld for his gude gray hunds,* which is required for the following stanza, where "that"=Johnie's intention to go hunting.

50, 5. **the strand.** Often hardly more than a rhyme-word, it sometimes seems to mean nothing more definite than *way, road, country.* Child.

50, 8. **three quarters.** I. e., of a yard.

50, 13. **American leather.** Perhaps morocco from American horsehides. Whatever the precise meaning it is to be remembered that "American" was still (in 1780) a word of romantic connotation; one must not read into the phrase a suggestion of New England shoe-factories.

50, 15. **sister's son.** This is the climax of the tragedy, for the sister's son would be Johnie's nearest relative,—that is if there is actually in this phrase, as there seems to be, a reminiscence of the ancient Germanic custom of tracing descent rather on the mother's side than on the father's. This would make one's sister's son closer kin than one's own. Ballad emphasis upon the importance of the relation of mother and son and the relative insignificance of ballad fathers,—which may be studied in the present volume,—seem to support this view. On maternal inheritance see Gummere, *Germanic Origins,* p. 132.

50, 20. **boy.** The *bird* of other versions is more in keeping with ballad conceptions. See, for example, No. **17,** above.

50, 20. **fetch me away.** The ballads, disliking the mention of death, have this phrase for carrying off the bodies from the field of battle. Thus, near the close of *The Battle of Otterburn,*—

> Many a wydowe, wyth wepyng teyres,
> Ther makes [mates] they fette awaye.

51. *ROBIN HOOD AND THE MONK.* See Introduction, p. 38. "Too much could not be said in praise of this ballad, but nothing need be said. It is very perfection in its kind; and yet we have others equally good, and beyond doubt should have had more, if they had been written down early, as this was, and had not been left to the chances of tradition. Even writing would not have saved all, but writing has saved this (in large part), and in excellent form." Child, *Ballads,* iii, 95.

51, 7. **Syn I my savyour see.** Since I took the sacrament.

51, 8. **Moche, the mylner sun.** Cf. **46,** 22.

51, 8. **Such on,** etc. Such a one as,—a man who,—would slay thee would not dare withstand twelve.

51, 10. **shete a peny.** Shoot in contest for a penny. Cf. **53,** 6, below.

51, 11. **I wil not.** I will not shoot for one penny, but for three to your one, give odds of three to one.

51, 12. **to hose and shone.** I. e., for hose and shoes.

51, 17. **Sertenly withouten layn.** A patch verse, used to fill out the stanza; cf. "Without any lesynge," **54,** 322, 353.

51, 19. **gret-hedid.** Cf. the fat-heded monke, a somewhat similar figure in the *Gest* (**54,** 91).

51, 19. **woo he be.** Woe betide him.

51, 31. In the lost passage the news of Robin's capture and imprisonment was evidently brought to his men, and perhaps news also of the vain attempts at rescue. (63.)

51, 34. Robin's devotion to Our Lady: Cf. *Robin Hood and Guy of Gisborne,* (**52**) and the *Gest* (**54,** 9, 10).

51, 35. Little John has evidently learned of the monk's intention to go to London.

51, 38. **lokid on.** Looked in on, entered, Much's uncle's house, which stood near the highway, and, evidently, spent the night there.

51, 48. **So did Much.** I. e., take the page's horse (and, in 52, smite off the page's head.)

51, 49. **John was nothyng of hym agast.** John was not at all alarmed about the consequences to the monk.

51, 57. **after the way.** Upon the way. Little John's grim wit is admirable. Cf. stanza 66.

51, 64. Apparently Little John broke the king's privy seal and gave the letter to the sheriff.

51, 89. **Bothe in strete and stalle.** A patch verse, meaning

"When in movement (on the road) and when stationary, or housed." Child.

52. ***ROBIN HOOD AND GUY OF GISBORNE.*** "Robin Hood's rescue of Little John . . . after quarrelling with him on a fanciful provocation, is a partial offset for Little John's heart-stirring generosity" in *Robin Hood and the Monk.* Child.

52, 3. Me thought. It seemed to me. Robin is evidently telling the story of a dream of two yeomen who beat and bound him. In the lost stanzas they were doubtless named, Guy of Gisborne and the sheriff of Nottingham, otherwise Robin would not know that the sheriff was out against him.

52, 4. Sweavens are swift. Dreams pass quickly; and, Little John seems to imply, they have no significance.

52, 24. wilfull . . . of my morning tyde. May mean that "he does not know the hour, or, he has lost his time as well as his road." Child.

52, 36. He that had neither beene a kithe nor kin. An anticipation of Byron, as Child points out,—

> By Heaven! it is a splendid sight to see
> (For one who hath no friend, no brother, there).
> *Childe Harold,* I, xl.

53, 1. let blood. Blood-letting, or removal of blood from the veins, was formerly used as a cure for almost every known disease.

53, 3. a good yeoman. This "should be Red Roger"; says Child, "but a suspicion has more than once come over me that the beginning of this ballad has been affected by some version of Guy of Gisborne."

53, 4 ff. Child thought that this passage "may have been transferred, at least in part, from Robin Hood and the Monk."

53, 4. never heare more of mee. I'll say no more. "It is unlikely that Will is so touchy as to throw up fealty for a testy word from a sick man." Child.

53, 7. theire selfe in ranke. By turns.

53, 8. The old woman's answer is lost; and we do not know what the others, doubtless women also, had to give to Robin Hood; they seem to foresee the tragic end of the blood-letting.

53, 14. in that ilke. At that same moment.

53, 16. In the *Gest,* the Prioress betrays Robin on the advice of Syr Roger of Donkesly, with whom she is intimate. Cf. **54,** 451 ff.

53, 17. thicke bloode . . . and . . . thinne. Cf. **36,** 8.

53, 18. What cheere? What is your state or mood? how are you?

"John must call from the outside of the building, judging by what follows. An altercation seems to pass between Robin and some one; we should suppose between Robin and Red Roger. Robin . . is thrust through the side . . . [but] swoops off Red Roger's head. Then Red Roger must be below, and John is

certainly below. He would have seen to Red Roger had they both been within. But John must be under a window on a different side of the building. . . . We are driven to suppose that the words in st. 19 pass between Robin above and Roger below." Child.

53, 19. **will . . . bite.** Cf. note on **19,** 68.

53, 23. **Give me mood.** "Though *give me my God* looks like a bold change it is not improbable." Child. *God* in the sense of *houzle* or communion. The words *Lord, God, Savior,* were used in this sense in medieval English. Cf. note on **51,** 7.

53, 27. The end is manifestly incomplete. The met-yard is, as Child says, "one of the last things we should think Robin would care for."

54. *A GEST OF ROBYN HODE.* See Introduction, p. 39.

54, 4. **Much.** Cf. **46,** 22 and **51,** 8.

54, 9 ff. Cf. **51,** 34.

54, 32. **They wasshed togeder.** See note on **50,** 1.

54, 39. **So God have parte of the.** I. e., "So help you God."

54, 45. **made a knyght of force.** Compelled to become a knight. Robin seems to refer to "'distraint of knighthood' or the practice of requiring military tenants who held 20 l. per annum to receive knighthood, or pay a composition." Child.

54, 45. **Or ellys of yemanry.** I. e., promoted from the rank of yeoman.

54, 46. **a sori husbande.** A bad manager.

54, 84. **To-morrowe.** Apparently a mistake for *today.* Cf. stanzas 85 and 87.

54, 88. **I had lever,** etc. I had rather pay four hundred pounds myself and lay it down at once.

54, 91. **in my berde.** "Bearding," opposing, me.

54, 93. **The hye iustyce,** etc. The abbot had "retained" or bribed the Chief Justice.

54, 105. **To pray,** etc. To ask for a longer day, a more distant day, an extension of time.

54, 107. **I am holde,** etc. "The abbot had retained the chief justice 'by robe and fee,' to counsel and aid him in the spoliation of the knight, 93. Taking and giving of robes and fees for such purposes is defined as conspiracy in a statute of Edward I, 1305-06." Child.

54, 117. releyse. Release, a written discharge, acquittance, or receipt. "Troubles, legal or other, might ensue upon this hard-dealing unless the knight would give a quittance." Child. See note on stanza 107.

54, 121. **Rewarded shuldest thou have be.** "The knight would have given something for the use of the four hundred pound had the abbot been civil, though under no obligation to pay interest. In 270 the knight proffers Robin twenty mark (3⅓ per cent) for his courtesy, which seemingly small sum was to be accompanied

with the valuable gift of a hundred bows and a hundred sheaf of peacock-feathered silver-nocked arrows." Child.

54, 126. **Verysdale.** Probably the modern Wyresdale or Wyersdale in Lancashire.

54, 138. **ferre,** etc. In the position of one from a distance and a stranger.

54, 141. **gave hym al the play.** Awarded him the victory.

54, 154. **true leutye.** *True* is emphatic; John swears by the loyalty he owes the knight and Robin Hood.

54, 168. **Two myle way.** The time it takes to go two miles.

54, 170. **Chaunged.** I. e., exchanged for new clothing.

54, 182. **coude of curtesye.** Knew the requirements of courtesy.

54, 202. **awayte me scathe.** Lie in wait to harm me.

54, 213. **blacke monkes.** Benedictines.

54, 222. **that shall rewe the.** Thou shalt rue, be sorry, for it.

54, 225. **Whether he were loth or lefe.** Properly, *him* were, etc., whether it was disagreeable or agreeable to him; whether he was unwilling or willing.

54, 225. **Maugre in theyr tethe.** In spite of them, whether they would or no.

54, 268. **take not a grefe.** Be not displeased.

54, 268. **put behynde.** Ill-treated. Cf. **54,** 138.

54, 278. **fayle ony spendynge.** Lack spending money.

54, 280. **holpe . . . care.** Helped him out of his trouble.

54, 290. **kepe my hevede.** Guard my head, defend me.

54, 291. **The fourth.** Evidently something has been lost here; the outlaws have arrived at the butts and three of them have shot.

54, 297. **Other wyse,** etc. For the sheriff's promise see stanzas 202-04, above.

54, 316. **Bordes were layde.** Boards were laid on trestles for the medieval dining-table.

54, 322. **Without any lesynge.** Cf. stanza 353 and note on **51,** 17.

54, 341. **this sorowe forsaketh.** Declines to have to do with this sad matter.

54, 343. **I-quyte shall it be.** The sheriff shall be paid back for it, i. e., for imprisoning the knight.

54, 357. **Plomton Parke.** "Camden . . . places Plumpton Park on the bank of the Petterel, in Cumberland, east of Inglewood." Child.

54, 385. **Robyn coud,** etc. See note on **54,** 182.

54, 403. **For all his frendes fare.** In spite of the good examples his friends set him.

54, 406. **It falleth not,** etc. It is not proper for one of my order, for a monk, etc.

54, 417. **But me lyke,** etc. Unless your service is very agreeable to me.

54, 420. ayenst the Yole. Against Yule, against Christmas weather.

54, 421. kest of his cole. Cast off his frock (not hood). "for the king wears a broad hat and puts on a green garment when he casts off his cowl." Child.

54, 423. as. I. e., as if they were.

54, 426. nought to lere, etc. Not to be learned; I should not win a shot, etc.

54, 428. Come, etc. If Robin come . . . he would leave.

54, 430. commaunded theym. I. e., to return.

54, 451 ff. The account of Robin Hood's death agrees in the main with that in the preceding ballad.

54, 454. leten blode. See note on **53, 1.**

GLOSSARY.

(The numbers printed in black faced type refer to ballads, the others to stanzas.)

A, ah, O; **7,** 1.
a, a wot, I know, verily; **24,** 19; **34,** 1.
a, he; **48,** 36.
a', all; **12,** 11; **16,** 19; **17,** 8; **18,** 11.
a, of; **40,** 10; **46,** 1; **52,** 2.
a', on; **39,** 22; **40,** 43.
Aberdour, a village in Fifeshire, on the shore of the Firth of Forth, north of Edinburgh; **9,** 11.
able, of proper rank; **19,** 4.
abode, endured; **44,** refrain.
abo(o)n(e), abune, above; **9,** 8 (see note); **22,** 29; **24,** 17; **30,** 2.
abyde, withstand; **51,** 8.
abyden, awaited; **54,** 30.
ackward, awkward, backhanded; **38,** 43.
adoun, down; **37,** 3.
ae, one single; **17,** 15; **18,** 6; **24,** 4; **29,** 15.
ae, aye, always; **30,** 5.
aevery, voracious; **49,** 25.
aff, off; **18,** 34; **30,** 2.
aft, oft; **7,** 11; **30,** 14.
agayn, against; **51,** 29.
agree, bring to agreement; **38,** 32.
ain, own; **1,** 7; **9,** 10; **21,** 2; **24,** 5.
airn, iron; **43,** 6.
aith, oath; **47,** 32.
aix, ax; **43,** 6.
alane, alone; **21,** 10; **30,** 3; **34,** 11.
allther, of all; **54,** 9, 283.
almus, alms; **54,** 69.
also, just as, so surely as; **54,** 413.
amang, among; **43,** 11.
amblit, ambled, paced (lifting two feet on one side together); **21,** 16.
amo, among; **39,** 17.
—an, —ane, —and, —en, etc., "annexed to the definite form of the superlative of the adjective, or to numerals, or following separately, seems to be **an** = *one*. The firstan, nextan, firsten, nexten, etc. . . ." Child.
an, and; **12,** 11; **17,** 4; **20,** 5; **22,** 1.
an, and, and if, if; **19,** 46; **30,** 13; **40,** 24; **41,** 29.
ance, once; **30,** 12; **31,** 36.
ancyents, ensigns; **41,** 36.
ane, one; **10,** 2; **16,** 7; **17,** 21; **18,** 39.
aneath, below; **39,** 24.
annoye, be hateful or distasteful to; **19,** 30.
anon, instantly; **51,** 20.
anse, once; **18,** 5.
archborde, side of a ship (?); **41,** 23.
archery, collected archers; **40,** 28.
Askirton, an old castle about seventeen miles n. e. of Carlisle in the Waste of Bewcastle; **47,** 14.
at, of, from; **14,** 10; **19,** 34; **30,** 13; **39,** 25.
a ta, at all; **49,** 1.
Auchindown, a castle near Dufftown, Scotland; **42,** 1.
auld, old; **1,** 3; **9,** 7; **23,** 14; **27,** 6.
avowe, vow; **54,** 158, 164, 165, 169.
avowë, patron; **54,** 232.

aw, all; **50, 17.**
awa, away; **16, 2; 18,** 41; **20,** 4; **22,** 11.
awkwarde, backhand, unusual; **52,** 40.
ay, ever, always; **22,** 16; **49,** 52; **54,** 271.
ayont, over against, before; **48,** 39
ayre, heir; **44,** 18; **54,** 52.

Ba, ball; **36,** 1.
ba, a lullaby; **25, 1.**
badgers, peddlers; **46,** 8.
baffled, insulted, disgraced; **38,** 11.
bairn, child; **1,** 6; **22,** 2; **25,** 1; **27,** 8.
bairnies, diminutive of **bairns; 39,** 25.
bait, feed; **26,** 5.
baith, both; **6,** 2; **7,** 2; **11,** 5; **14,** 3.
bale, trouble, destruction; **51,** 51, **52,** 16.
balfull, destructive, death-dealing; **40,** 47.
balys, misfortunes, troubles; **40,** 68.
ban, band; **22,** 1.
Banborowe, Bamburgh, a strong castle on the coast of Northumberland, sixteen miles south-east of Berwick; **40,** 3.
band, bond, bound; **47,** 25; **51,** 89.
bande, bond, contract; **44,** 8.
bane, destruction, death; **52,** 7.
banis, slayers; **54,** 453.
bann, curse; **53,** 8.
bare, destitute; **41,** 24; **54,** 279.
bare, thrust through; **51,** 70.
barne, man, fighting man; **40,** 14.
Barnesdale, Bernysdale, Barnsdale, a woodland region in the West Riding of Yorkshire, between Pontefract and Doncaster, twenty-five or thirty miles north of Sherwood Forest in Nottinghamshire, and fifty miles north of Nottingham; **52,** 11; **54,** 3, 82, 134.
basnites, steel caps, light helmets; **40,** 29.
bat, but; **48,** 6.
bate, bated, beaten, humbled; **39,** 8.
bathe, both; **40,** 37.
batts, blows; **49,** 20.
be, by; **40,** 2; **51,** 8.
be, been; **54,** 47, 121, 266, 268.
beames, see note on **41,** 27.
bearing arrow, flight arrow, thin, light arrow with a tapering point for long shooting; **41,** 53.
bed-fit, bed-foot; **25,** 2.
Bedlem, Bethlehem; **37,** 2.
bedone, worked, ornamented; **21,** 20.
beene, ben, are; **13,** 5; **19,** 61; **40,** 37; **52,** 1.
beheard, heard; **52,** 46.
behote, promised; **54,** 297, 315.
belive, blyve, immediately, quickly; **38,** 24; **50,** 18; **52,** 53; **54,** 300.
ben, in, within, toward the inner apartment of the house; **27,** 1.
benbow, bent bow, bow; **53,** 5.
benison, blessing; **50,** 2.
bent, field; **40,** 5.
ber, bear, thrust through; **40,** 42.
bere a way, bear away, win; **54,** 283.
berrie, nut; **30,** 5.
berry-brown, nut-brown; **32,** 4.
beside, away from; **13,** 28.
bespake, bespayke, bespoke, spoke out, exclaimed; **19,** 4; **35,** 14; **38,** 54; **40,** 22.
bestand, help, avail; **53,** 23.
bested, bystode, circumstanced; **51,** 33. **ferre and frembde bested;** see note on **54,** 138.
bete, relieve; **40,** 68.
Bewcastle, an English stronghold, three miles from the Liddel water; **48,** 1 (see note).
Bewcastle dale, the region north-east of Carlisle; **47,** 3 (see note).
beyre, bear, carry; **51,** 9.
bide, stay, wait, endure; **16,** 9; **22,** 27; **33,** 11.
biek forenent the sin, bask in the rays of the sun,—ironically; **6,** 3.
bigget, built; **6,** 1.
bigly, commodious, pleasant; **17,** 19.

billie, brother, mate; **21,** 8; **49,** 2.

birk, birch; **17,** 4 **(bowing,** perhaps a "weeping" birch); **21,** 29; **33,** 5.

birling, drinking; **18,** 35.

bla, blow; **18,** 31.

black, dark-skinned; **15,** 18.

blackmail, protection money; **48,** 10.

blame, to blame, blameworthy; **54,** 240.

blan, blane, stopped, ceased; **13,** 9; **19,** 29; **40,** 41; **49,** 40.

blinkit, looked; **43,** 14.

Blith, Blythe, Blyth, in northern Nottinghamshire; **54,** 27, 259.

block, bargain; **38,** 54 (see note).

blude, bluid, blood; **1,** 1; **29,** 7; **50,** 3.

bluidy, bloody; **43,** 14.

blyve, see **belive.**

bodë, bidden, invited; **54,** 222.

bode-words, messages; **50,** 19.

bodkin, dagger, stiletto; **21,** 25.

bolte, a blunt arrow; **54,** 223.

bonë, boon; **54,** 336.

bonnie, bonny, fair; **4,** 1; **10,** 1; **17,** 8; **18,** 1.

boote, help, advantage; **52,** 16.

bord, come alongside, enter a ship; **41,** 32, 67.

Borderside, the district about the Border, or boundary, between England and Scotland; **38,** 4.

bore, hole (used in the 17th Century for the wounds of Christ) **24,** 2.

borowe, security; **54,** 62, 237, 250.

borowehode, securityship; **54,** 239.

borrow, ransom, set free; **31,** 3.

bot, but; **1,** 1; **7,** 9; **21,** 8.

bot and; see **but and.**

botery, buttery, store-room for provisions; **54,** 159.

botës, boots; **54,** 77.

both, be, are; **54,** 53, 54.

bought, ransomed, redeemed; **54,** 92.

bouks, trunks, bodies; **43,** 14.

boults, bolts, fetters; **46,** 34.

bounties, presents in addition to wages; **27,** 4.

bowr, bower, chamber; **17,** 19; **19,** 16; **21,** 12.

bower, bouer, house, home; **6,** 1; **17,** 4; **26,** 4; **30,** 1.

bower-door, house-door; **32,** 12.

bower-window, chamber-window; **35,** 3.

bowne, bound, ready; **44,** 25; **51,** 21; **52,** 5; **54,** 337.

boris, boar's; **37,** 2.

bows, bowmen; **47,** 16.

boys, bows; **40,** 13.

brae, hillside, hill; **29,** 1; **47,** 25.

brae, brow; **50,** 17.

braid, broad; **16,** 16; **27,** 12; **29,** 13.

braid letter, broad letter, i. e., long, or on a broad sheet; **9,** 3; **18,** 20.

brand, bronde, sword; **1,** 1; **18,** 37; **19,** 65; **20,** 4; **51,** 14.

Branxholm Ha, Branksome Hall, the ancient family-seat of the lairds of Buccleuch, some three and a half or four miles above Hawick; **48,** 7.

brast, break; **30,** 14 **(tho she should brast,** though her heart should break).

brast, burst, broke; **12,** 5; **22,** 32.

braver, finer, more splendid; **41,** 74.

bra, braw, brave, fine, handsome; **5,** 3; **12,** 21; **43,** 7.

bread, breadth; **41,** 13.

breche, breeches; **54,** 196.

brede, see note on **37,** 7.

bree, brow; **30,** 2.

breek-thigh, thigh of his breeches; **49,** 15.

brether, brothers; **19,** 1; **46,** 15.

briar, brier, bryar, briar-rose; **16,** 18; **21,** 29; **35,** 18; **52,** 28.

briddis, birds; **51,** 3.

bride, bryde, young woman; **21,** 4; **46,** 35.

bright, beautiful; **19,** 5; **41,** 80.

brither, brother; **32,** 13; **39,** 12.

brocht, brought; **39,** 16.

broke, enjoy; **54,** 271, 274, 279.
bronde, brande, sword; **54,** 202, 348.
brook, enjoy, have the use of; **40,** 62.
brotch, brooch, pin; **12,** 3.
browd aros, broad arrows, arrows with forked or barbed heads; **40,** 5.
brown, dark-complexioned; **35,** 15.
browne (sword), gleaming, perhaps, in part, of bronze, perhaps browned with acid and polished; **13,** 26; **52,** 36; **53,** 19; **54,** 305.
brygt, bright; **37,** 2.
bryttlynge, cutting up; **40,** 8.
buckler, shield; **38,** 3.
bully, brother, mate; **38,** 5.
bullyship, comradeship; **38,** 29.
buntlin, bunting, a bird allied to the lark; **30,** 16.
Burgh under Stanemuir, Brough under Stanemoor, in the extreme south of Cumberland; **49,** 63.
burn, brook; **11,** 3.
burn-brae, hillside with a brook at the bottom; **6,** 1.
burning, glowing, shining; **7,** 3; **21,** 16.
burrows-town, "properly, chartered town, corporate town; perhaps nothing more than a town of some size, larger than a village." (Child) **6,** 2.
busshement, ambuscade; **54,** 301.
busk(e), make ready, make ready to go; **44,** 25; **51,** 21; **52,** 5; **54,** 56.
buske, bush; **51,** 12.
buss, bush; **50,** 6.
but an, bot and, and also, together with; **7,** 11; **22,** 10; **24,** 8; **50,** 8.
but if, unless; **51,** 29.
buttes, butts, marks for archery practice (there were usually two, one at each extremity of the range) **54,** 284. The distance between the marks, the archery ground; **54,** 289.
by, on, to; **24,** 4.
by, pay for, atone for; **51,** 15.
byckarte, "bickered," skirmished, attacked (the deer); **40,** 5.
bydene, together; **54,** 185, 350.
byddys, abides; **40,** 26.
byears, biers; **40,** 57.
bylle, bill, pike, halbert; **40,** 11.
byre, cow-house; **21,** 8; **33,** 12.
bystode, see **bested.**

Cam, came; **16,** 14; **37,** 2; **39,** 1.
can, (= gan), did; **19,** 67; **47,** 27; **48,** 23; **49,** 2; **54,** 184.
can, know, knows; **41,** 38; **54,** 115, 210.
canna, cannot; **17,** 11; **18,** 18; **42,** 2.
Cannobei lee, a rising ground in Liddesdale; **49,** 34 (see note).
capull-hyde, horse-hide; **52,** 7.
care, concern, object of care; **38,** 35.
care, sorrow, grief; **40,** 58.
care-bed, sick-bed; **50,** 2.
carefull, full of care, sorrowful; **54,** 28.
carline, old woman; **33,** 2.
Carlisle, capital of Cumberland, England, at the junction of the Caldew, Peteril, and Eden; **38,** 1; **49,** 14.
carpe, talk; **40,** 58.
cast, venture, outlay; **54,** 248.
cast, intend; **40,** 17.
Catlock hill, see note on **48,** 16.
caul, cauld, cold; **17,** 20; **22,** 8; **27,** 2; **30,** 9.
chaffing-dish, chafing-dish, portable grate; **53,** 15.
chamberlaine, one who waits on a lord in his bed-chamber; **13,** 18.
channerin, fretting, devouring, **33,** 11.
chaunce, up chaunce, on the chance that; **54,** 18.
chays, chase, hunting ground; **40,** 15.
che(e)re, state of mind, countenance; **53,** 18 (see note); **54,** 28, 215, 239, 273.
chere, entertainment; **54,** 61, 192, 197.
cheffe, chief, head; **40,** 27.
chepe, better chepe, more cheaply; **54,** 259.

cheve, end; **54,** 349.

Cheviot (Chyviat), mowntayns off, the Cheviot Hills, between Northumberland, England, and Roxburghshire, Scotland; **40,** 1.

child(e), young fellow (common as an appelation); **13,** 1; **53,** 7.

Christen, Christian; **27,** 7.

christendame, christening; **30,** 15.

Christentie, Christendom, **47,** 33.

chrystall, cristal, rock-crystal, a variety of quartz; **19,** 17; **26,** 7.

Churchlees, Kyrkësly, a Benedictine nunnery in the deaconry of Pontefract; **53,** 1; **54,** 451.

clam(e), climbed; **34,** 11; **48,** 4.

claymores, ancient Scottish two-edged broadswords; **18,** 39.

cleading, clothing; **21,** 19.

clean(e), entirely, absolutely; **24,** 21; **41,** 27; **46,** 41.

clear(e), cleere, bright, **17,** 22; **40,** 5; **41,** 59.

clear, transparent, pure white; **22,** 15.

clerk, scholar; **37,** 1.

cleved, cleft; **54,** 401.

clock, limper, hobbler; **47,** 20.

cloke-lap cloak-skirt; **49,** 50.

close, yard, courtyard; **38,** 25.

close, private, secluded; **44,** 22.

cloth, robe; **54,** 107 (see note).

cloth-yard, yard by which cloth was measured; **40,** 43.

co (quo), quoth; **48,** 15.

coerlets, coverlets; **49,** 7.

cold, could; **41,** 67; **46,** 10; **52,** 30.

cold comfort, faint encouragement; **41,** 30 ("ill hartinge" in a later version).

cole, cowl, monk's hood, frock; **54,** 372, 421.

comfort, confort, encouragement, aid; **41,** 30; **46,** 14; **54,** 312.

compted, accounted; **54,** 437.

comyn bell, town bell; **51,** 73.

coresed, best coresed, having the best **corses** or bodies, the best formed; **54,** 100.

cors, curse; **40,** 20.

corser, "should probably be forser = coffer." (Child); **54,** 256.

corsiare, coursar, courser, charger, large and powerful horse; **40,** 41; **54,** 76.

coud(e), could; **17,** 21; **38,** 26; **47,** 10; **54,** 182 (see note).

coudna, couldna, could not; **12,** 20; **18,** 12; **26,** 3.

could, did; **47,** 19; **53,** 20.

Coultart Cleugh, about seven miles up the Teviot from Hawick; **48,** 12.

counsel, secret; **54,** 45.

couth, sound, word (?); kindness(?); **17,** 2.

covent, convent, body of monks; **54,** 86, 373.

Cowden Braes, a corruption of the Cadan brae, or bank, of other versions; **14,** 11. (Cadan bank is a pass near Innerleithen, Peebleshire.)

cowthe, could; **51,** 74.

crackd, defied, challenged; **38,** 4.

crae, crow; **15,** 8.

craftely, skilfully; **54,** 454.

crave, ask, demand; **17,** 16; **54,** 36, 413.

craw, crow; **33,** 11.

crawd, crowed; **33,** 10.

Cristiantë, Christendom; **40,** 11; **51,** 4.

crooked, crippled; **49,** 30.

crowne, head; **40,** 20.

cry upo, call upon, summon; **39,** 7.

crye, proclaim; **54,** 282.

cryed out on, cried out against; **54,** 296.

Culerton ford, Chollerton, on the Tyne; **46,** 10.

cum, came; **40,** 27.

cumbruk, cambric, fine white linen; **22,** 15.

cumly, comly, comely (once regularly applied in courtesy to persons of noble station); **51,** 84; **54,** 430.

cun thanke, feel grateful; **54,** 242.

c(o)urte(y)sly, courteously; **54,** 29, 263, 383, 444.

curtey(e)s(e), courteous; **54,** 24, 151, 226.
curteysĕ, curteysy(e), courtesy, kindness; **54,** 108, 182, 256, 270.

Dame, mother; **54,** 149, 240.
Dancastere, Dankestere, Doncaster, on the river Don in southern Yorkshire; **54,** 27, 259.
daw, dawn; **33,** 11.
dead, death; **32,** 11.
deadly, dead, or causing death; **41,** 81.
dead-bell, death-bell; **8,** 8.
dee, de, dey, die; **30,** 10; **40,** 17.
dee, do; **31,** 2; **39,** 8.
deerlye, dearly, at great cost; **41,** 28.
degree, rank; **44,** 23.
deid, dead; **39,** 21.
deil, devil; **49,** 18.
demed, judged; **54,** 95.
den, glen, small valley; **20,** 5.
departed, divided; **54,** 382.
dere, injury; **51,** 59.
derne, secret, hidden, obscure; **54,** 21.
did of, dyde of, doffed; **51,** 65; **52,** 44; **54,** 449.
dight, dyght, fitted out, prepared, done; **41,** 28; **54,** 19, 320, 371.
dighted, dressed; **16,** 8.
dine, dinner, meal; **12,** 23; **22,** 16.
dinna, do not; **8,** 5; **18,** 17; **20,** 14; **22,** 14.
disgrate, unfortunate; **54,** 48.
do, make; **54,** 251.
do after me, follow my advice; **54,** 367.
do gladly, made yourself happy; **54,** 34, 103, 232.
dochter, douchter, daughter; **20,** 13; **30,** 11.
Dodhead, see note on **48,** 3.
doen, doen her to, betaken herself to; **17,** 14; **24,** 4; **36,** 12.
dois, doys, does; **1,** 1; **40,** 67.
done, do; **54,** 417.
donne, dun, grayish brown; **50,** 6; **54,** 417, 446.
doon, done; **20,** 6.
doubt, dout, fear; **19,** 12; **38,** 25; **54,** 10, 406.
dought, was able; **49,** 22.
doun, done, down; **1,** 5; **30,** 1; **39,** 1; **40,** 30.
dove, an innocent or loving woman; an appellation of tender affection; **31,** 3.
dowie, dowy; sad, doleful; **20,** 2; **32,** 12.
down(e), open high land, hill; **7,** 2; **52,** 20.
Down, Doune Castle, Perthshire, Scotland, now in ruins, the home of James Stewart. It figures in Scott's *Waverley;* and it is still the property of the Earl of Moray or Murray, who derives from it the title of Lord Doune; **5,** 6.
drap, drop; **1,** 1.
drapar, draper, dealer in cloth; **54,** 73.
drave, drove; **39,** 11.
draw-well, a deep well from which water is drawn by a bucket suspended to a rope; **36,** 14.
dreri(e), dreiry, dreary, dull, sad; **49,** 10; **54,** 22.
drie, dree, dre, endure, suffer, undergo, be able; **1,** 3; **30,** 6; **40,** 47; **47,** 6.
drifts, droves; **47,** 10.
dughty, doughty, valiant; **51,** 32.
dule, sorrow; **1,** 3.
Dumferling, Dunfermline, a town fifteen miles northwest of Edinburgh; **9,** 1.
Dundee, a town on the Firth of Tay in Forfarshire, Scotland; **18,** 7.
Dunidier, see note on **39,** 1.
durre, door; **51,** 20.
dy, die; **40,** 28.
dyd(e), betook, went; **54,** 174, 176, 262.
dydly, deadly; **54,** 10.
dyd of, did off, doffed; **54,** 29.
dyghtande, preparing, dressing, being prepared or dressed; **54,** 388.
dynte, lunge, thrust; **40,** 42.
dysheryte, dispossessed; **54,** 87.

Eare, heir; **44,** 14.
eartly, earthly, human; **25,** 1.

ee, eye; **9, 4; 24,** 21.
een, eyes; **21,** 19.
eie, eye(?), awe, fear(?); **47,** 15.
eldern, old; **9,** 2.
elfan, fairyland; **27.**
emys, uncle's; **51,** 38.
eneuch, eneugh, yenoughe, enough; **33,** 6; **39,** 6; **40,** 25.
ere, heir, become heir to; **44,** 8.
erst, formerly; **1,** 2.
etin, giant; **30,** 3.
even, straight; **47,** 19; **52,** 27.
even cloth, smooth cloth, with nap well shorn; **29,** 16.
even-song(e), vespers, celebrated shortly before sunset; **3,** 9; **40,** 48.
evera, every; **25,** 6.
everych, each and every; **54,** 230, 371.
everychon, everichone, every one; **51,** 20; **54,** 174.
evyll, ill, with difficulty; **54,** 429.
evyn, even, eve, day before a church festival; **37,** 12.
ewe, yew; **54,** 215.
eylyt, ails; **37,** 5.
eyne, eyes; **7,** 6.

Fa, fall, befall; **1,** 5; **16,** 6; **39,** 20; **47,** 1.
fache, ffeitch, fetch; **40,** 57; **41,** 7; **46,** 6.
fadge, a bale of goods, a large flat loaf, a short, fat individual; **21,** 8.
fadir, father; **1,** 3.
fadom, fathom; **9,** 11.
faem, foam, sea; **25,** 6.
fain, fayne, glad, pleased, eager; gladly; **2,** 1; **16,** 19; **21,** 30; **34,** 12.
faine, gladness; **46,** 40.
fairlies, wonders; **29,** 11.
falla, fellow; **49,** 21.
fall of, become of, happen to; **54,** 56.
fa'n, fallen; **17,** 14; **24,** 15; **48,** 7.
fare, go, journey; **1,** 4.
fare, fortune, experience; **54,** 403 (see note).
farleys, wonders, novelties; **38,** 26.
fa'se, false; **22,** 9.
fashes, troubles; **33,** 4.
fathing, farthing; **49,** 56.
fauld, fold, enclosure for domestic animals; **27,** 2.
faut, fault, misdeed; **47,** 35.
fay, faith; **54,** 137.
fayleth, misses; **54,** 398.
faylyd, fayled, missed; **54,** 357, 402.
fe, fee, wage; **18,** 23; **27,** 4; **37,** 7; **51,** 86.
feale, fail, doubt; **40,** 12.
feid, feed, feud, hostility; **47,** 9; **49,** 2.
feiries, comrades; **47,** 7.
fel, happened; **51,** 13.
felaushyp, our fellows; **54,** 229.
fell, hill. chain of hills; **27,** 12.
fellow, mate, equal; **46,** 39
felon, traitor, rebel; **51,** 21.
fende, defend; **54,** 106.
fer dayes, far in the day, late; **54,** 16.
ferd, fear; **51,** 52.
fere, on fere, in fere, together; **51,** 38, 53; **54,** 27, 61, 231.
ferly, extraordinary; **51,** 13.
ferre, far; **54,** 88, 116.
ferre gone, a long time ago; **54,** 446.
fess, fetch; **39,** 15.
fet, fetched; **54,** 145, 172.
feth, faith; **40,** 2.
feyre, fair; **51,** 1.
ffalls, happens, is fitting or proper, **13,** 5.
ffarley, extraordinary; **52,** 9.
ffee, wealth, possessions; **44,** 20.
ffetteled, made ready; **52,** 15.
ffor, in order that; **51,** 48.
fforefend, forbid; **41,** 26
firstin, first; see **-an; 17,** 17.
fitt, fytte, song, division of a song or poem; **19,** 60; **40,** 24; **54.**
flang, flung; **16,** 20; **38,** 38.
flang't, flung it; **26,** 3.
flee, fly; **17,** 1; **18,** 24; **54,** 331.
fleed, flood; **32,** 11.
fley, frighten; **42,** 2.
fone, foes; **54,** 106.
for, because; **54,** 138, 266.
for, by; **54,** 105, 267, 271.
force, no force, no matter; **54,** 13.

Fordie, a stream near Dunkeld in Perthshire, Scotland; **10,** 1
forfoughen, tired out with fighting; **47,** 28.
foriete, forgotten; **54,** 155.
forsak, part with, renounce; **37,** 3.
forst, forced; **19,** 68.
fostere, forester; **54,** 367.
fou, full, very; **18,** 34.
Foulbogshiel, see note on **47,** 13.
foul fa, may it befall foully, happen grievously, shamefully to, a curse upon; **12,** 14; **47,** 1.
foul play, the opposite of "fair play," not originally specialized to "murder"; **14,** 11.
foule, ugly; **19,** 13.
foules, foulys, birds; **51,** 1; **54,** 33.
fountain stane, baptismal font; **24,** 23.
four-nooked, four-cornered; **49,** 20.
fourthin, fourth; cf. **-an; 17,** 18.
fowle, bird; **3,** 5.
frae, from; away from; **1,** 7; **6,** 2; **17,** 2; **18,** 7; **47,** 6.
fray, alarm; **48,** 8.
fre, free, ffree, excellent in any way, of high birth, beautiful, valorous; **13,** 10; **19,** 17; **24,** 5; **29,** 8; **54,** 25.
fre, excellently, nobly, well; **54,** 275.
frebore, freeborn; **54,** 1.
frembde, as a stranger; **54,** 138 (see note).
frere, friar; **54,** 119.
frese, free(?), bend (?); **54,** 215.
freyke, frecke, freake, bold man; **40,** 30.
fringed, with full mane and fetlocks; **47,** 5.
frie, free, willing; **1,** 2.
fro, ffroe, from, away from; **13,** 4; **54,** 443.
Frostily, a brook which joins the Teviot near Mosspaul; **48,** 26.
fu, full, very; **4,** 3; **22,** 1; **24,** 10; **39,** 9.
fule, fowl; **34,** 5.
fund, found; **47,** 11.
fy, exclamation expressing indignant reproach; **47,** 28; **48,** 23.
fynde, perhaps for **fyne,** end, finished; **40,** 24.
fynly, goodly; **54,** 284.

Gae, gave; **18,** 39; **24,** 20.
gae, go; **8,** 5; **20,** 3; **21,** 13; **22,** 19.
gaed, ged, went; **17,** 7; **20,** 5; **30,** 11; **39,** 17.
gaf, gave; **51,** 86.
gaing, going; **22,** 32.
game, amusing incident, proceeding; **54,** 82.
gan, began; **16,** 12.
gan, did; **54,** 21, 29, 84, 113.
gane, gone; **8,** 8; **20,** 5; **21,** 12; **23,** 5.
gang, go; go on foot; **1,** 1; **16,** 9; **17,** 8; **39,** 22.
gare, gore, triangular piece; **32,** 8.
garlande, circlet of twigs; **52,** 31.
gar, make, do, cause; **12,** 15; **15,** 5; **17,** 17; **18,** 38.
gard(e), gart, made, caused; **14,** 11; **17,** 22; **24,** 2; **36,** 2; **39,** 19; **40,** 28.
gat(e), got; **1,** 3; **2,** 4; **22,** 9.
gate, went; **44,** 22.
gate, way, road, ford; **46,** 11; **47,** 21; **52,** 11.
gay(e), light-hearted; merry; **20,** 3; **24,** 13; **29,** 1; **32,** 1.
gay, very, considerably, "pretty"; **21,** 18.
gear, goods, property, cattle, clothes; **21,** 5; **47,** 10; **48,** 5; **49,** 3.
geere, business, affair; **41,** 47.
geid, gave; **8,** 8.
geldings, horses; **46,** 28; **47,** 1.
gest, story; **54.**
gie, give; **21,** 4; **25,** 5; **27,** 4; **34,** 5.
gied, gave; **30,** 4; **34,** 2; **39,** 10.
gi'd, went; **22,** 21.
gien, gi'n, gin, given; **22,** 6; **23,** 3; **24,** 8.
gif, if; 21, 3.
gimp, jimp, slender; **22,** 1; **32,** 1.
gin, if; **10,** 14; **17,** 16; **18,** 26; **22,** 5.

gladdynge, gladdening, cheering; **54,** 297.
glamourie, a charm deluding the eye; **15,** 2.
glave, a cutting weapon fixed to the end of a pole; **53,** 20.
glede, a glowing coal; **40,** 14.
glent, flashed, darted; **40,** 6.
glowring, staring; **15,** 8.
go, goo, walk; **54,** 160, 302, 429.
gode, good, goods, wealth, property; **54,** 50, 75, 127, 180.
golett, part which envelops the neck, collar; **51,** 49.
gone, go, walk; **13,** 5; **54,** 204, 219, 223, 245.
good, went, should go; **49,** 4.
good-brother, brother-in-law; **20,** 9.
goss-hawk, goshawk, large short-winged hawk; **17,** 1.
gotten, begotten; **47,** 32.
goud, gold; **12,** 12; **17,** 5.
gouden, golden; **12,** 12.
gowd, gold; **7,** 3; **18,** 23.
gowdn, golden; **18,** 23.
gowden-graithd, shod or caparisoned with gold; **7,** 4.
gound, gown; **34,** 11.
grace, favor; **54,** 353.
graithd, equipped in defensive armor; **47,** 5.
gramarye, learning, magic; **19,** 36.
gramarcy, gramercy, may God reward you, I thank you; **54,** 34, 232, 383, 444.
greahondes, grayhounds; **40,** 6.
gree, made the gree, discharged my obligation; **54,** 108.
greet, weep, wail; **27,** 1.
greeting, weeping, wailing; **4;** 3.
greete, grit, gravel; **53,** 26.
grete and small, high and low in rank; **54,** 102.
grith, peace, safe-conduct; **51,** 86.
grund, ground, earth; **47,** 11.
gryming, sprinkling; **48,** 7.
gryte, great, large; **12,** 22.
greve, offend; **54,** 406.
grevis, groves; **40,** 6.
grome, groom, man; **54,** 4.
grumly, fierce looking; **25,** 2.
gude, good; **16,** 12; **22,** 11; **43,** 4.
guid, guide, gude, good; **1,** 1; **4,** 2; **9,** 1; **17,** 22; **21,** 4.
Gysborne, Gisburne, in the West Riding of Yorkshire, on the borders of Lancashire; **52,** 34.

Hache-bord deck (?), gunwale (?), stern (?); **41,** 36.
hached, inlaid, gilt; **41,** 36.
Hairibie, the place of execution at Carlisle, the county-town of Cumberland, on the Eden; **49,** 14.
halyde, hauled, drew; **40,** 45.
had, hald, haud, hold; **18,** 13; **20,** 13; **32,** 3; **49,** 9.
hae, ha, have; **1,** 3; **2,** 1; **7,** 10; **17,** 27; **18,** 34.
hadna, had not; **10,** 2; **33,** 2.
haik, keep in suspense, drag up and down to little purpose, delude with false hopes; **14,** 13.
ha, hall, halle, manor-house, castle; **1,** 5; **16,** 14; **19,** 21; **23,** 9.
halfendell, the half part; **54,** 382.
halke, corner, hiding-place; **54;** 366.
hall, large public room in mansion or castle; **19,** 16.
hame, home; **17,** 28; **18,** 11; **20,** 9; **21,** 3.
han, hand; **22,** 1; **24,** 14; **39,** 18.
hand for hand, hand to hand, at close quarters; **49,** 34.
hapd, covered, wrapped; **18,** 2.
hard, hardly, with difficulty; **47,** 18.
harde, heard; **54,** 334.
harness, armor; **38,** 40; **45,** 2; **54,** 277.
harnessed, armed, equipped; **54,** 133.
haugh, meadow, river-bank; **6,** 3.
haukis, hawk's; **1,** 2.
he, they; **37,** 12.
he, high; **40,** 4.
head, behead; **42,** 1; **43,** 6.
headin-man, headsman, executioner; **43,** 10.
heal, hail; **40,** 32.
heaps, hosts, multitudes; **47,** 23.
hee, high; **51,** 2.
heely, slowly; **22,** 21.
heiding-hill, the place of execu-

tion at Stirling, still called the Heading Hill; **7**, 13.

hem, them; **51**, 2.

hende, civil, gracious; **51**, 41; **54**, 25, 251.

hepe, hip, berry of the wild rose; **54**, 204.

her, their; **51**, 31.

her, redundant with proper names, as "out it spake her bonny Jean"; **18**, 17. Cf **him**.

hersell, herself; **14**, 3.

het, hot; **25**, 6.

hevede, head; **54**, 290.

hevy, heavy, sad; **40**, 29.

hie, high; **4**, 1; **47**, 12.

Hielan(d)s, Highlands, "the mountainous district of Scotland which lies north and west of a line drawn from the Firth of Clyde through Crieff to Blairgowrie and thence north and northwest to Nairn on the Mowray Firth; the territory formerly occupied by the Celtic clans." (N. E. D.) **4**, 1; **5**, 1; **39**, 3.

Hielanmen, Highlandmen; **39**, 1.

hight, promise; **40**, 34.

him, redundant with proper names: "And there he ffound him Child Maurice" **13**, 21. "By it came him Glenlion" **18**, 1; **19**, 4; **31**, 5; **46**, 6.

himsell, himself; **39**, 18.

hinde, courteous, gentle, kindly; **40**, 52.

hind, a young man, **23**, 1.

hinny, honey, term of affection; **15**, 4.

hit, it; **40**, 36; **51**, 1.

hitt of, hit off, get at, get on the trail of; **49**, 2.

hode, hood; **54**, 29, 226, 364.

holde, wager; **51**, 11 (see note).

holde, stronghold; **44**, 1.

holland, fine linen; **16**, 8; **21**, 15.

holpe, helped; **54**, 280.

hom, them; **40**, 26.

hongerey, hungry; **34**, 14.

hongut, hanged; **51**, 85.

hooly, slowly, softly; **8**, 3.

hop, hope, **24**, 11.

horn, sound your horn, see note on **17**, 28.

hors(e), horses; **47**, 31; **49**, 32; **54**, 100, 277.

hosen, hose, stockings; **54**, 193.

hough, hock, 'leg'; **49**, 21.

houms, level, low ground on a river bank; **20**, 2.

houp, sloping hollow; **47**, 13.

houzle, communion; **53**, 22

howkit, dug; **30**, 7.

hurt(e), wounded; **20**, 8; **41**, 65; **54**, 302.

husbonde, husbandman, farmer; **54**, 13.

hy, stand on hy, stand up, erect; **40**, 51.

hye, high, **13**, 16; **44**, 23; **51**, 84; **54**, 15.

hye, in a loud voice; **46**, 6.

hye, haste; **51**, 50.

hye, hasten; **22**, 19; **52**, 53.

hyght, promised, vowed; **54**, 442.

hynde, young man, fellow; **30**, 3; **54**, 164.

hypped, hopped; **54**, 429.

I, in; **21**, 8; **22**, 29; **48**, 9; **50**, 1.

inpis, japes, jests, trifling; **54**, 63.

idyght, prepared; **54**, 392.

ier, years; **54**, 160.

ilka, each; **18**, 16; **29**, 2; **39**, 9; **47**, 27.

ilke, ylkë, same; **53**, 14 (see note); **54**, 87, 95.

ilkone, each one; **51**, 16.

ill, evil, wicked; **22**, 11; **30**, 6.

im, am; **20**, 7.

in, him; **27** 6.

infere, see **fere**.

innocent, guileless, simple; **49**, 5.

inocked, nocked, notched; **54**, 132.

inowe, enough; **54**, 13.

intill, in; **22**, 24.

into, in; **12**, 5; **21**, 8; **47**, 3; **50**, 21.

i(o)ust, joust, tournament; **54**, 52, 116.

i-pyght, put up as a prize; **54**, 136.

i-quyte, paid back; **54**, 343 (see note).

ir, are; **20**, 6.

Ise, I shall; **12**, 11; **21**, 10.

i-take, taken; **54**, 281.

ith(e), in the; **13**, 1; **50**, 17.

ither, other; **27,** 4.
i-twyse, twice; **54,** 272.
I-wis, iwys, iwysse, surely, indeed; **13,** 9; **19,** 29; **37,** 9; **51,** 90.
iy(e)n, eyes; **54,** 23, 58.

Jack, iacke, leather jacket; **38,** 41; **41,** 64; **49,** 33.
jaw, wave; **12,** 10.
jerkin, leather jacket; **49,** 39.
jimp, slender; **26,** 8.
jolly, handsome; **35,** 14.
jow, stroke of a bell; **8,** 8.

Kaimd, combed; **20,** 4.
kaiming, combing; **30,** 1.
kechone, kitchen; **37,** 2.
keen, bold, eager; **47,** 21; **50,** 4.
keep, kepe, guard, defend; **47,** 34; **54,** 290.
kell, a cap of net-work for women's hair; **13,** 5.
kemb, comb; **13,** 2; **22,** 2.
kemp(e), champion, fighting man; **19,** 26; **31,** 3.
kemperye, fighting; **19,** 54.
kems, combs; **9,** 10.
ken, know, recognize; **16,** 19; **17,** 2; **21,** 30; **41,** 41.
kend, knew; **20,** 10.
kent, known; **39,** 23.
kep, catch; **18,** 32.
kepe, guard, protect; **51,** 72.
kepe, care for, desire; **51,** 80.
kest of, keste away, cast off; **54,** 421, 422.
kilted, tucked up; **30,** 2.
kirk(e), church; **16,** 18; **17,** 4; **21,** 13.
kirk-land, euphemism for kirk-yard, churchyard; **11,** 10.
kirk-yard, churchyard; **6,** 3; **11,** 5.
kirtle, kirtell, kyrtell; petticoat, waistcoat; **46,** 2; **54,** 194, 299.
knave, servant; **52,** 50; **54,** 81, 429.
knet, knitted, knotted; **44,** 17.
knicht, knight; **9,** 2.
know, hillock; **49,** 5.
kyst, cast, throw; **37,** 3.
ky(e), kine, cows; **20,** 15; **21,** 7; **48,** 24; **49,** 9.
kynggis, king's; **51,** 21.
Kyrkësly, see **Churchlees.**

Ladderdale, see **Lauderdale.**
laigh, low; **4,** 1; **48,** 2.
lain, conceal; **48,** 27.
laird, landholder, under the degree of knight; **7,** 6; **14,** 4; **49,** 3.
laith, loath; **9,** 8; **30,** 5.
lake, grave; **3,** 8.
lan, land; **22,** 6; **25,** 3.
lande, country, as opposed to city; **40,** 23.
land-sergeant; Border officer; **47,** 9.
lang, long; **5,** 6; **9,** 9; **16,** 17. **thought lang,** see **thought, 30,** 4.
langer, longer; **17,** 11.
lap, leapt; **26,** 5; **38,** 38; **49,** 60; **50,** 7.
lap(p), lappe, wrap, roll; **13,** 29; **44,** 15; **54,** 70, 194.
lasten, last; **12,** 28; (see **-an**).
lat(e), let; **1,** 6; **17,** 26; **22,** 23; **51,** 80.
launsgay, lance, javelin; **54,** 134.
lauch, laugh; **9,** 4.
Lauderdale, the western district of Berwickshire, the southeastern extremity of Scotland; **14,** 2 (hence the "south countrie" of the next line); **38,** 55.
laverock, lark; **18,** 36; **23,** 3; **30,** 16.
Lawlands, Lowlands; **5,** 1 (see **Hielans**).
lax, relief; **18,** 18.
lay, wager; bet; **54,** 214, 369.
layde down, expended; **54,** 434.
lay(e), layne, resided, lodged; **44,** 24; **47,** 14; **54,** 380, 455.
layn, lying; **51,** 17 (see note).
lea, leave; **42,** 2.
learned, taught; **38,** 25.
lease, leash, "a thong or string (as if for bringing back a deer he should kill?)" (Child); **13,** 19.
le(a)synge, falsehood; **54,** 322, 353.
leavins, leavings, remainder of food; **2,** 4.
lechoure, debauchee; **54,** 46.
ledde, carried; **54,** 134.

lede, carry; **54,** 75.
lede, leading, company; **54,** 368.
ledës-man, guide; **54,** 369.
ledyt, lead; **37,** 11.
lee, lea, untilled ground, open plain; **16,** 4; **47,** 4; **49,** 4.
leed, lied; **49,** 48.
leel, loyal, true; **49,** 12.
lee-lang, livelong; **49,** 36.
leeve, lovely, dear, pleasant; **13,** 5.
'leeveth, believeth; **19,** 13.
lefe, willing; **54,** 225 (see note).
leive, leave; **1,** 6.
leman, sweetheart; **3,** 10.
lend, leaned; **44,** 4.
lende, grant; **54,** 153.
lende, dwell; **54,** 395.
lengre, longer; **54,** 443.
lent, gave; **54,** 165.
lere, learn; **54,** 16, 426.
lere, cheek, face; **54,** 28.
lese, lose; **54,** 56, 364.
lesse and more, great and small; **41,** 43.
let, hinder, prevent; **40,** 2.
let(t), omit, fail, desist; **19,** 48; **54,** 38.
lettn, letten; 18, 41; **38,** 50.
leugh, laughed; **32,** 7; **49,** 60; **54,** 273.
leutye, lewtë, loyalty, faith; **54,** 154, 169, 298.
leve, permit, grant; **54,** 112.
leven, glade, open ground in a forest; **29,** 13.
lichtly, lightly, quickly; **39,** 7.
lidder, lazy; **49,** 1.
Liddisdale, the dale or valley of the Liddel, in the southern extremity of Roxburghshire, Scotland; **47,** 1.
lierachie, confusion, hubbub; **39,** 20.
lieugh, leaugh, lewgh, low; **49,** 33, 39, 49.
lift, air, sky; **30,** 16.
lift, lifted; **3,** 7.
liften't, lift; **26,** 3.
light(e), lyght, lighted, alighted; **19,** 49; **44,** 7; **47,** 13; **54,** 263.
lightly, quickly, easily; **16,** 3.
lily, lillie, lovely, charming; **25,** 1; **29,** 13; **47,** 4.
limmer, wretch, scoundrel; **38,** 15; **49,** 47.
lin, stop; **53,** 11.
Lincoln, capital of Lincolnshire, England, on the Witham; **36,** 16; **50,** 4.
ling, lyng, heather; **50,** 6; **51,** 53.
list, lyste, it pleases me, I should like; **51,** 9; **54,** 446.
lither, bad; **19,** 51.
live-lang, dear and long; **18,** 40.
liveliest, most vigorous and active; **38,** 53.
livings, estates, possessions; **41,** 78.
loch, lake; **16,** 20.
lock, look; **40,** 13.
loe, love; **11,** 10; **48,** 34.
longës, lungs; **40,** 37.
long of, owing to, the fault of; **51,** 22.
longeth, me longeth, I long (to go); **54,** 442.
lood, loved; **18,** 13.
lookit, looked; **16,** 4; **24,** 21.
loon, lowne, a person of low rank; **38,** 15; **44,** 13.
loord, should have preferred; **48,** 36.
loot, let, allowed; **18,** 3.
lope, leapt; **46,** 39.
lorne, lost; **54,** 51.
lothely, hatefully; **54,** 113.
lough(e), laughed; **46,** 35; **54,** 74, 430.
loup, leap; **49,** 60.
loupen, leapt; **49,** 27.
lovesome, lovely; **44,** 30.
lowe, hill; **52,** 46.
lowe, humbly; **54,** 43.
luf, love; **51,** 32.
luikt, looked; **7,** 2.
lye, be kept in prison; **46,** 18.
lyed, lay, resided, lived; **13,** 28.
lyed, gave the lie to; **51,** 14.
lyff-tenant, lieutenant; **40,** 59.
lyked, were pleasing to; **54,** 165.
Lincolm green, Lyncolne grene, green cloth, for which the town of Lincoln was famous; **50,** 4; **54,** 422.
lynde, lyne, linden(s), tree(s); **51,** 10; **52,** 2; **54,** 374, 398.
lyth(e), hearken; **54,** 1, 144, 282, 317.

lyve, on lyve, alive; **54,** 428.
lyveray, delivery, or present, of clothes or wine; **54,** 70, 161.

Magger, in the magger of, maugre, in spite of; **40,** 1.
Mahound, Mahomet; **19,** 13.
mair, mare, more; **1,** 1; **9,** 10; **11,** 3; **16,** 7; **21,** 25.
mack, mak, make; **2,** 1; **12,** 11; **16,** 5; **22,** 22.
makes, signifies; **24,** 15.
mak(y)e, mate, consort, lover; **12,** 14; **17,** 25; **40,** 57.
male, mail, armor; **54,** 134.
male, bag, trunk; **54,** 247.
male-hors, pack-horses; **54,** 374.
maners, manors, landed possessions; **54,** 254.
Mangerto(u)n, a castle on the Liddel below Castleton; **46,** 2; **47,** 33; **49,** 24.
manhnid, manhood, true valor; **50,** 18.
marchandise, dealing; **52,** 22.
Marches, Border; **40,** 59 (see **Border-side**).
March-parti, Border; **40,** 58.
mark(e) merke, two-thirds of a pound; **43,** 13; **51,** 43; **54,** 142, 171.
marrow, mate, husband, wife; **20,** 2.
Martinmas, St. Martin's day, Nov. 11; **8,** 1; **33,** 5; **44,** 1; **48,** 1.
marvelit, marvelled; **21,** 26.
marys. maids; **17,** 8.
masars, drinking vessels of maple wood; **54,** 175.
masteryes, feats of skill; **52,** 27.
matyns, morning prayer; **51,** 6.
maugre, see note on **54,** 225.
maun, must; **1,** 5; **7,** 8; **18,** 26; **22,** 4.
maut, malt, malt liquor; **47,** 35.
may, maid; **10,** 6; **30,** 1; **32,** 2; **52,** 39.
meal, mold, dust, earth; **34,** 15.
mean, bemoan, lament the state of; **32,** 7.
meane, speak, tell; **52,** 2.
meaning, purpose, intention; **52,** 8.
meany, menyie, meynë, menë, band, company; **40,** 3; **43,** 4; **54,** 31, 95, 262, 335.
meate, food in general; **53,** 1.
mede, mead, reward, wage; **54,** 153.
medes, rewards; **54,** 304.
meete, proper, fitting; **19,** 51; **21,** 27.
meikle, meakle, mickle, muckle, much, great; **21,** 23; **24,** 7; **26,** 3; **39,** 7.
mene, see **meany.**
mense, mends, recompense, reparation; **49,** 23.
merkes, marks for archery; **54,** 397.
merry, pleasant, delightful, happy; **19,** 6; **32,** 4; **36,** 15; **49,** 15.
merry men, merrymen, followers, retainers, companions in arms; **9,** 6; **13,** 31; **18,** 29.
mervayle, marvel, surprise; **54,** 235.
mess, messis, mass, masses; **17,** 17; **54,** 8.
message, messenger; **13,** 11.
met(e), measured; **54,** 72.
Methven, a village near Perth, Scotland; **6,** 3 (see note).
met-yard, measuring rod; **53,** 27.
meynë, see **meany.**
micht, might; **7,** 7; **39,** 5.
middle, waist; **12,** 10; **32,** 1; **43,** 15.
mid-larf, see note on **34,** 5.
midsummer-even, day or evening before midsummerday, June 24th; **41,** 17.
mind, mind on, remember; **8,** 5; **22,** 14; **24,** 8.
minnie, dam; **48,** 14.
mirk, merk, dark; **33,** 5; **46,** 22.
mirry men, see **merry men.**
mither, mother; **1,** 1; **17,** 23; **21,** 3; **22,** 9.
mo, more; **49,** 35; **54,** 186, 342.
moder, mother, mother's; **51,** 24.
molde, ground; **54,** 142.
monie, monny, mony, many; **24,** 12; **30,** 7; **34,** 1; **48,** 30.
mood, see note on **53,** 23.
moody-hill, mole-hill; **38,** 48.

mornyng, mourning, regretful, sorrowful; **51,** 16.
mort, note on the horn to announce the death of the deer; **40,** 8.
moss(e), bog, swamp; **47,** 13; **51,** 53; **54,** 352.
most, must; **15,** 8.
mote, moot, meeting, court of judicature; **54,** 253.
mot(e), may; **51,** 56; **54,** 234, 243, 349, 394.
mote, might; **21,** 26.
mountnaunce, amount, extent; **54,** 168.
muir, moor; **18,** 4; **39,** 24; **47,** 13.
muse, wonder; **44,** 5.
mych, much; **51,** 6.
myght, might, efficacy, power; **51,** 7.
myghtte, strong; **40,** 27.
mylde, kind, gracious, merciful (regularly applied to God, Christ, and the Virgin Mary); **51,** 7.
myllan, Milan steel; **40,** 31.
mylner, miller, miller's; **51,** 8.
myneyeple, gauntlet (?); **40,** 30.
myrë, mire; **54,** 352.
myrthës, pleasant stories; **54,** 210.
myster, need; **54,** 244.

Na, nae, not; **7,** 9; **9,** 6; **18,** 12; **22,** 11.
na, nae, no; **1,** 1; **17,** 21; **43,** 7.
naigg, nag; **49,** 62.
naething, nothing; **16,** 13.
nane, none, not at all; **18,** 16; **21,** 5; **22,** 23; **24,** 18; **31,** 12.
napkin, neckerchief; **22,** 14.
napskape, head-piece; **48,** 31.
ne, nor; **37,** 8; **54,** 202.
neer, neir, nere, ne'er, never; **7,** 11; **14,** 12; **29,** 15; **30,** 15.
neest, neist, next; **18,** 2; **39,** 19.
neigh, approach; **19,** 54.
nere, nearer, **54,** 119.
New-castle, New Castell, Newcastle, on the Tyne, in S. E. Northumberland; **46,** 1, 5.
next, nearest; **51,** 60.
nextin, next; **12,** 27; **17,** 17; see **-an).**
nicked, answered, answered with "nay"; **19,** 12.
nit, knit, fasten; **49,** 20.
no, not; **20,** 7; **39,** 7; **49,** 32.
noble, a gold coin of the value of one-third of a pound; **19,** 59.
no dele, not at all; **44,** 26.
noder, no noder, none other; **51,** 80.
nolt, neat, cattle, oxen or cows; **48,** 4.
noo, now; **39,** 12.
norland, north; **21,** 17.
no thyng(e), not at all; **51,** 49; **54,** 167.
Notyngham, Nottingham, on the Trent, in southern Nottinghamshire; **51,** 7; **54,** 15, 282.
noumbles, nowmbles, inward parts, part of the back and loin, of a deer; **54,** 32, 172.
nourice, nourris, nurse; **25,** 1; **27,** 3; **28.**
nouther, neither; **14,** 8.
nurture, breeding, upbringing, training, **13,** 10.
nut-browne, of the color of a ripe hazel-nut, a warm reddish brown; **21,** 4.

O, of, by; **10,** 17; **17,** 22; **18,** 17; **21,** 15.
ohon, exclamation of sorrow, **32,** 7.
okerer, usurer, **54,** 46.
on, one; **40,** 21; **51,** 6.
on, wed you on, marry you to; **20,** 13.
ony, onie, any; **17,** 21; **24,** 5; **30,** 13; **37,** 7.
onys, once; **51,** 23.
oot, out; **39,** 18.
or, before; **17,** 13; **21,** 12; **43,** 14; **44,** 7.
ordeyn, give order for, levy; **54,** 326.
ordinance, ordnance, cannon; **41,** 27.
ordre, rule of a monastic order; **54,** 197, 198.
ought, owed; **44,** 30.
ouris, hours; **54,** 30.
ousen, oxen; **20,** 15.
out, alas; **46,** 36.
outspeckle, laughing-stock; **48,** 27.

owware, owre, hour; **40,** 7; **54,** 168.
ower, owre, over, above; **7,** 2; **31,** 2.
owre, o'er, over; **9,** 11; **15,** 2.
owre, before; **9,** 8.
owt o hand, forthwith, immediately; **21,** 11.
owtlay, outlaw; **51,** 42.

Palf(e)ray, palfrey, saddlehorse for ordinary riding; **54,** 77, 213, 263, 334.
pall, fine cloth; **19,** 16.
palmer, tramp, beggar; **50,** 10.
parti, uppone a parti, aside; **40,** 19.
partye, parts; **54,** 382.
passe, road, route, extent(?); **54,** 357.
pat, put (pret. of **pit**); **25,** 5.
pay, satisfaction; **54,** 66, 250.
paynim, pagan; **19,** 13.
pecis, cups; **54,** 175.
peeces, cannon; **41,** 35.
peel, see note on **48,** 4.
pellettes, bullets; **44,** 12.
pen-knife, originally a larger and more formidable weapon than at present and provided with a sheath; **10,** 4; **32,** 8; **50,** 8.
pestilett, pistolet (the earlier name of *pistol*); **44,** 11.
phat, what; **39,** 8.
philabeg, kilt, skirt worn by Highlanders; **18,** 21.
pick, pitch; **47,** 12.
pie, of pie, pied, parti-colored; **54,** 194.
pin, implement for raising the fastening of a door, hanging inside by a leather thong, which was passed through a hole to the outside; **22,** 9; **53,** 12.
pine, suffering, pain; **24,** 8.
pinnace, small, two-masted vessel; **41,** 28.
pith, force, vigor; **54,** 409.
pitten, put; **24,** 2.
plaid, outer article of Highland costume; **18,** 2.
plaidie, diminutive of **plaid**; **15,** 5.
plain, make complaint; **49,** 19.
plat, plaited, intertwined; **16,** 19.
plate-jack, a sleeveless jacket of leather, plated with iron; **38,** 22.
plight, pledged; **54,** 173.
plight me your troth, pledge me your faith; **19,** 23.
plucke-buffet, "apparently a competition between archers in which he who missed or failed 'caught' a buffet from his competitor." (N E D); **54,** 424 (cf. 400).
plummet, pommel; **49,** 40.[a]
Portingall, Portuguese; **41,** 39.
prees, prese, press of battle, the thick of the conflict; **54,** 116, 218.
presentlie, at present; **34,** 2.
prettiest, cleverest, bravest, most gallant; **49,** 41.
pricke, pricke-wand, rod or wand used as a mark in shooting; **52,** 28, 31.
prime, about 9 a. m.; **3,** 9.
proper, handsome, fair; **49,** 3.
proud, prowde, prude, valiant, bold; **19,** 43; **25,** 7; **51,** 21; **54,** 2, 146.
pryce, prize; **54,** 137.
pryckynge, pricking, hurrying (literally, spurring); **54,** 229.
pryde, pride, force, might, valor; **40,** 27; **50,** 7; **53,** 21; **54,** 22.
pryde, honor, glory; **40,** 28.
pryoure, prior, officer immediately under the abbot; **54,** 88, 260.
pu'd, pu'ed, pulled, plucked; **10,** 2; **20,** 10; **30,** 3; **36,** 6.
purveyed, provided; **54,** 131.
pyne, passion of Christ; **54,** 391.
pype, pipe, cask, usually for 105 gallons; **54,** 137.

Quire, choir, chancel, eastern part of a church, reserved for the clergy, etc.; **16,** 18; **21,** 29.
quite, free, unpunished; **44,** 28.
quo, quoth, said; **25,** 4; **49,** 17.
quyrry, quarry, heap of animals slain in hunting; **40,** 8.
quyte, acquit, requite, square the account; **51,** 77.
quyte, quit, requited; **40,** 62.

Rade, rode; **7,** 3; **16,** 10; **18,** 28; **21,** 16.
radly, quickly; **51,** 24.
raise, rose; **22,** 25.
rank, wild, bold, strong, violent; **10,** 4.
ranshakled, ransacked; **48,** 4.
rashes, rushes; **6,** 1.
rawe, row; **54,** 306.
rawstye by the roote, rusty at the end (?); **52,** 56.
ray, track; **47,** 22.
raye, striped cloth; **54,** 230.
reacheles on, heedless about; **52,** 38.
reade, rede, advise, advice; **19,** 6, 35; **21,** 4; **53,** 2.
reane, rain; **40,** 67.
rearing, standing up; **19,** 9.
reas, raise; **40,** 5.
reave, reve, rob; **19,** 21; **54,** 12.
record, sma record, little note; **39,** 22.
red(e)ly, quickly; **54,** 223, 316.
reden, rode; **54,** 134.
reid, red; **1,** 2.
reken, reckon, settle accounts; **54,** 254.
renisht, prepared, accoutred (?); **19,** 8.
rent(e)s, source of income, income; **24,** 5; **45,** 1; **54,** 378.
reves, bailiffs, stewards; **54,** 254.
reweth, me reweth, I am sorry; **54,** 259.
richt, right, very; **9,** 2.
rid, rode; **5,** 3.
rideing, going upon raids or forays; **49,** 1.
right, rightly, by right; **41,** 78.
rin, run; **7,** 3.
ring, the hammer of a door knocker; **35,** 11.
riving, tearing; **4,** 3.
rode, rood, cross; **51,** 18; **54,** 309, 333, 340.
rood, rod, five and a half yards; **52,** 28.
roundly, at a good pace; **18,** 3.
round tables, see note on **7,** 1.
route, to route, as a band or company; **54,** 318.
routing, bellowing; **48,** 14.
row, roll, wrap; **32,** 8.
rowed, rolled, wrapped; **18,** 2; **32,** 9; **36,** 9.
rowe, on a rowe, in a line, file; **54,** 60, 229, 389 448.
rowing, rolling, flowing; **48,** 5.
rown, round; **18,** 2.
rule, going on, noisy bewailing; **51,** 32.
rung, staff; **23,** 12.
ryghtwys, righteous; **54,** 240.
rysyt, rise; **37,** 11.

'S, sall, shall, shalt; **22,** 20; **27,** 8; **34,** 3; **38,** 6; **39,** 12; **47,** 31.
sad, heavy, serious, steadfast; **40,** 45; **54,** 215.
sae, so; **1,** 1; **5,** 2; **9,** 6; **16,** 8.
saf, save, except; **54,** 224.
safely, with confidence or assurance; **47,** 1; **54,** 117.
safe-warrand, sponsor, security, **47,** 8.
saft, soft; **8,** 9; **18,** 31.
Saint Johnston, i. e. Perth, the ancient capital of Scotland; **12,** 1.
sair, sore; **4,** 3; **16,** 7; **18,** 14; **24,** 10.
sall, sal, shall; **1,** 7; **10,** 17; **17,** 3; **21,** 4; **37,** 8.
salued, greeted; **54,** 102.
sare, sore, hard; **54,** 400.
sark, shirt, shift; **17,** 23; **32,** 5.
sawten, assaulted, attacked; **51,** 63.
sax, six; **48,** 14.
say, saw; **40,** 44.
Saylis, a small tenancy of the manor of Pontefract; **54,** 18, 212.
saynte, holy; **54,** 201, 378.
scathe, harm; **54,** 202 (see note).
Scherwode, Sherwood Forest, in north-western Nottinghamshire, ten or fifteen miles north of Nottingham; **51,** 16.
schoone, shoes; **9,** 8.
scorn, shame, humiliation; **17,** 28 (see note).
scroggs, brushwood; **50,** 12.
seased, took possession of, confiscated; **54,** 356.
seche, seek, search; **54,** 66, 250.
securly, surely; **51,** 34.
se(e), saw; **51,** 7; **54,** 430.
see, se, protect; **13,** 10; (see note); **19,** 10; **46,** 12; **51,** 54.
seete, set; **46,** 34.
seke, search; **51,** 76; **54,** 255.

seker, firm, resolute; **54,** 215.
seld, sold; **47,** 2.
selerer, cellarer, monk in charge of wine and provisions; **54,** 91, 233. 271.
semblaunce, appearance, manner; **54,** 22.
semblyde, assembled; **40,** 8.
sen, since; **40,** 67.
sen, sent; **17,** 9.
sent, sendeth; **54,** 384.
sent, sent I me, I assent; **54,** 414.
set, sat, planted, dealt (a blow); **40,** 42; **54,** 223.
set hym on his kne(e), kneeled; **54,** 24, 263, 432, 444.
set, up set, started; **54,** 136.
sete, suit, dress; **54,** 133.
sett, take aim; **41,** 31.
sette, place, pledge; **54,** 53.
settle by, set aside; **14,** 13.
settled, levelled, adjusted; **41,** 44.
Seynt Mari Abbey, St. Mary's Abbey, at York, twenty miles from Barnsdale; **51,** 18; **54,** 54, 84, 233.
shadow, reflection of color; **16,** 13.
shaft, arrow; **41,** 61.
shathmont, shaftment, the distance from the end of the extended thumb to the opposite side of the hand, used as a measure; about six inches; **26,** 2.
shawe, small wood, strip of wood bordering a field; **48,** 25; **51,** 1; **52,** 1; **54,** 14.
sheaf, shefe, bundle of twenty-four arrows; **50,** 5; **54,** 131.
shear, several, separate; **40,** 6.
sheave, slice; **17,** 27.
sheed, sheet; **48,** 36.
sheen(e), shoes; **21,** 13; **42,** 6.
sheene, sheyne, beautiful; **19,** 5.
shende, put to shame, punish; **54,** 140.
shente, hurt; **54,** 396.
shete, shoot; **51,** 10 (see note); **54,** 145.
sheugh, furrow; **33,** 6.
shoed, shod; **22,** 3.
shoon, shone, shoes; **34,** 11; **51,** 12; **54,** 193.
shope, shaped, created; **54,** 64.
shot-window, bow-window, window hinged above and opening outward; **17,** 8; **34,** 9; **53,** 20.
shradds, twigs; **52,** 1.
shrewed, shrewde, cursed, wicked; **54,** 104, 164.
shrift, confession; **52,** 54.
shroggs, rods, wands; **52,** 28.
shuldis, shouldest; **51,** 15.
shyft, manner of livelihood; **54,** 377.
sic, sick(e), such; **1,** 7; **32,** 3; **39,** 7; **45,** 3.
siccan, such; **39,** 20.
silkie, seal; **25,** 3.
siller, silver; **21,** 16.
siller-shod, shod with silver; **7,** 4.
simmer, summer; **25,** 6.
sin, sun; **6,** 3; **25,** 6.
sin, since; **22,** 14.
sindry, sundry, various people; **14,** 5.
sithe, since; **40,** 13.
skaith, harm; **30,** 5.
Skee, Skye, an island off the west coast of Scotland; **39,** 3.
skinkled, sparkled; **21,** 19.
slack, low ground, gap between two hills; **48,** 25.
slade, dell, glade; **52,** 12.
sleepy draught, sleeping draught; **17,** 19.
slet, slit; **54,** 146.
slichting, slighting, disregarding; **30,** 6.
slist, sliced, split; **54,** 292.
slon, slay; **51,** 8.
slo(o), slay; **54,** 186, 438.
slone, slain; **54,** 428.
sloughe, slew; **40,** 25.
slough-hounds, sleuth-hounds, blood-hounds; **47,** 15.
sma, small, slender; **12,** 10; **26,** 8; **43,** 15.
small, shrill, high; **54,** 445.
smerte, smart, quick; **54,** 188.
smerte, smart, feel pain; **54,** 196.
smock, chemise; **21,** 15.
smoldereth, smothers; **44,** 19.
somers, sumpters, pack-horses; **54,** 216, 374.

sore, anxiously, severely; **19,** 48; **54,** 95, 442.
soriar, sorrier, more wretched; **54,** 23.
sorowe, in sorowe tyme, in an evil hour; **54,** 96.
soth(e), sooth, true, truly, truth; **37,** 9; **48,** 29; **51,** 21; **54,** 65, 256.
sould, should; **21,** 10.
southin, southern; **17,** 16.
sought, asked for; **23,** 16.
sowdan, soldan, sultan (the king of Spain conceived as a Mohammedan sovereign); **19,** 65.
spack, spak, spoke; **7,** 5; **9,** 2; **21,** 25.
sparred, barred; **51,** 20.
sped, made successful, accomplished; **19,** 19; **49,** 61.
spede, prosper; **54,** 112, 153.
speed, prosperity, success, promoter of success; **39,** 7; **41,** 12.
speer, ask; **39,** 25.
spendyd, placed in rest; **40,** 40.
spole, shoulder; **41,** 63.
sporis, spore, spores, spurs; **54,** 78, 258, 277.
sporned, spurned, kicked; **54,** 161.
sprente, sprang, spurted; **40,** 32.
spurn(e), encounter, fray (?); **40,** 65, 66 (see note).
spyrred, asked, inquired; **51,** 41.
sta, stole; **18,** 1; **49,** 13.
sta, stall; **48,** 14; **49,** 1.
stage, floor or story of a house; **51,** 39.
stane, stone; **24,** 23; **25,** 6; **26,** 3; **30,** 9.
staps, stops, stays, resides; **25,** 1.
stark, strong; **43,** 11.
start, started, moved suddenly; **54,** 159.
stean, stone seat at the church door; **21,** 19.
stede, place; **54,** 133, 376.
stemd . . of, put an end to; **50,** 7.
sterne, bold, bold one; **40,** 30.
sterre, star; **37,** 2.
stert, started, stepped quickly; **54,** 120, 211, 351, 396.
steven, time of meeting; **52,** 27.
steven, voice; **52,** 52.
stiffe, styffe, firm, unyielding; **19,** 67; **54,** 437.
stifly, firmly, without yielding; **54,** 167.
Stirling, a city on the river Forth near Edinburgh; **7,** 11; **12,** 1.
stonyt, stone; **37,** 11.
store, in plenty; **41,** 78.
stour, fight, battle; **19,** 67.
stout(e), sturdy, bold, high-mettled; **39,** 18; **41,** 5; **54,** 163, 355.
stoutely, boldly; **41,** 18.
stown, stolen; **18,** 18.
strake, strack, strocke, stroke, pierced, struck; **21,** 25; **39,** 19; **40,** 30; **41,** 53.
straik, stroke, blow; **39,** 19.
stran, strand, shore; **12,** 7; **22,** 6; **50,** 5; (see note).
strang, strong; **18,** 21; **26,** 4; **31,** 4; **39,** 14.
streen, the streen, yestereen, yester-night; **17,** 9.
streete, strete, path, road; **53,** 26; **54,** 18.
streght, straight; **40,** 30.
strekene, struck, pierced; **40,** 36.
stronke, struck; **19,** 58.
stroke, struck; **13,** 27.
strong(e), using violence; **45,** 10; **54,** 221, 324.
stubborn, ruthless, fierce; **20,** 8.
study, consider, deliberate; **38,** 18.
stye, alley; **51,** 76.
styfly, firmly, stanchly; **44,** 12.
stynttyde, stopped; **40,** 41.
suar, sure; **40,** 27.
sud, suld, should; **25,** 4; **43,** 14.
swapte, smote; **40,** 31.
swarved, climbed; **41,** 53.
swat, sweated; **40,** 31.
sweavens, dreams; **52,** 4.
swift, of short continuance; **52,** 4.
swire, the slope of a mountain or hill near the summit; **48,** 2.
swith, quickly; **19,** 67.
syke, ditch, trench; **33,** 6; **47,** 28.
symple, plain in dress; **54,** 233.
syn, since; **51,** 7.
syne, then, afterward; **12,** 27; **18,** 2; **22,** 14; **36,** 8.

syt, sitteth; **54,** 280.
syth, afterward; **54,** 257.

Tack, tak, tayk, take; **12,** 11; **16,** 12; **20,** 15; **25.** 6; **40,** 13.
tae, the tae, that ae, the one; **17,** 22; (cf **Tane** and **tone**).
taen, tain(e), tane, taken; **7,** 10; **22,** 6; **34,** 9; **45,** 13.
taiken, taken, token, evidence; **22,** 13; **49,** 49.
take, give; **54,** 123.
takle, takyll, arrow; **54,** 288, 398, 404.
talents, abundance of gold worn in massive ornaments(?); **19,** 17.
tane, the tane, the one; **21,** 29.
targe, charter; **54,** 385.
tartan, tartan plaid, plaid with distinctive pattern of a clan; **18,** 2.
Tay, lake and river in Perthshire, central Scotland; **4,** 1.
tear, rushing gallop (?), rage or passion(?); **40,** 65 (see note).
teld, telld, told, counted, paid; **14,** 3; **43,** 13; **49,** 30, 50.
tel, tell, count, pay; **43,** 12; **49,** 56.
tene, trouble, vexation; **54,** 78, 128, 211, 329.
tent, guard, watch; **46,** 28.
tett, lock; **29,** 2.
thae, those; **30,** 3.
thain, then; **49,** 20.
thame, them; **1,** 5; **9,** 10.
than, then; **22,** 29; **49,** 35; **54,** 8.
the, thrive, prosper; **51,** 56; **54,** 234, 243, 452.
the, they; **19,** 2; **40,** 3; **41,** 67; **46,** 4.
thear, ther, their; **40,** 6; **54,** 356.
theekit, thatched; **6,** 1.
thegither, together; **6,** 2; **11,** 1; **16,** 17.
thei, they; **51,** 12.
theim, them; **51,** 58.
then, than; **45,** 13; **51,** 4; **52,** 31.
thimber, heavy, massive; **26,** 2.
thirdin, third; **17,** 18 (cf **-an**).
thoroout, throughout; **51,** 74.
thorrow, thorowe, through; **20,** 8; **40,** 5; **54,** 66.
thought, hym thought, it seemed to him; **54,** 82.
thought lang, found the time wearisome; **30,** 4.
thoust, thou'st, thou shalt; **41,** 12; **46,** 7.
thrae, through; **1,** 6.
thrang, throng; **39,** 17.
threw, twisted, contorted; **21,** 30.
throly, strenuously, doggedly; **51,** 25.
throw, through; **39,** 18.
throwe, space of time; **54,** 448.
thryes, thrice; **51,** 27.
thryfte, evyll thryfte, ill thriving, bad luck; **54,** 220.
thu, thou; **25,** 7; **37,** 7.
tift, puff, whiff; **21,** 17.
till, to; **17,** 17; **21,** 6; **29,** 3; **30,** 6.
till, entice; **19,** 57.
till, while; **41,** 66.
tint, lost; **43,** 14.
tirl, tirl at the pin, trill or rattle a part of the door-latch; **22,** 9.
tither, the tither, that ither, the other, the second; **17,** 22; **30,** 5.
tithyngus, tidings; **51,** 40.
Tividale, Teviotdale; the Teviot joins the Tweed from the south at Kelso; **40,** 12.
to, for; **17,** 22.
tocke, departed, fled; **40,** 49 (see note).
toke, gave; **54,** 123, 351.
tokyn, took; **37,** 12.
told(e), counted, paid; **54,** 55, 67, 247, 276.
tone, the tone, the ton, the one; **13,** 25; **19,** 2; **40,** 17.
too-hond, two-handed; **51,** 26.
toom, empty; **4,** 6; **48,** 30.
topcastle, see note on **41,** 27.
topp, head; **52,** 7.
tother, the tothar, the other, the second; **19,** 2; **40,** 43.
towe, two; **19,** 6.
towirs, towers; **1,** 5.
tray and tene, grief and vexation; **54,** 211.
traytur, traitor, traitor's; **51,** 23.
tree, tre, pole, shaft, wood; **24,** 2; **40,** 27; **41,** 40; **46,** 13.

tre(e), the cross of Christ; **51**, 4; **54**, 62, 147, 303.
tristil-tre, trystell-tre, tree which served as meeting place; **51**, 37; **54**, 274, 286, 387.
trouthe, troth, pledge of betrothal; **34**, 2; **49**, 13; **54**, 173.
trow(e), believe, be sure; **49**, 50; **54**, 420.
true-love, trew-love, lover, betrothed lover; **14**, 9; **17**, 2; **22**, 5; **24**, 22; **34**, 2.
trust, believe, suppose; **22**, 13.
truste, trusty; **54**, 207.
trusty-tree, see **tristil-tre**; **52**, 8.
tul, till; 1, 5.
turmentowres, executioners; **37**, 11.
twa, twaw, tow(e), two; **6**, 1; **16**, 19; **18**, 24; **21**, 30, **40**, 23.
twain, part; **34**, 3.
twin'd, separated; **12**, 14.
twinn, in twinn, apart; **52**, 28.
Twyde, the river Tweed, which flows, north of the Cheviot Hills, west and north into the North Sea at Berwick; **40**, 12.
twyned, deprived; **10**, 18.
tyde, time; **52**, 38.
tyndës, tynes, antlers; **54**, 186.
tyne, lose; **54**, 398.
Tyvidale, Teviotdale; **46**, 7; **48**, 1; see note on **40**, 12.

Unco, unusually, very; **30**, 5.
understode, received, heard; **54**, 356.
undertake, guarantee, affirm; **54**, 96.
undone, ruined; **41**, 50.
unketh, unknown; **54**, 209.
unkouth, unknown; **54**, 6.
unneth, scarcely; **54**, 358.
unsett, unappointed; **52**, 27.
untill, untyll, unto; **19**, 45; **21**, 28; **45**, 5; **54**, 97.
unto, for; **47**, 1.
up-chaunce, perchance, perhaps; **54**, 209.
use, custom; **49**, 24; **52**, 54.

Veiwe, vew, yew; **52**, 15; **53**, 27.
verament, truly; **40**, 9.
vouch it safe, bestow; **54**, 381.
vylaynesly, rudely; **54**, 113.

Wa, wall; **7**, 2; **18**, 31; **47**, 16.
wad, would; **2**, 1; **7**, 9; **20**, 10; **21**, 7.
wade, waded; **29**, 7.
wadna, would not; **30**, 13.
wae, woe; **1**, 3; **5**, 2; **22**, 22; **29**, 5.
waefu, woeful; **43**, 9.
wall, well, spring; **32**, 2.
Wallace, Sir William Wallace (c. 1270—1305), the popular national hero of Scotland, famous for his stature, strength, and bodily prowess; **26**, 3; **47**, 23.
wallowt, drooped, grew pallid; **43**, 3
wame, womb; **21**, 24.
wan, colorless, dark-colored, **16**, 11; **23**, 5; **50**, 7.
wan, won; **39**, 23; **51**, 12.
wan, made his way, arrived; **50**, 19.
wane, one, man(?), multitude(?); **40**, 36.
wane, dwelling; **54**, 148.
wantonly, in easy, spirited style; **38**, 8.
war, wear, were; **6**, 1; **34**, 1.
war, worse; **32**, 10.
waran, sponsor, security; **44**, 15.
ware, warr, aware; **44**, 4; **46**, 10; **49**, 22; **52**, 6.
warison, reward; **51**, 74.
wark, work; **17**, 23.
warld, world; **16**, 19; **31**, 3.
wardles, warldes, worlds, earthly; **12**, 14.
warldis, world's; **1**, 6.
warlock, wizard; **22**, 11.
warsle, wrestle; **11**, 1.
warst, worst; **26**, 6; **31**, 1; **47**, 20.
wa's, ways (on your way); **39**, 13.
wat, know; **20**, 5; **40**, 23; **43**, 8; **47**, 5.
water, water-side, banks of a river; **26**, 1; **48**, 24, 25.
water-gate, way along the water; **48**, 12.
Watlinge Strete, the Great North Road; **54**, 18.

way(e), street, road; **37,** 12; **54,** 129, 375, 424.
weal, clench so as to leave marks(?); **40,** 60.
wean, wee an, little one, child; **25,** 1.
weate, see note on **41,** 47.
wedde, pledge, security; **54,** 54, 214, 298.
weddeen, wedding; **21,** 13.
we(e)de, weed, garment, clothing; **13,** 18; **19,** 8; **37,** 7; **54,** 97.
wedous, widows; **40,** 57.
weel, well; **16,** 19; **25,** 4; **32,** 2; **33,** 12.
weel, good state, health or fortune; **29,** 5.
weel-far'd, well-fared, well favored, good looking; **15,** 2; **32,** 2.
weet, wet; **9,** 8; **30,** 14; **34,** 15.
weit, wet; **7,** 11.
weil, well; **21,** 30.
well, very; **46,** 34.
well-favord, good looking; **7,** 1.
well-kent, well-known, familiar; **18,** 31.
well-wight, very sturdy; **50,** 12.
welt, disposed of; **54,** 366.
wende, go, depart; **54,** 37, 395.
wende, weaned, thought; **54,** 396.
went, walked; **19,** 29.
weppynd, weaponed, armed; **51,** 8.
wer, was; **9,** 8; **21,** 12.
werkes, works; **37,** 3.
westryn, western; **44,** 20.
wete, wit, know; **54,** 141, 287.
wether, whither; **44,** 2.
wex, wax, grow, become; **21,** 23.
wha, who; **2,** 2; **9,** 5; **18,** 15; **30,** 15.
wha'll, who will; **22,** 2.
whan, when; **34,** 1; **39,** 21; **51,** 17; **54,** 29.
wha's, whae's, who is; **7,** 5; **18,** 25; **22,** 9.
whar, whare, where; **9,** 1; **26,** 7; **27,** 8; **34,** 12.
whatten, what kind of; **1,** 4
wheder, whether, whither; **54,** 11, 254.
wheras, where; **13,** 28.
whether, which of two; **52,** 26.
white money, silver; **24,** 7.
Whitsontide, Pentecost (the seventh Sunday after Easter) and the following days; **51,** 3.
whoys, whose; **40,** 16.
wi, with; **1,** 1; **2,** 1; **7,** 11; **9,** 7.
wife, wyves, woman, women; **33,** 1; **47,** 27; **48,** 39; **54,** 429.
wight, wyght, wighty, strong, active; **26,** 3; **47,** 23; **51,** 8; **52,** 2, 48.
wight, creature; **41,** 23.
wile, vile; **22,** 11.
wilfull, astray, lost; **52,** 24.
win, wynne, make one's way, arrive, go on; **27,** 8; **32,** 7; **47,** 23; **54,** 314.
win, won; **14,** 3; **16,** 15.
win, wind; **22,** 8.
winna, will not; **18,** 10; **22,** 5; **48,** 24.
wis, know; **18,** 13.
wis, was; **39,** 20.
wiss, wish; **20,** 15.
with that, on condition that; **54,** 414.
wod, mad; **37,** 7.
wo(e), sad, unhappy; **46,** 20; **54,** 297.
woe worth thee, woe be to thee; **52,** 16; **54,** 189, 296.
wol(l), will, wish; **54,** 56, 63.
wolde, would; **52,** 53; **53,** 10; **54,** 5, 62.
wolwarde, wearing a woolen fleece next the skin; **54,** 442.
won up, get up, rise; **24,** 15.
won, one; **45,** 3.
wone, number, plenty; **51,** 25.
wonynge, dwelling; **54,** 148.
woodweele, woodlark (?), thrush (?); **52,** 2.
wood-wroth, mad with anger; **21,** 26.
worthë, worthi, worthye, brave, distinguished, wealthy, great; **40,** 32; **41,** 36; **44,** 26; **54,** 36.
wot(t), know, knows; **24,** 4; **41,** 26; **45,** 14; **51,** 29.
wouche, evil, harm; **40,** 26.
woud, wolde, would; **22,** 9; **34,** 12; **40,** 9; **44,** 20.

wow, exclamation of distress; **16,** 20.
wrange, wrong; **30,** 5.
wrastelyng(e), wrestling-match; **54,** 135, 268.
wrocken, avenged; **52,** 3.
wud, wood; **30,** 1.
wul(l), will; **1,** 4; **21,** 3.
wyckud, wicked, hard, painful; **51,** 34.
wyld, game; **40,** 6.
wyle, entice, beguile; **36,** 6.
wynke, close the eyes; **54,** 441.
wynne, see **win.**
wyste, knew; **40,** 9.
wystly, intently, or wittingly, with recognition (?); **54,** 410.
wyte, blame; **43,** 1.
wyt(e), know; **54,** 230, 321.

Y, ae, one, single; **50,** 15.
yae, every; **21,** 17.
yare, ready; **51,** 24.
Yarrow, a stream in southeastern Scotland; **20,** 2.
yate, yett, yatis, gate; **15,** 1; **18,** 15; **51,** 20.
ychon, each one; **51,** 61.
ydyght, idyght, adjusted, prepared; **54,** 131, 392.
ye, yea; **51,** 6.
yeaman, yeman, yoman, yeoman; **41,** 56; **51,** 8; **54,** 1; 80, 81.
yebent, bent; **40,** 25.
yede, went; **51,** 60; **54,** 322, 346, 408.
ye-feth, i' faith, in faith, surely; **40,** 60.
yeft, gift; **54,** 295.
yerdes, yards, sticks; **54,** 397.
yerle, earl; **40,** 19.
ye's, ye shall; **8,** 4.
yes, ye shall; **12,** 12.
yestreen, yesterday evening; **9,** 7; **20,** 10.
ylkë, same; **54,** 173, 303, 394.
yode, went, walked; **13,** 9.
Yole, Yule, the Christmas festival; **54,** 420 (see note).
young son, babe just born; **22,** 6; **25,** 5; **27,** 2.
you'st, you shall; **53,** 6.
yth, i' the, in the; **40,** 12.
Yule, Christmas festival; **7,** 1.

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'O where ha you been, Lord Randal, my son?'	2	55
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The Persë owt off Northombarlonde	40	160
''Rise up, rise up, now, Lord Douglas,'' she says	16	81
Seynt Stevene was a clerk in kyng Herowdes halle	37	147
There dwelt a man in faire Westmerland	45	190
There livd a lass in yonder dale	14	76
There livd a wife at Usher's Well	33	137
There was a battle in the north	43	183
There was twa sisters in a bowr	12	69
There were three ladies lived in a bower	10	66
There were three ravens sat on a tree	3	57
There were twa brethren in the north	11	67
True Thomas lay oer yond grassy bank	29	127
'Turn, Willie Macintosh'	42	182
Whan bells war rung, an mass was sung	34	139
When shawes beene sheene, and shradds full fayre	52	235
'Why dois your brand sae drap wi bluid?'	1	53
Ye Highlands, and ye Lawlands	5	59

APPENDIX

APPENDIX

(Adapted, and enlarged, from the *Manual for the Study of English Classics,* by George L. Marsh)

HELPS TO STUDY

Ballads in General

What is Child's definition of the ballad (p. 15)? Explain fully and illustrate the two-fold nature—"*narrative song*" . . . "*tale* in *lyric* verse."

Study the editor's classification (p. 5) and discuss possible shifts in the placing of particular ballads.

What is the editor's arrangement of ballads within the classes (p. 6)? His reasons for such arrangement?

What reasons are there for keeping the old spelling (p. 5)? Note that confusion due to queer spelling is often avoided by reading aloud with natural pronunciation of what is printed.

How were ballads intended to be presented (p. 11)? What faults in them as printed poetry disappear, or are mitigated, when they are considered as popular song narratives?

What good general principle of criticism is stated on page 11?

Test the assertion (p. 12) that the ballads lack figures of speech.

What is assonance (p. 12)? Find examples of use of assonance instead of perfect rime. Note that Scottish popular poetry, even that of an artist like Burns, allowed assonance (see the Lake English Classics edition of *Selections from Burns,* p. 27). A very large percentage of the ballads contain more or less Scottish dialect.

What reason operates against roughness of meter (p. 12)? Hunt for lines that you think too irregular for the general meter of the particular poem.

What is the "typical ballad meter" (p. 21)? Estimate the proportion of the ballads in this volume that are in this meter. Examine "literary" ballads (by known authors—e. g., in the Lake English Classics collection of *One Hundred Narrative Poems*) for use of the same stanza.

What is the prevailing tone of the ballads as between comedy and tragedy (p. 13)? Test the matter specifically in this collection.

Find examples of the qualities discussed on pages 12-14, and decide on the basis of these examples whether you agree with the editor.

Illustrate for yourself, if possible, the need of careful looking up of doubtful words (see the example on p. 14).

Collect all examples in this volume of the "Climax of Relatives" and the "Legacy Formula" (p. 16) and discuss their comparative effectiveness.

Collect similarly examples of repetition; of the refrain; of "incremental repetition" (p. 17). Do all such devices seem "natural and unconscious," or do they sometimes suggest the conscious literary artist? Is marked suspense and "a graded and steady approach to a concealed climax" (p. 16) natural to "communal composition" (p. 50)?

Study the ballads for the proportion of story and of lyric emotion in relation to a story (p. 18). Try telling, as to each ballad, just how much story is told, how much more is implied, and how much expression of emotion there is.

Collect examples of ballad "commonplaces" (p. 19). Do you find that they grow tiresome—that "familiarity breeds contempt"?

Is the love element prominent in ballads dealing with love stories (p. 24)? Test by specific examples the editor's assertions on this point.

What is the typical ballad attitude with regard to supernatural beings (pp. 13, 26, etc.)? List the different kinds of such beings you find mentioned in this volume.

How prominent is religious feeling in the ballads (p. 30)?

What relation has the ballad to the short story as a literary form (p. 45)? In relation to the short story see the Lake Eng-

lish Classics *Types of the Short Story* and "Helps to Study" in relation to that collection.

Why may we think a ballad assumes that its audience is familiar with the situation dealt with (p. 45)? Collect examples in support of this.

How were ballads originally transmitted (p. 45)? Enumerate some of the natural results of such methods.

Where, particularly, have ballad versions been found in America? Can you suggest reasons for their being found in such places? Note the prevalence of ballads also in different languages (p. 46).

What theory as to the origin of the ballads does the editor support (pp. 48 ff.)? What qualities would characterize the most primitive ballads according to this theory? How would individual authorship creep in? Professor Gummere's theory is still to some extent in dispute and may be tested as far as possible by the ballads in this volume; not, of course, with any notion of settling it, but to provoke thought.

Specific Ballads

LORD RANDAL

At what point is the refrain in "Lord Randal" changed (p. 55), and why?

THE THREE RAVENS

Note the different sort of refrain in "The Three Ravens" (p. 57) from that in the preceding poems and many that follow. Under what conditions can you imagine the refrain of "The Three Ravens" as being effective?

THE BONNY EARL OF MURRAY

To whom is the unassigned quotation in "The Bonny Earl of Murray" (p. 59) to be attributed? Note the frequency of unassigned speeches in the ballads and in all cases try to decide who makes them.

SIR PATRICK SPENCE

Note that Longfellow imitated portions of "Sir Patrick Spence" (pp. 64-5) in his "Wreck of the Hesperus" (Lake

English Classics edition of Longfellow's *Narrative Poems*). What do you take to be the meaning of the assertion that "Sir Patrick Spence" and "St. Stephen and Herod" (pp. 147-8) "have precisely the artistic qualities which we look for in the best modern verse" (Manly)?

CHILD MAURICE

Study the relations of "Child Maurice" (pp. 72-76) with the tragedy based on it (pp. 22-3).

KATHRINE JAFFRAY

Notice resemblances of "Kathrine Jaffray" (pp. 76-78) to Scott's famous "Lochinvar" (Lake English Classics edition of *Marmion*, p. 213).

THE GYPSY LADDIE

"The Gypsy Laddie" (pp. 78-81) particularly needs careful assignment of speeches to make the story clear.

Summarize rapidly the story of each of the elopement or bride-stealing ballads (pp. 78-104) and decide as to their comparative effectiveness.

KING ESTMERE

What do you think of the suggestion as to "King Estmere" at the bottom of page 25?

LORD THOMAS AND FAIR ANNET

What inconsistency is there in having "fair Annet" attired as stated on page 109? Does this make any difference with the effectiveness of the poem?

HIND HORN

Note that the ballad "Hind Horn" (pp. 116-118) is a very brief popular version of a portion of a story dealt with in one of the earliest English metrical romances, *King Horn*.

YOUNG BICHAM

Notice the historical relation of "Young Bicham" (pp. 118-121, 319).

THE GREAT SILKIE OF SULE SKERRY

Arnold's "Forsaken Merman" (p. 26) may be found in the Lake English Classics edition of *English Poems* edited by Miss Scudder; Keats's "La Belle Dame sans Merci" (p. 27) in *The Golden Treasury* (Lake edition by Newcomer). The suggested comparisons are worth careful attention.

THE QUEEN OF ELFAN'S NOURICE

What story is implied by "The Queen of Elfan's Nourice" (pp. 124-27)? Note the ways in which the two versions help out each other.

THOMAS RYMER

What historical character is associated with the name "Thomas Rymer" (p. 320)? Note that Rudyard Kipling has introduced "True Thomas" into his poetry.

KEMP OWYNE

What relation has "Kemp Owyne" (pp. 132-134) to Arthurian romance (pp. 321-2)?

THE WIFE OF USHER'S WELL

In what respects does "The Wife of Usher's Well" (pp. 137-39) differ particularly from present-day ghost stories (pp. 28-9)?

FAIR MARGARET AND SWEET WILLIAM

Find specific examples in "Fair Margaret and Sweet William" (pp. 141-44) of the "manner of the broadside" (p. 323) as distinguished from the manner of the true ballad.

SIR HUGH

See notes as to literary relations of "Sir Hugh" (pp. 29-31, 324).

BEWICK AND GRAHAM

Note similarities and differences between "Bewick and Graham" (pp. 148-156) and the very simple ballad "Edward" (pp. 31-33).

THE BATTLE OF HARLAW

What was the historical foundation for "The Battle of Harlaw" (p. 326)?

THE HUNTING OF THE CHEVIOT

What was the historical basis for "The Hunting of the Cheviot"? See notes of literary appreciations of this poem by Sidney and Addison (p. 327).

SIR ANDREW BARTON

What was the historical foundation for "Sir Andrew Barton" (p. 329)?

WILLIE MACINTOSH

Work out the identity of the respective speakers in "Willie Macintosh" (p. 182).

CAPTAIN CARE

What historical events furnished a basis for "Captain Care" (pp. 185-9) and for "Johnie Armstrong" (pp. 190-92)? See notes on page 332.

JOHNIE ARMSTRONG

Trace interrelations among the Border ballads of the Armstrongs, "Hobie Noble," etc.—characters that run through several of them.

JOHNIE COCK

What notable characteristics has "Johnie Cock" (pp. 219-222) as a simple and primitive outlaw ballad (pp. 36-7)?

ROBIN HOOD BALLADS

What is the extent of the ballad literature relating to Robin Hood (p. 39)? How is such popularity to be accounted for? Recall the use made of this hero by Scott in *Ivanhoe* (see the Lake English Classics edition).

Make a list of the names of Robin Hood's "merry men," so far as you find them named, with whatever indications you observe as to distinct personality, occupation, character, etc. Note

that one of them (see p. 339) has appeared in another ballad in this book, apparently not otherwise connected with the Robin Hood group.

What striking results have quarrels between Robin and Little John in "Robin Hood and the Monk" and "Robin Hood and Guy of Gisborne?"

What is the attitude of the King in "Robin Hood and the Monk"? How do you account for it?

Note the impersonal attitude toward cruelty and deceit—no hint of disapproval or defense—in "Robin Hood and the Monk" and "Robin Hood and Guy of Gisborne."

What classes were Robin and his band accustomed to prey upon (p. 249)? What classes to spare? Why was the Sheriff Robin's particular enemy? What was Robin's attitude toward the King (p. 302)? Which king of England do you think is meant?

Why is the "Gest of Robyn Hode" said to be not strictly a ballad (p. 39)? Do the "fyttes" of the "Gest" have any distinct unity one by one? How many different stories appear to have been combined in the "Gest" (p. 40)?

THEME SUBJECTS

1. The story told (or implied) by any of the ballads, or in any well marked division of the material on Robin Hood.
2. Dramatizations of ballads in which there is a good deal of conversation, or possibility of conversation.
3. An explanation of the theory of "communal composition" of ballads (p. 50).
4. The different kinds of meter and stanza forms in the ballads of the volume (p. 21, etc.).
5. Comparisons of the ballads in the classes mentioned by the editor on page 5; that is, a theme on each class as a group.
6. The ballad and the short story (p. 45).
7. Characteristics of the ballads due to their being sung.
8. The supernatural in the ballads (pp. 13, 26, etc.).
9. Character sketches of Robin Hood, Little John, and of any other characters as to whom enough is told.

10. Paraphrases in modern English of some of the ballads that are short enough to be so treated.
11. Your favorite ballad (with reasons).

SELECTIONS FOR CLASS READING

(Any ballad not too long may, of course, be chosen. Only whole ones are desirable; some of the best for the purpose are mentioned below.)

1. Lord Randal (pp. 55, 56).
2. Bonnie George Campbell (p. 58).
3. Young Waters (pp. 60-62).
4. Sir Patrick Spence (pp. 64, 65).
5. Child Maurice (pp. 72-76).
6. The Gypsy Laddie (pp. 78-81).
7. The Gay Goshawk (pp. 84-88).
8. Lord Thomas and Fair Annet (pp. 107-111).
9. Hind Horn (pp. 116-18).
10. The Wee Wee Man (pp. 123, 124).
11. Thomas Rymer (pp. 127-29).
12. The Wife of Usher's Well (pp. 137-39).
13. Sir Hugh (pp. 144-46).
14. St. Stephen and Herod (pp. 147, 148).
15. The Hunting of the Cheviot (pp. 160-169).
16. Johnie Armstrong (pp. 190-192).
17. Hobie Noble (pp. 198-203).
18. Robin Hood and Guy of Gisborne (pp. 235-243).
19. Any well marked division of A Gest of Robyn Hode (pp. 247 ff.).

SUGGESTIONS FOR DRAMATIZATION

(With acknowledgments to Simons and Orr's *Dramatization,* Scott, Foresman and Company, 1913)

It has been the experience of many teachers that "dramatization of the literature studied is one of the most successful of all devices for vitalizing the work of the English class." Nor is dramatization difficult if the task is approached with an understanding of the book in hand, and of the sort of scenes that can be presented with some effectiveness by young students.

In dramatizations from any sort of lively narrative it will usually be found that the author provides plenty of conversation, which can be taken over with little, if any, change. A novel or poem of great length, however, presents so many interesting, even highly dramatic, dialogues that the choice of the best ones for presentation may be puzzling.

It is important that the scene or group of scenes chosen shall have a certain clearness and unity by itself, without depending too much on the rest of the story; that the material selected shall have real dramatic quality—shall present interesting *action,* not mere *talk;* and that it shall not be too difficult for amateur actors without elaborate costumes or stage setting.

To illustrate the last point it may be noted that any scenes in which fighting or other violent action occurs—tempting though they may be to the youthful mind—cannot be undertaken because they would lead to "horseplay." Nor can scenes involving much movement from place to place be undertaken; only scenes of considerable talk and action within a very limited space are practicable.

Scenes and incidents should be left unchanged if possible; but sometimes it is desirable to put in one scene related events and conversations that can just as well occur at one time and place, though the author did not so represent them. For example, in Simons and Orr's dramatization from *Treasure Island,* a conference between Dr. Livesey and Jim Hawkins, which in the story takes place outside the block-house, is put inside in order to avoid a change of setting. And in the dramatization from *Henry Esmond,* certain events which in the novel are spread over three days are

put in a single scene. Teachers and students who have had their attention called to the way Shakspere treated his sources in writing his plays (*Macbeth,* for example) will readily appreciate the frequent need of condensation and concentration.

Very long speeches should usually be avoided, but as they do not often occur in lively narratives, not much difficulty on this score is to be expected. Even moderately long speeches, however, may sometimes be interrupted effectively by remarks that some character might naturally make, though it is usually best "to stick to one's text."

Stage directions—descriptions of the scene or the persons, and statements of action accompanying the speeches—may often be taken directly from the book in hand, but sometimes must be supplied. The very full directions given by recent playwrights (in contrast with the meager directions in Shakspere's plays) may be examined to advantage. See, for example, plays by Ibsen, Bernard Shaw, Sir J. M. Barrie, and others. Usually, however, little is to be gained by elaborate directions in school dramatizations.

Obviously none of the ballads in this volume lend themselves to extensive dramatization except those of the Robin Hood cycle, but ingenious students may expand some of the shorter ones of dramatic quality into effective brief scenes. In Simons and Orr's Dramatization—general discussion, pages 55 and 56, and First Year, pages 47-57—may be found hints for scenes entitled "The Baptism of Little John" and "The Marriage of Allin a Dale," both from poems of the Robin Hood cycle not included in this volume.

ROLAW

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